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THE YEARS BEYOND



*So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.*

LONGFELLOW



THE YEARS BEYOND

The Story of Northfield

D. L. Moody, and

The Schools

By JANET MABIE

THE NORTHFIELD BOOKSTORE

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

1960

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. AND MRS. AMBERT G. MOODY
PARTNERS IN A LIFETIME
OF JOYOUS SERVICE TO
THE IDEALS OF DWIGHT L. MOODY
THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS
THE NORTHFIELD HOTEL
THE CONFERENCES
AND TO THEIR BELOVED HOME TOWN
NORTHFIELD

Acknowledgments

It sometimes happens that tracking an outwardly well-marked subject will turn out to be like following a growth of ground pine through the woods. It happened with this book. What started out to be just a simple record of some Northfield influences and milestones became an irresistible pursuit of detail and sidelight.

Throughout its course many people have been of knowing and patient help. Attempting to name them all would be to risk overlooking some, but it would be thankless not to remember particularly the thoughts and generously spared time of such over-busy people as Dr. William E. Park, Miss Mira Wilson, Miss Barbara Clough, Mr. Horace Morse, Dr. Edmond S. Meany, Jr., and Dr. Howard L. Rubendall.

Over the long haul it has been my good fortune to receive unstinting suggestion and unflagging encouragement from A. Gordon Moody, who opened up an interesting experience for me by setting the idea of the book in motion, and Frank W. Pearsall, who, in the best tradition of journalism, not only gave a hand above and beyond the call of duty, but often ran down bits and pieces of fact and tradition which seemingly had disappeared forever.

To these then, and many others, unnamed but by no means forgotten, I give my thanks.

New York, March 1960

JANET MABIE

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And I am far from home

ON A NIGHT in 1899 when, perversely, winter overlapped early March, the Central Vermont up-train from Millers Falls was right on time at the Northfield station. The small teakettle of an engine came puffing and smoking around the single-track curve. The dinky cars rattled to a stop in the feeble glow of kerosene lamps at the corners of the square gray station. One lone passenger alighted. "Well, good night, young man," hollered the conductor sociably. Almost before two weary feet and a valise were solidly on the platform he snapped shut his big gold huntingcase watch, waved his lantern, bawled "'Board!' The train gave itself a great clanking shake and went on its way. The diminishing sound of it blended with the spacious stillness of the country night.

It was the outer edge of Spring yet the ground was still covered over with country snow. The night was glassy-cold. A snapping of twigs frozen in the underbrush came up like a crescendo of wire strings in a tone poem. The night was clear as a dipperful of water from a mountain stream; stars sugared over the great dome of the sky.

A voice emerged out of the darkness, saying calmly, "Well, I see you got here; how're you?" In the strangeness and the unknown it was reassuring to the newcomer. He felt worn out, for he had come a long way; by boat from Novia Scotia down to Lewis's Wharf in Boston—it had been interesting, exciting, yet confusing too—then from Boston

* *Lead, Kindly Light.* J. H. Newman.

to Northfield by train, changing at the junction point a little piece back. It was the first time in his life that he had been on a train; he would never tell a soul, but it had scared him half to death.

The voice in the darkness materialized into a youth his own age. They shook hands in that lank, sheepish way of boys who, not yet being men, never have had much occasion to shake hands, and so do not know quite how to do it casually.

The welcomer grabbed up the valise, led the way around the corner of the station, tossed the bag into the straw that carpeted the bed of a pung, said briskly, "Hurry up—I got to get back an' finish collectin' my sap—get the job done t'night . . ." He hauled a yellow plaid blanket off the fat chestnut horse—which gave a random sneeze, sending puffs of silvery vapor streaming into the crystal darkness. The two jumped into the pung; it had no seat, they steadied themselves against the dashboard. "Sap's runnin' good this year—lotsa sugar maples 'round these parts," explained the driver. His cry, "Giddap!" bounced against Depot Hill, returning a light echo. The chestnut set off with a leap, a hard pull of rippling muscles; on the icy sheathing of the grade the iron runners made a sound like tearing silk.

"You mean you go around in the *night*, gatherin' sap from trees?" asked the newcomer, puzzled. Back in Nova Scotia he had never known anyone to take sap from trees. "Why? What for?"

"It's somethin' they do a lot in New England. They boil down the sap, make sugar, an' syrup. You put the syrup on flannel cakes—" he gave a laugh at his use of the term—"flapjacks—griddlecakes—pancakes whatever they call 'em in Nova Scotia." He smacked his lips. "Sure taste good—flannel cakes 'n maple syrup." He added, "with everything else I got to do, night's the on'y time I can get around to my sap—They sure keep a fellow hoppin' in this place . . ."

At the head of the hill the pung slewed onto the broad main street lined with rows of frame houses, dark and still in a town where everybody went to bed with the chickens because everybody got up with the rooster. Against the spangled sky towering elms and oaks spread an ancient lace of bare branches. "Whites bought this land here from Indians for twelve English pounds more'n 200 years ago," the driver volunteered; "sure is a pretty town." He gestured toward the west. "Down there's a river." Somewhere in the sleeping town a dog gave a single sharp, high-pitched bark. On the river side of the main street a coin-dot of lantern light appeared suddenly, moving away from the rear of a house in the darkness.

Balancing himself in the straw in the bed of the pung the newcomer swung his arms to warm himself against knife-like cold. "Suppose I c'n find work here to keep myself?" he murmured, his teeth chattering slightly. "I gotta get busy right off—" He didn't explain that there hadn't been much more than barely enough money to make this long journey to get more education. Now left in his pockets were a bill or two of small denomination—Canadian money—a few silver coins—left over from buying boat passage, a train ticket, a little food—and perhaps a dozen pennies. He had pieced together the meager resources for this big venture out of a boy's pocket money and what he could get from selling off a pet flock of Barred Plymouth Rocks. Thoroughbreds, they were—thinking of them now he felt a sharp little gust of homesickness. He had been pretty proud of those hens. They had the run of the yard. Because he wanted passersby to admire them, he gave them unusual care; he'd take the lantern the last thing at night, go out to the henhouse and groom each beauty, not leaving until every last feather was dustless and smoothed to a sculptural perfection.

But then he had decided he had to go to Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph. First, though, he wanted to learn something about farming land in the States; and to pay his way through school later in Guelph he'd have to find work and earn money. One way and another it was going to take a good bit of money. The first step in getting into position to do it had been selling the chickens that were like his family to him. The next step came when a mutual friend told him to come to a school run by D. L. Moody in the States. "I know this fellow there," he explained. "He earns his keep doin' farm work. I'll send him a postcard you're comin'. You go straight there. He'll show you how to get into the school, and help you about work."

"Well sir," laughed the driver now, "you come to a workin' *place*, all right! The workin'est place I ever did see. Around here there's *nobody* don't work—oh you'll get work all right . . ."

"Well, I sure hope so . . ." In the dark, and the cold, and the unknown, faceless town, with every bone in one's body screaming with tiredness, it hardly seemed possible jobs were as easy to find as he made it sound. His brain whirled with questions, and anxiety, and fatigue. If you got some schooling here, and earned the money to pay, how long would it take you after you got to the school at Guelph to learn to be a horticulturalist? What did this town look like in daylight? What made a person's bones ache on the *inside*? Why hadn't he kept part of that dry ham sandwich, bought on the train, so he could eat

it before going to bed? What kind of work would he find here? Would he like the place, would it like him?

Turning off the main street, up a steep hill where the driver pointed to a dark, peaked shape, saying "P'st Office there," the pung made a slewing grab at deep ruts and, running along a few hundred yards from the top of the hill, lurched and creaked off the road onto a piece of open, gently rolling land, the runners squealing on the glassy crust of the snow. Zigzagging along, the horse was pulled to a halt near a stand of shapely trees. "All this's part of the girls' school farm," the driver imparted. "Watch—you'll see how we do it—" When he jumped out it sounded as though he landed on a pile of broken glass. He picked up a wooden bucket and crunched over with it to a tree. A small bucket, tin, was hooked under a thin gash in the tree bark. Unhooking it, he poured colorless contents into the wooden bucket, hooked the tin pail back in place, and moved on to the next tree. Once, in a moment of intense night stillness the Nova Scotian's ears caught a steady *drip, drip, drip* of fluid into the little tin pails. Noting a second wooden bucket, he jumped down and began to help. With hands stiffened by the cold he made the transfers, his whole being protesting, with the brute need to lie down and sleep. From tree to tree went the two in the clear, cold night, from this frozen expanse to another frozen expanse, larger, more open—collecting *drip, drip, drips* as fast as possible. Once the horse, out of patience with the whole fool notion, emitted a high-pitched neigh—ghhh-ghhhhh! Tossing a laugh over his shoulder the driver observed dispassionately, "Shut up, you, Tom—wanta bring out the constable, do you?" Finally he said to the newcomer, "Come on, that's all for tonight—six big buckets—a good haul—" They climbed back into the pung. "I got you a room at the Seminary Farm boardin' house." He added, "In the mornin' I'll come an' get you—show you the ropes—"

As quietly as their heavy boots allowed, they stole into the boarding house, on the way upstairs managing to set off only a few minor creaks. In the room someone was already in the huge double bed, a big, long, inert, lump of man, snoring with the happy unconcern of a deep-chested English bulldog; you couldn't see any face, only a wild, wiry thatch of carroty hair.

The Nova Scotian never knew how he undressed, if he undressed, only that he fell into bed. Seemingly his head barely touched the pillow when a big paw shook him jovially by the shoulder. "Five o'clock—time to get up—" Every nerve and muscle protested, but he hauled

himself to a sitting position. The red-headed bedfellow roared in his ear, "Well, me buck-o, an' how're you? Sleep good, did ye now?" If he had any idea he snored he made no apology. "Guess ye'll be bunkin' along wid me," he added, scratching himself enthusiastically in preparation for launching his huge body into his fire-red balbriggan union suit.

Digging at his eyes, shaking himself in the icy room, the Nova Scotian mumbled ruefully, "I sure slept"

"Ho, that's the New England o-zone workin' on ye—full o' pine, 'tis—makes ye sleep just foine!" Sensing homesickness, he jabbered on, "Get a mess o' them flannel cakes to yer insoides, an' ye'll feel a dam' soit better" The Nova Scotian noticed the peculiarities of speech, had no way of knowing that this great creature's roaring, musical way with words was partly no schooling, partly the inseparable, happy-go-lucky richness of Limerick and the auld country, partly the way of New England at trimming down words. But he liked him. Before the day was out he was to learn that this lumbering, easy-going tree of a man had the regular chore of collecting the swill and general rubbish from the buildings of the girls' school, and was also no stranger to cases of sudden and overwhelming homesickness among students; for all his roaring he was a great softy and, contradicting his massive bulk and somewhat less than lovely appearance and less than romantic occupation, he had a gentle gift for the comforting word at the right moment, the reassuring snatch of Irish song, the comical, despair-dispelling caricature of an auld-country jig.

A bang on the door and "Come on, now!" hollered last night's companion. "We got to hurry—get you some breakfast—an' Alonzo Newton's got work for you. He's boss of the Seminary farm. He won't admire to be kept waiting"

The clatter and fine smells of the kitchen and the flannel cakes were a revelation, to a Nova Scotian, to an empty stomach, either or both. It was something to learn, that this clear, golden sweetness which you poured over the cakes and crowned with a big lump of country butter was the direct descendant of the fluid *drip, drip, dripping* from the small gashes in the bark of trees found plentifully in this region.

"Ayuh," said Alonzo Newton calmly, measuring the newcomer with a little, narrowed slate-blue eye, "you c'n tend saw for cuttin' fire-wood." He jerked his head in the direction of a gnarled man, waiting by a woodcart. "He's the woodchopper—he'll show you."

Within a matter of days a new experience had become far from

unpleasant. At night you laughed—over fried meat, creamed potatoes, mashed turnips and plates of inexhaustible and blazing hot corn-bread—recalling the day's happenings and, little by little, forgot about being in a strange place, far from home. The long work day, the bracing air, the big farm, the use of a lot of muscles you never knew you had—you could hardly stay awake long enough to eat supper, and listen to jokes, and fall into bed, where you slept like a cordwood log.

After a time, in place of tending saw there was a new job—in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ambert Moody, "the A.G.'s" everybody called them. The youth who had been doing the houseboy chores in the A.G.'s home had gone on leave of absence. Mrs. A.G. hired the boy from Nova Scotia to work in his place. Houseboy chores hadn't been quite his idea, but work was work, and by nature the Moodys were people who would take an interest in a boy, any boy, and in his ambitions, whatever those ambitions might be. When it came to living in their family—well, their children were no wilder than any other kids their age.

Your job was to get up at 6 o'clock, make the fires, bring in the day's supply of wood for the kitchen range and the fireplaces, and do whatever other jobs got a large and energetic household started for the day and kept it running. Imperceptibly you began feeling less adrift, less a stranger in the town, among its people. If you never came to out-and-out *like* being a houseboy, well, as someone was needed, and you had been the one chosen, you felt useful; and grateful as well for the pleasantness surrounding you, and the genuine kindness.

In a new place you wanted to please people too; when you had ahead of you making your way in the world, it was important to learn to please people. If, occasionally, the going seemed hard and unfamiliar, you could always think about the day when you'd be in a position to move on, carry forward your plans to be a horticulturalist. It would feel good when you finally had enough money to do that, so every little bit helped.

Well, this is the beginning of the story of one boy, typical of hundreds whom Mr. Moody's idea was to help. Of course, a lot more followed. Without expecting or intending to, this Nova Scotian—like many of the others—put roots down in Northfield. So deeply that, though his mind had been prepared for being there possibly as much as one year, it was actually to be years before he moved on. Somehow, one thing always seemed to be leading to another, keeping him logically from leaving. There were the summer weeks of working the yoke

of black and white oxen around the Seminary farm; you had to laugh every time you remembered the day the retired minister of the Gospel halted you suddenly in the roadway, warning you ominously that muzzling oxen was contrary to Scripture. "Deuteronomy XXV:4!" he hollered before you fairly got the drift of what he was so upset about. "Tonight, young man, git out your Bible and read what it says, then sin no more, boy, sin no more!" Coattails flying, head shaking agitatedly, the minister pranced off down the road. And sure enough, that night in one of the Bibles in the Moody bookshelves, you found the place: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," it said. It did not say why you shouldn't muzzle them, but just that you shouldn't.

For Christmas there had been a gift book, the first book by Mr. Dickens one had ever read. Turkey raising not being adapted to the part of Nova Scotia from which one hailed, and having therefore no acquaintance with eating roast turkey, one learned something new, when Mrs. A.G. said at the festive dinner, "Frank, will you have light meat or dark?"

As it turned out the youth never did get back to Guelph to go to agricultural school. If it comes to that, he never became a horticulturalist either; not because he didn't know his own mind, or how to stick to an ambition, rather because the longer he stayed in Northfield, the more interested he grew in other directions. Perhaps most of all he just found himself liking Northfield and the people in it, an outcome on which he would not have cared to wager as much as a Canadian quarter with a hole in it, that icy March night of his arrival.

Because he wanted education; because if you got education in this place you worked as part of your keep; because a big farm, on one side of the river connected with the Seminary, and over on the other side an equally big one connected with Mount Hermon, were good places to learn agricultural skills—because of these and other things it came about eventually that, instead of returning to Canada, he entered Mount Hermon. It is incidental that he never actually graduated; for three years he was a Mount Hermon student of such great willingness and enthusiasm that in time it became both impossible and unimportant to see any technical difference between him and a diploma student.

Because of the rest of his story and all its reasons, mixed and colored with many intangibles, today a handsome and highly functional recitation hall stands on the Mount Hermon campus. It bears the name of

this Nova Scotian boy who—half dead from a long and bewildering trip, lack of sleep, and a sense of being far, far from home—had so well remembered that arrival and subsequent events in Northfield. He remembered how, almost in a daze, he had gone around under a skyful of bright, winking stars, dumping the sap of maple trees from little tin pails into big wooden buckets which would be made into a sweet concoction unknown to him—which he would learn to like, spread on breakfast flannel cakes.

He provided for this useful and beautifully planned building at Mount Hermon as one way of putting back into the school something of which it had given him. In certain people fires of appreciation never burn low and diminish, but remain forever kindled and bright. Mount Hermon set this particular individual's feet in ways which were to lead him, within a strong framework of Christian living, to great material success. The building is more than brick and mortar and interior trim and functional furnishing. It is an expression, a returning of a measure of good for good.

The Nova Scotian's name? Frank Stanley Beveridge.

Well, that is one among thousands of examples, of ways in which D. L. Moody's Northfield, in its inclusive connotation, and Mount Hermon as one of its main arteries, began to work, according to Mr. Moody's ideal, in the life of one student who, though far from home, had brought with him a great and pulsing dream. It illustrates in miniature how the plans of a man who was in league with the future for the Kingdom of God began to come alive.

It is the kind of thing to set you thinking. How did the essential and indivisible Northfield—made up of the pioneer town, the influence of a native son, the fact and meaning of the Northfield Schools, the Summer Conferences, the Hotel and its companion Chateau, all with their distinguishing characteristics and functions yet all part of each other—how did it all begin to be what it became—and is?

II

To seek a barren wilderness

IT IS SAID that there is properly no history, only biography. The history of Northfield's beginnings, then, is in a handful of biographies.

The first party of white men which "went upon discovery" from Boston in 1669 to this region had only the Indian trails to follow, at once a guide and a danger.

This was a Committee of the General Court, what might be called one of the very early versions of legislative investigating committee. The general directive was to locate sites for new settlement in the near vicinity of Quinsigamond, near the present city of Worcester; it had been settled the previous year and, with great promptness, attacked by the Indians. The committee elected to push on, coming to Millers River. Not finding ground high enough to study the region's full aspects, the men pressed westward over the silent hills, coming to an eminence known to this day as "Old Crag;" here they could follow

* *Find me the men on earth who care enough for faith and creed . . . to seek a barren wilderness, for simple liberty to pray . . .* HELEN HUNT JACKSON: *The Pilgrim Forefathers*

river and valley with the eye, even make out just barely, a new settlement, Deerfield, distant some twenty miles. Spread directly under their gaze was a sort of small tableland, a river tract backed by hills, now cleared and occupied by Indians, the Squakheags.

"A favoring region, seemeth to me," volunteered Captain Gookin, one of the committee's four. If the General Court approved the land, Captain Prentice, of the Militia, was concerned that it be purchased, not high-handedly taken. Daniel Henchman, a man who relished a bit of joking along with serious endeavor, said that the site could still be called "near" Quinsigamond, it being all according to how you looked at geography. And Lieutenant Richard Beers, taking notice that the folded hills and ravines were ideally made to be held, if necessary by ambush, warned gravely that the tract was unlikely to be acquired easily. None denied, however, that being of very promising complexion, the area should be acquired expeditiously and reserved for white settlement.

This was reported back to the Provincial Council. It appeared quickly that if the Squakheags should prove willing to sell, a handful of whites would be ready to proceed with settlement.

Simultaneously, at Northampton, the urge to go out and find new space for settlement was in the air. Two hundred families there were beginning to find conditions crowded. Decisions involved many factors, however. It proved an advantage that they required long and careful thought.

To the Indians of the river tribes the "Quinnetuk" meant "long river with waves." The meaning of Squakheag was "spearing place of salmon," seemingly poetic license to later Northfield generations, who have never happened to observe any salmon in the Connecticut.

By the time the Squakheags could be approached with a definite offer they were vulnerable to inducement, for they had fallen on thin times. Disease had decimated their numbers, ravaged their physical endurance. Too, they were being raided with disconcerting frequency by Mohawks, to the reduction of a morale which, half a century earlier, would have enabled them to ridicule any suggestion of selling their 10,560 acres for any amount, let alone for a paltry twelve English pounds.

The first official negotiators were five in number, led by Joseph Parsons. The first deed was drafted by him, and dated January 6, 1671. He signed the writ of sale which paved the way to acquiring the site for white settlement. Of six Indian signatories, five were men: Mas-

semet, Panoot, Pammook, Wompeley, and Nesacoscom. The other was a woman, according to the record named Nenepownam, squaw of Pammook. One can read into this that the region was tintured with liberalism even prior to white settlement. The fact of Nenepownam's equality as a signer indicates that, whether as wives or simply as human individuals, the Indians were disposed to accord to women at least certain property rights.

Time for planning must pass before final signing of the deed and actual migration up the valley. Settlement involved endless practical detail. Besides, the General Court must thoroughly study the matter.

It might seem that the deed was of somewhat doubtful quality, having been described as "of shadowy, insubstantial title to well-nigh deserted lands." But there was no question that henceforth every step in relation to it would be taken honorably, and predicated moreover on prayer to "the Lord Jesus, Mighty Counselor," that the General Court and all others concerned might "be filled with a spirit of wisdom, courage, and fear of the Lord."

In due course the over-crowded Northampton petitioners were authorized by the General Court to "go about taking up settlement" on the tract specified in the deed, on two conditions: families to the number of twenty must be settled not later than April 11, 1674; too, "a godley and orthodox minister for them must be procured." The consent of the General Court was given May 15, 1672, and ratified in October, "for a village six miles square, at Squakheag, upon the Quintituk river, above Hadley."

Complicated planning went on all through the winter. Those not among families scheduled to go swung between wishing they were, and relief that they would not have to venture into aboriginal land of forbidding mystery.

The day of migration dawned. The whole settlement gathered at sunup for prayer. Leavetakings were a mixture of adventurous excitement and nervous apprehension. Among names of those going out to dare the wilderness were Alexander, Lyman, Wright, Dickinson, Stebbins, Allen, Webster, Kellogg—God-fearing folk they were, stout-fibred, earnest.

And so, as the twelvemonth was taking heart and a soft green smoke of budding sifted along the Holyoke Range and the edges of the silvery river, men, women and children, their livestock and household possessions, moved out along the narrow trail leading northeast. Carts were piled high with furniture, bedding and kitchen utensils; wagons

carried ready-cut clapboarding, prepared at the Northampton sawmill for building the first cabins.

The children, themselves like colts and kids, cut hazel switches and noisily drove sheep and cattle. A few of the elders rode astride mountains of straw ticks, but many were glad to work off nervous excitement by the sheer physical exertion of walking through underbrush and dim trails. In a few the sense of adventure found a spiritual form: a woman, steadyng her body atop a jolting cart, traced with a gnarled, work-worn finger the words of the Twenty-third Psalm, following the lines in a Bible open on her lap; she would never have any difficulty, saying the Psalm by heart; but sometimes a body could take comfort in looking at the words . . .

The children reacted typically. Though no one of them saw what even might be an Indian, at intervals they screeched and screamed, calling on all to witness that they were being scalped, or carried off bodily to live in caves, with wolves to see that they didn't get away . . .

In one sense the little company hadn't far to go, a shade over thirty miles; in the sense of the fortitude and courage required, they had as far to go as the moon.

By the first Saturday night all were provided with bare shelter on the broad plateau above the reaching meadows which, to this day as then, dabble their grassy toes in the lapping shallows of the long river with big waves.

The planning ahead had determined what the containment of the village should be. A knoll marked its center. The cabins were put up snug to the knoll. It would take a little time to build a regular meetinghouse; for the present the chosen minister, Elder William Janes, selected a large oak on a small rise a bit to one side; until one of timber could be put up, this sylvan substitute would be the house of worship.

The Saturday sun slid toward the horizon. The settlers laid down their axes and saws. Families withdrew to themselves, going to rest early to make ready for the morrow, a Sabbath whose worship would have unique and lifelong meaning for them, the moving significance of a rededication of lives in this new place where God was their one true hope of safety.

Over the whole face of the earth that Saturday night, probably not ten score people knew the whereabouts or even existence of this courageous little band, were aware of their hopes and dreams, the dangers and struggles they knowingly prepared to undertake, pitting their

faith and strength against challenges of land and elements, creature hardships and marauding aborigines.

These pioneers made up one of a number of segments, of Pilgrim and Puritan strain—mainly Puritan—within forty-nine years after the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth; they were pushing stubbornly westward from the seacoast and inland, up the river valley which later was to be called Connecticut.

With spreading settlement, religious influence and worshipful habit were indivisible. The colonists came from England with the prime object of putting distance between themselves and organized, Anglican, disapproval of their beliefs. In the largest sense, with resolution they were pressing their deep human need of freedom to worship according to conscience. By 1640 the Puritan Commonwealth in New England formed thirty-five churches.

The qualities the Puritans believed in, the rules for their living, were austerity, industry, frugality, self-reliance, energy. Two General Courts administered the public affairs. One, comprising stockholders or freemen in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, held quarterly sessions, electing a Governor, deputy Governor, and eighteen assistants to the other General Court, which constituted the administrative body in the Colony.

The motivating force of the Puritan way of living was a conviction that the individual was subject solely to God's will as interpreted by Puritan clergy, amongst whom John Cotton was the most prominent. The Puritans in England intended originally to purify the church, not separate from it. During the "thoroughgoing theocracy" period of the New England Puritan settlements, civil affairs were openly influenced by church authorities, and ministers not only preached lengthy, emotion-stirring sermons but exerted stern political influence over the people. In Massachusetts, suffrage was not relieved of religious supervision until 1692, when a new charter marked a change from a theocratic to a political, secular state.

Since Puritan settlers were believers in Predestination, holding that the world was simply a testing ground for entry upon eternal life, it is not surprising that they leaned toward intellectual rigidity, even intolerance. It is easy to envision the religious and political cross currents in community affairs of those days if we think what it would be like today, if only church members were permitted to sit in the Massachusetts State Legislature, or General Court as it is still officially desig-

nated. The weight of religious potency was omnipresent. Every account of the Puritans, looking for new regions for their way of life, breathes calm assurance that their every step is divinely led. Confident use is repeatedly made of phrases such as *God's leading, God's Providence, the clear and visible design of the good Lord, Divine direction, the blessing of God.*

Elder Janes chose carefully for the first service of worship in the new settlement, at what is now Northfield. For the morning service he reviewed the Old Testament account of a people's journeyings into a promised land. In the afternoon he opened the thoughts of his flock to the parable, "Behold a sower went forth to sow."

Between the two services there was a midday meal, modest in substance, designed only to sustain. When the afternoon preaching was concluded, then would come the real partaking, a regular feast: venison, dandelion greens, cornbread, tea. The sheer abundance made the adults logy, but only released coiled springs in the young, who raced and tumbled about, shouting and laughing up at the sun as it scribbled across the sky in lines of lemon and lilac, rose and gold and, at length, in the mysterious blues and purples of last twilight and oncoming night.

Twice the pioneers' settlements on the site of Northfield were burned. The one established in 1673 was burned in 1675; the second, of 1683, was destroyed in 1690; the third, of 1714, was enabled to survive.

Of all the people who plodded each time up the valley with their irreducible minimum of family possessions and livestock, all—but for the one Scot, named Alexander, with the first group, and the one Irishman, Cornelius Merry, with the second—were of one blood, English, and to a man they were connected with the Puritan migration in the Bay Colony. The forebears of all were part of the fiber of the English provincial counties, whence came their inheritance of self-reliance and tried experience, with coaxing land to yield fruits in abundance.

Northfield's development was heavily subject to the Indian, Revolutionary, and Civil, wars. If ever the term *colorful* should be applied to the wickedness and monstrosity of war, by force of circumstance and elements involved, the years of the Indian wars were colorful, the most dramatically perilous.

For more than ninety years before the Revolutionary War this

sightly tract of ten and a half thousand acres was grievously fought over. Twice, for all practical purposes of human living, it was obliterated. Besides white Puritans, Indians and French had their eyes upon it covetously, were willing to risk huge odds to seize and hold it.

The first Indian move came September 1, 1675. Before troops massed at Hadley could close in, the Nonetucks rushed from their fort immediately below, bound up the valley to burn everything in their path. The troops caught up with them sufficiently to make a fight at a broad level incongruously named Sugarloaf. The Indians were badly hurt. What remained of them seemed to evaporate in thin air.

For a week all settler ears stretched to catch warning of a renewal. The very stillness seemed to take on a cube-like substance, in which so much as the snapping of a twig under the hoof of a deer rang out like a gunshot. How were the settlers to know that the Indians, having taken to the underbrush, were feeling their way to a meeting with Pocumtucks, which would shortly put Deerfield in peril?

A detachment of twenty soldiers had been sent for protection to the tiny outpost which was to become Northfield, so that the people might not feel themselves abandoned. The soldiers proved a mixed blessing. They had to be quartered in the settlers' homes; the good-wives grumbled that they not only made extra work but to a man had huge appetites, and "are eating up all our substance."

The second day of September dawned. The sun hung in the sky like a medallion of Spanish gold. In the Squakheag meadows the wheat was ripe; the flax must be gathered, or it would be lost.

The feet of an Indian tide, sweeping up the valley, made no sound. Joseph Dickinson had been sent down to Hadley with messages, urging reinforcements and advice. He was not heard from. The settlers interpreted it as a sign that, after all, there was no grave danger. They said their prayers, cautioned the women and children to stay close to home, and went out into the fields to gather the harvest.

The Indians did not wait for darkness, but struck during the day. Cattle were killed in the pastures. The smoke of burning wheatfields floated in innocent-looking violet wisps over the long river with waves. Under bloody massacre, by dawn three settlers and six of the twenty soldiers were dead.

For people who escaped with so much as their lives, it would take a long time to forget the experience, blot from their ears the remembered sounds of Indians whooping and screeching in one horror of destruction, leaving then for new destruction ahead; to blot from their

horrified minds the images of friends' heads, chopped off and mounted on pikes as a frightful greeting for would-be rescuers . . .

After a dreadful interval, all who remained of this settlement were liberated by down-valley people. Too weary, too shocked, too frightened, too disorganized to brave it out, they needed no urging to return to their old if crowded habitations at Northampton. Northfield—the site we now know—stood abandoned, charred, broken.

Straggling Indians repossessed it. With relief, it was left to them for a few months.

But the dream and urge of pioneering settlement puts down deep roots. A time came when troops fell on an Indian encampment several miles west of Millers River; working in at night, they took the Indians by surprise, routing them.

Three months later King Philip died. Once more a combination of factors served to scatter the Indians. By Autumn the site of Northfield was once more a deserted island in a sea of wilderness.

With resettlement in 1683 lands were apportioned all over again. A new, solidifying factor was advanced—a ruling against absentee ownership; all who had had lots during the earlier settlement must come back and live on them, or permit the lots to be apportioned to newcomers, who would live on them.

But now the French and Indian Wars were flaming. Now it was the General Court, harassed from every direction, which ordered the exposed settlement to be abandoned, the settlers to return once again to Northampton.

Through Queen Anne's War the tract waited, deserted and spectral.

Then the strife was over. In 1713 "the ink was hardly dry on the Treaty of Utrecht" before the surviving settlers made ready to reclaim and resettle the acres which now were beginning to assume an almost mystical symbolism for them. Seemingly they represented a test from On High, of strength of character, of faith in the ultimate benevolence of a just God.

And so the next year more names were added to the settlement roster: Mattoon, Stratton, Field. Others followed, from Northampton, from Deerfield, related to the earlier pioneers. Whereas for a time this had been the farthest outpost of white civilization, the military gradually created several forts farther north. This time the site of Northfield became a settlement of permanence.

The work was no easier than it had been in the beginning, but more solid planning, a certain better organization of community life

entered in. The shape of the New England town as such began to emerge in the election of town officers. Fence viewers were appointed (and are known to this day); tything men, and hawards have long since disappeared. The tything men of that day—approximated now by Selectmen and Constables—kept track of liquor sellers, Sabbath-breakers, tipplers, and night walkers, the latter a somewhat lyrical-sounding designation for people who had no legitimate right to be wandering around after dark, but who persisted wilfully in a taste for it. According to Biblical admonition, the tything man saw to it that the people tythed according to their share; between times he was responsible for helping the beadle to keep order in the meetinghouse.

The job of the hawards was to drive up and impound any livestock found wandering loose; owners could reclaim such by paying a fine.

Elder Janes was succeeded in 1716 by James Whitmore. The selection was preceded by an order from the overseeing committee at Northampton that a meetinghouse be built to accommodate a minister. There was little chance of the appointee getting ideas that he would then be settled for life. He was engaged for the period of half of one year. For his "encouragement," however, agreement was made to give him the sum of twenty-five pounds, and also "to subsist him, and keep his horse." This well may have seemed a reasonably advantageous arrangement to a young minister, two years out of Yale, holding an A.B. degree though still three months short of being twenty-one years of age.

That same year Captain Benjamin Wright, at the age of fifty-six the acknowledged leader of the settlement—who had seen his father killed before his eyes in the Squakheag incident of '75—announced that it was a shame and disgrace to the town not to have provided a permanent dwelling for its minister of God; the meetinghouse had been erected conveniently near the house where the minister boarded.

Captain Wright's indignation was endorsed down at Northampton, and it was forthwith ordered that a dwelling be built. While it was being put up, Mr. Whitmore preached by the fireplace in some settler's house when it rained, outdoors when it was fine.

This post of minister in the settlement was a ticklish one. Selection was cautious, retention problematical. It wasn't long before a few self-appointed critics were pronouncing crisply of young Mr. Whitmore, "too English." The opinion was given without apparent rancor, perhaps if the truth were told more to have something positive to say than to raise any embarrassing charge.

Mr. Whitmore had arrived at his post in the Autumn. By Summer he, or his flock, or both, had had enough. Apparently without regret on either side he moved on to greener pastoral fields.

The town's first real meetinghouse was ready in 1718. Historians have hazarded several guesses as to why it was built in the center of the main street; the reason well may have been psychological. God was the core of the settlement's composite life; should not His house be at the geographical, as well as spiritual, core of its human activity?

From some of the Mattoons, who had come up originally from Wallingford, Connecticut, there was talk of a likely young candidate for minister, Benjamin Doolittle, grandson of a settler of New Haven, and son of a respected Wallingford townsman. He was the same age as Mr. Whitmore, had been graduated two years after him from Yale. And it was said that he was a strict adherent of the simple, direct faith preferred by the community.

Mr. Doolittle preached his first sermon in November of 1717. From the standpoint of the settlement which would support him, not only was he satisfactory as a preacher—he was something of a bargain. Besides being theologically acceptable, he was a qualified physician and chirurgeon, competent therefore to compass the people about with a diversity of care.

There was ample call for Christian forbearance in even the church practices of the period. By custom, families were seated in the meetinghouse in accordance with certain distinctions, some of them palpably discriminatory. Pews nearest the pulpit denoted favored rank; such factors as property ownership, age, and—most formidable of all—“respectability” counted heavily.

No exceptions made, all settlers were part of the church life, which expanded and diversified, hand-in-hand with growth of the community.

In 1762 a dispute about moving the meetinghouse reached a climax. The culmination was that the meetinghouse of 1765 was located “west of the (main) street's center.” It may well be that the two barrels of New England rum, and four gallons of “New India” rum consumed at the “raising” were seriously needed to relieve the tension.

From somewhere came the idea that dwellings would make an appearance more pleasing to the eye if they were painted on the outside. In due course the sum of twelve English pounds was voted to “color” the meetinghouse too.

Then, as now, ministers and others in authority had to think of measures making worship more inviting and congenial to the congrega-

gation. The "lining out" method of psalm-singing was done away with. In Town Meeting it was voted that instead of the deacon coaxing the congregation along like reluctant sheep, a line at a time, all singing should henceforth be in unison, the deacon lining out only the Psalm for the Lord's Table observance. Part of the congregation comprised the choir. From rows of seats in the gallery, hitherto let out to worshippers from adjacent towns who did not pay taxes in Northfield, four pews were reserved "for the convenient seating of the singers."

Though it is doubtful if even this more stabilized system of church music had the effect of keeping the parishioners warm in winter, considerable opposition remained to heating the meetinghouse, on the ground that it would be an indulgence, therefore "unholy." In the general debate, one of the more stiff-necked members pointed out acidly that it would be time enough to talk about heating the meetinghouse in winter when someone invented a way also to keep it cool in summer.

Some said openly of the institution of tything man, "his office is an idle one," but the community as a whole held on to it stubbornly, no doubt somewhat influenced by reports from Northampton about the dire things that could happen in meetinghouses. Behavior down the river was evidently sometimes robust, and disorder in the meetinghouse gallery became a subject of severe comment in Town Meeting. Ultimately it became necessary to put constables in charge, in place of the tything man; the constables were empowered to enforce the order which seemingly called for more ingenuity than the tything man possessed.

A year before the close of the eighteenth century, the fourth minister in Northfield's succession came up from Harvard to shepherd the flock. "Good-looking, cultured, eloquent and a champion wrestler," the Reverend Thomas Mason was a liberal, a Calvinist, "a welcome member of the Tavern group," and capable, moreover, of outstanding human sympathy, as he proved when Deacon Dutton's slave, Guy, died. Mr. Mason made Guy's passing the subject of a memorable prayer from the pulpit.

However, Calvinism, with its liberal tradition, disturbed many people in Northfield as elsewhere. Not all could be convinced that "liberalism" was not an interchangeable term with "irreligion." The Puritan's "freedom of religion" had in reality—as everyone knew—connoted freedom *for those who accepted the Puritan faith.*

And so pieces of flint began flying from the wheel.

The first formal break in church unity in the town came with formation of the Second Congregational Church, by a withdrawing Orthodox minority of thirty. When fifty-six more members withdrew, to form the Second Unitarian Society of Northfield, it was curious and interesting to find it a sort of pressure move, based on irritation with the minister, Mr. Mason. There was a strong suggestion in the wind that if Mr. Mason should find it agreeable to go elsewhere to minister not only would nothing be done to stop him, but the seceding segment would be pleased to return.

The trouble was, Mr. Mason proved surprisingly uninterested in going elsewhere. There was nothing for the Unitarian Society to do, therefore, but ordain a minister of its own.

Now, in place of the united front of one church body, the town had three churches. Moreover there were "side altars," so to speak, in the form of a new Baptist church down at Northfield Farms, and Methodists were meeting regularly, too, on an easterly hilltop. Another factor entered in, contributing to religious partition: in more and more towns, support of worship from the public treasury was being discontinued.

Colonial churches were unqualifiedly state churches, to the degree that they were supported directly out of taxes paid by the townspeople. The parish was the functioning organism, the business of the church was handled by it. Even though you might never set foot in church (Heaven forbid!) you helped to support the parish. Practically speaking, it was highly unlikely that you would be found among the missing, for the reason that church attendance was practically compulsory in the prevailing mores of society.

An interesting sidelight on this pioneer parish system comes out of notes gathered many generations later by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moody. Long after it largely went out of existence elsewhere, Northfield clung to the parish system. Once, when a Unitarian segment broke away, becoming Trinitarian, a small facet of the situation was that the Unitarians "retained the silver, and other relics."

Along with civic and religious growth, the wilderness contours of the original Squakheag tract softened with arboreal beauty. Primitive dangers of pioneering diminished; although they were succeeded by the difficulties of civilization, self-government expanded and stabilized, and a civic identity began to emerge.

The first step away from the hard-to-pronounce *Squakheag* was

timorous and somewhat clumsy—"Squakheag-alias-Northfield." Among the New England settlements that *field* was a common denominator. This particular settlement, northernmost for a time, had come of a movement *northward* from *Northampton*, so it was almost inevitable that, joined to *field*, it would be *North*. It was so fitting and pronounceable that Squakheag would soon be abandoned altogether.

In form, makeup and administration all New England settlements looked and developed pretty much alike, springing as they did from like causes, desires and tastes in the pioneering period. There were the deep urge for physical space in which to live and grow; spiritual space in which to worship freely; the instinctive human zest for carving, from formless primitive environment, an individualized outward expression of inward creative aspirations and beliefs.

Anyone who ever has known, or been attached to, Northfield will assure you—naturally without fear of successful contradiction—that, of all New England sites selected from wilderness for settlement, Northfield is far and away the most completely beautiful, the most beautifully complete, in its ordered arrangement of river, meadowlands, village area and guardian backdrop of hills.

The crown of the house is godliness

WHERE settlement goes, craftsmen follow. Weavers, nail-makers, tailors, coopers, cabinet-makers, tanners, shoe-makers, carpenters and others with individual skills came up the valley of the river with long waves, having an eye to occupational opportunities in the pleasant setting of a growing Northfield. New names joined earlier ones on the Town records: Bancroft, Cheney, Belcher, Pomeroy, Moody—in time there came from South Hadley two brothers Moody, one a brick mason, the other a cooper.

The brick mason, Isaiah, came riding his horse. For worldly possessions he had the clothes on his back and, in his saddlebag, his trowel, and plumline. A man of alert mind, interested in all manner of things including advances in the mechanics of living, he well may have heard of an invention, called a spirit-level, introduced in France for use by carpenters and masons, but he probably had yet to see one. Anyway, the plumline had served builders in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome and could probably serve Isaiah Moody in Northfield, Massachusetts, just as well.

He arrived in the town in 1796, when it was within a year of being

* Line from a verse by an unknown author.

important enough to have its own post office. Plenty of building work was going on, and no time hung idly on his hands.

On the side of lighter activity he became acquainted with nice young people including pretty girls, amongst whom was Captain Medad Alexander's eldest daughter, Phila. Whereas in the regional sense Isaiah was "foreign," Phila was native, reaching back through her numerous family connections to the early settlers—Wrights, Strattons, and others.

Phila was persuaded by Isaiah to marry him, in mid-December of 1799. One of their sons, Edwin, was born at the beginning of the next November.

In the closing years of the century people were looking toward Northfield from many directions, hearing of it as a town of stability and outstanding civic and religious character, managing itself responsibly well. Its population was still to go over the 1,000 mark, but that may have been partly because care was being exercised, to see to it that people coming in were substantially the same kind as those already there. Those wishing to settle in Northfield must show not only the capacity to be self-supporting, but also to be good neighbors. There were no ugly surprises about undesirables; they were simply neatly flagged down and turned away.

This is not to say that Northfield was too good to be true, a branch of Paradise. It was just that the town was consciously anxious to make something of itself. Beginning to span out from the drudging rigors of settlement and sheer hanging onto existence, now there was some leeway plus the inclination to expand on the cultural side.

The population rejoiced in a good leaven of men in the professions: lawyers, doctors, ministers. Quite a few of the townsmen had been to colleges such as Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, and later on, Harvard. It was in 1799 that a whiff of Harvard was brought by Thomas Mason, when he was accepted as minister by the First Parish. He proved something of a mixed blessing throughout the thirty-one years it took to get around to dismissing him. Because of him Harvard always remained a puzzle to some minds.

A lively and articulate man, so instinctively and openly did Mr. Mason say exactly what he thought on any and all occasions that his extremes scared a good many of the townsfolk out of their rigid wits. Some, at least, were seldom backward about pointing out that this was what could come of exposing a young man to Harvard College.

Easier on the collective sensibilities, and one of the top influences

in the expanding culture of the village, was Seth Field. When he died, late in the century, he left a large mark, one which was certainly understated in the words cut on his tombstone:

"Death comfortably ends
A well spent, useful life."

Seth Field's life was indeed well spent. Having been graduated in 1732 from Yale College, he returned immediately to Northfield. He so put his drives and versatile civic concern to work that, through many years, they were to earn him recognition as "the leading man in town." Schoolmaster for forty years, longtime town treasurer and clerk, Deacon Phinehas Field credited Seth Field also with being "the father of Unitarianism in Northfield." Having been prepared for college by the Reverend Benjamin Doolittle, undoubtedly young Field absorbed much of his liberalism from his mentor.

Caleb Alexander was another of Northfield's college-educated men. Unlike Seth Field it happened that, after going away to Dartmouth in 1773, Caleb never returned to Northfield to live. But, because he was born in the town—in 1755 on land which his Scottish forebears joined in buying from the Indians—it seemed not improper that Northfield should claim a share in his fame.

He was eighteen when he went up to Dartmouth. Upon the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the president of the college, Eleazar Wheelock, advised him to transfer to Yale to finish out his course, which he did. After receiving his B.A. he was licensed as a Presbyterian minister and assigned to preach at Groton, Connecticut. Three years later he was ordained.

Besides his ministerial duties he established an academy at Mendon, and began teaching. He was very dissatisfied with existing school textbooks and in rapid succession wrote and published six—one in English, two in Latin, a Greek grammar, a complete translation of Virgil, and an arithmetic textbook. His reputation grew as a man almost fanatically dedicated to the idea of books written and published in America, and to schools which would teach subjects useful in the practical sense as well as edifying to the mind. On this account alone it might be fairly said that Caleb Alexander and Dwight L. Moody were of pedagogical kinship. They were related by blood.

All in all, as the century turned, things of the mind were distinctly in the Northfield air. Plans for an official school committee were discussed. The town's educational needs were being pointedly emphasized by more than one individual. One strong-minded housewife, ap-

prehensive of the danger that girls might be granted only the short end of enlarged school facilities, resolutely gathered a group of town girls around her own hearth, sharing with them her modest learning.

Dr. Samuel Mattoon, from the somewhat interested vantage of having eight daughters, also made it his business to see that they got learning at least as good as that offered the town boys. His own mind was well stocked and active. It happened that both Mr. Mason, the Harvard-trained First Parish minister, and Lawyer John Barrett received Boston newspapers regularly. They made a practice of sharing the newspapers with fellow townsmen and Dr. Mattoon cannily took his turn at reading them before they began falling apart.

Whatever Mr. Mason's shortcomings of discretion and tact, he worked industriously to broaden the Northfield outlook. He was dashing and unmarried when he arrived, which made him rather a nervous and emotional cross to the men, but a considerable and titillating prospect to the ladies. Though his temperament was positive—some pursed their lips and said pig-headed—his mind was cultured and strong, and he seemed to count that day lost when he hadn't aroused people to some thinking or action he saw as a betterment to the community life. When people felt chivvied by him they had a way of mentioning that at Harvard he had been a champion wrestler. Actually it wasn't that he relished turmoil so much as that he liked to see people use the brains and other gifts with which the Creator had endowed them; for that reason he flung himself gladly into any activity which might enrich the town's life.

In the second year of his Northfield ministry he had some hand in attracting a handsome gift to the First Parish meetinghouse. Although Captain Samuel Smith had moved away to settle in Winchester, he gave the church a fine new church organ as a token of his respect and feeling for the town. In the way of a pebble thrown into a pool the gift pleasantly affected the career of the chorister, Zenophon Janes. Hitherto he had made do with a tuning fork, to set the pitch for the choir. Not only did the new instrument afford stronger tonal support: Mr. Janes was made regular First Parish organist, a job carrying the agreeable stipend of fifteen dollars per annum.

Another advocate for things of the mind in Northfield was one Thomas Power, a young Boston lawyer. Convinced of the prospects for a law practice in the town, he arrived in 1812. Today he would sit in high Chamber of Commerce councils for he had a lively sense of civic betterment, and wasted no time in putting it to work. In

1798 the General Court had passed the Act to enable "proprietors of Social Libraries to manage the same." Thomas Power hustled around and formed a public library, with shareholders, thereby affording Northfield the distinction of being the first town in its county, and one of the earliest in Massachusetts, to implement the Act. When the Constitution By-laws were drafted and the Proprietors signed, at the Library headquarters in Houghton's Tavern, the names were a good mixture of storekeepers, tanners, plow-makers, and lawyers.

However, the name of Lawyer John Nevers was missing. In almost no time at all after his arrival in the town, Thomas Power had managed to run afoul of the outstandingly choleric Nevers. As time went on matters between them grew worse, not better.

Each Library Proprietor held an equal share in the institution; each obligated himself to contribute the sum of four dollars to the purchase of books. Before the end of its first year the library had resources of seventy volumes. The most expensive were the five-volume set of Russell's *Modern Europe*, which cost \$13.50. There were eight books on philosophy, four on natural history, thirteen volumes of essays, five of poems—and no fiction whatever.

Another of Mr. Power's projects had to do with beautification of the town. He pointed out what many people already knew, namely that the town had natural beauty, but also some gauntness here and there. What was needed was a concerted planting of trees along the whole length of the main street. In Mr. Power's opinion double rows of shade trees on each side of the street would be fine.

Here and there a few people were already making their own efforts at beautification. For example, two elms had begun to do well in front of Caleb Lyman's hat store. In the front yard of a house which the Reverend Ebenezer Gay had built for his married daughter there was a planting of stately, clustered Lombardy poplars.

However, not everybody favored more tree-planting. Whether because it was one of that whipper-snapper Power's schemes, or just on general principles, Lawyer Nevers—Major General Nevers of the Massachusetts Militia, that is—was an awesomely articulate dissenter. Evidently something of the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang of his time, Lawyer Nevers received news of Mr. Power's program with cries of wrath. He put his objection on military ground—in every sense of the word. Did anyone have to be told, he demanded, that the full width of Main Street must remain unencumbered because it was needed for drilling the militia and artillery companies? "I will," he thundered,

"shoot any man who moves to plant a tree in front of my house!" He retired in rage to await the results of his warning.

Common sense obviously dictated caution. But something went wrong with the warning. Four rows of shade trees—two rows of elms backed with two rows of rock maples—presently ran virtually the whole length of the street. By a nice exertion of the surveyor's eye the plantings by-passed Lawyer Nevers' house without loss of symmetry.

Yet, however much newcomers brought progressive ideas and new culture into the town, "old" families continued to be its backbone: Alexanders, Fields, Mattoons, Lymans, Holtons, and many others, including Moodys.

Edwin Moody followed his father's trade. In time he too, like Isaiah, married a "native" girl, Betsey Holton. The Holtons reached back to the Second Settlement days, to standing and influence when the town was beginning to flower into that growth dreamed of by its pioneering settlers.

A struggling young couple like most of the young couples in town, Edwin and Betsey Moody were of innately intelligent mind. It was a satisfaction to them that here was no intellectual waste-land, but an environment in which their children were coming along; one which was alert and progressive.

It happened to be five years after the practice of church support from direct taxes was discontinued in Northfield, that Edwin and Betsey's sixth child and fifth son was born. The event took place on a wind-swept, snowy day in 1837—February 5. Through their maternal grandmother, Betsey Hodges of Bernardston, the children of Edwin and Betsey connected with that William Holton of Hadley who had been present at the deliberations of the General Court in Boston in the Spring of 1669 (as to reserving Squakheag among the inland parts to be protected and promoted as white settlements).

The name Dwight Lyman Moody was bestowed on the mite. When he was about twelve he appropriated a second middle name, Ryther. The *Dwight* and the *Lyman* were logical—selections from amongst relatives-by-marriage. The Ryther, however, was something of an innovation in the neighborhood, a shyly-paid, unexpected compliment to the village schoolmaster, Gideon Ryther. If anyone happened to feel persnickety about it, actually there was a slender thread of family connection. Mr. Ryther's wife Lydia was a sister of Colonel Medad Alexander, father-in-law of one of the two Moodys first to settle in the

town. Too, Mrs. Ryther was aunt to the infant's paternal grandfather, Isaiah Moody.

In the light of D. L. Moody's later founding of a seminary to enable girls without money to obtain better education, it is touching to know that Lydia, wife of that very schoolmaster for whom he took his second middle name, was herself wanting in education and always painfully aware of it, "signing the acknowledgment of her dowry," it is recorded, "in a poor, unschooled hand."

By the time of Dwight's birth the Edwin Moodys' material circumstances had flattened out to plain leanness. Yet they remained rich in Christian fortitude, and were never in danger of bitterness.

With numerous mouths to feed, numerous fast-growing young bodies to clothe, Edwin of course never could afford for a moment to take it easy, even if he had been the type, which he was not. Too, in addition to looking after the needs and wants of his own, it was his instinctively warm-hearted and naturally open-hearted way to give quickly to anyone needing help. Doubtless he gave more than his circumstances made prudent.

One green and gold morning in May a sharp, breath-snatching pain in the side sent him home from his work to rest. Entering the kitchen door of the frame house at the top of the hill, he quieted Betsey's dismayed exclamation. "It's nothing," he murmured, managing a careful smile; "I'll be going back to work again after dinner."

He couldn't be satisfied to give in, lie down in broad daylight. For a while he just sat quietly in a chair in the parlor, hands lying loosely in his lap, weary eyes wistfully following the green-embroidered ranks of the hills beyond the wide silver band of the river. About noon his conscience and his habits told him to eat a bite and go back to work. He stepped into the bedroom for something. Like the blow of a fierce fist the pain struck him again. He staggered, falling to his knees. Betsey, busy over the kitchen stove, didn't hear the fall, or the little sigh with which Edwin Moody died, there beside their bed, not at all strangely in an attitude of prayer.

Losing her beloved Edwin was dreadful enough for Betsey Holton Moody. It was even harder because in a month there would be another child. But it was not her way to make moan against life. A neighbor went to call the children from school to be with their mother; Betsey began marshalling mind and strength.

The school windows of "Old No. 2" were open to the velvety gentleness of the Spring day. From the yard the neighbor called in to the

teacher, "Any of Ed Moody's young'uns in there? They're to come right home—somethin's happened to their Pa."

Dwight Lyman Ryther Moody was four years old, too young to be enrolled; that day it happened that he had been allowed to "visit," a good way to keep him out of mischief.

Mercifully insulated by childhood, the funeral was a blur to him. With that eerie awareness of the very young, he sensed that something dark and strange had come into the place which was his home. When the *something* went, his father was gone too. Where? Why? Nobody said where, nobody said why. For a few days the child hurried around anxiously, looking, wondering, full of vague fear, squeezed in on himself in a misery of strangeness.

It didn't last long. Resilience is the guidon of the very young.

The neighbors interested themselves in how Betsey Moody would bring up all those young'uns; at the time of the funeral the eldest was thirteen years old. A month later there were nine children, counting the newcomers—twins.

Tensely but levelly, Betsey met the welter of advice. Holding her hands out, palms upward, she stated simply, "While I have these, we'll manage." In that instant the distinguishing quality had never been clearer, for anyone who cared to see. The quality had three faces: with God's help to maintain the struggle for the family's existence, not to air private woes, to keep the family together.

With more bluntness than tact some said, "Pshaw. One woman can't bring up all them boys alone, she just can't! (Perhaps a woman might manage the girls—that's if she had to.) With only a woman to manage 'em, out of seven boys one or t'other of 'em 'll be bound to land in jail, maybe end up with a rope around their neck, who knows?" There wasn't any too much at the moment for Betsey Moody to smile over, but she could smile at that. A Moody in jail? A Moody with a rope around his neck? Nonsensical.

The community was as ethical as the next, but a few of Edwin Moody's creditors, feeling the need of a brief respite from human sympathy and Christian charity, swept down on the widow Moody like the seven-year locusts. In various ways they pressed claims. One, hypnotized by his "plain rights," after squinting a calculating eye at the substantial pile of cut stovewood in the woodshed, calmly backed up his wagon and carried it off as part payment of his claim. Betsey Moody stared out the window after him in astonishment. That well may have been the moment when she told herself sternly, *Never, never*

let the children see you cry so much as a single tear!

The thirteen-year old named for his grandfather, Isaiah, felt two things. He wanted to help his mother. But, he asked himself, how could he find much means of doing so in Northfield? He thought, if I went away, Mother would have one less mouth to feed. He made a hard decision. Taking a minimum of possessions, he ran away from home. No goodbyes. No note. For most of the next thirteen years his mother was never even sure where he was. Occasionally there would be a postcard, or a letter with agonizingly few lines, never furnishing enough information or an address for an answer, only saying, "You don't have to worry about me, Ma; I'm getting along all right. Hoping you are the same—"

Isaiah's absence, and other occurrences, help to explain why D. L. Moody used to say later, "I never knew any father but my brother George." George, third Moody child and second son, took the place in the family which, by seniority, might have been occupied by Isaiah if he had remained at home.

Of course in a very real sense, Betsey was the head of the family. But the male burdens were manfully shouldered by George. What he lacked all his life in articulateness, George made up in a deep-running constancy to the family, and a responsibility which somehow he never found too heavy. He impressed people as a person content to live one day at a time, and only that day. In the bewildered adjustment after his father's death—he was nine years old that year—one of the first things he did shows that he was always the quietly methodical type, who would figure out what had to be done and, without fuss, do it.

For example, his father had given him a calf. Normally it would soon be brought down nearer the house from the place on the mountain where it was pastured. But when George's scandalized eyes had seen the greedy willingness of certain creditors to snatch from Mrs. Moody anything that could be moved and had cash value, he simply went up and pastured the calf a little deeper in the upland recesses, where it would stay until the din died down. He had a plan, and he was going to need that calf.

In his few spare moments, having hunted up a three-inch plank, he used it for a carpentry job which would have stumped many a man with larger hands and more wood-working experience. Chopping, sawing, whittling away, he managed to get out of the plank two small, reasonably round wheels. He joined them with a discarded axle which he persuaded the blacksmith to shorten; having no money to pay for

the work, he insisted on doing some miscellaneous chores in exchange. He then rigged the axle to an old box. With some rope and scraps of old leather, he made a harness to fit the calf. When the time came that he could safely bring the calf down from the mountain, he harnessed it to the wagon, creaky but mobile, and assumed the chore of carrying corn to the mill to be ground for the family larder.

It may be thought that a household so stretched for the barest necessities would be overshadowed with gloom and resentment. Nothing of the kind. To Betsey Moody *home* was simply an interchangeable term for *love*. There were always other uses for money than buying books, but there were two in the parlor. The family Bible, and a book of daily readings, which the Unitarian pastor brought for Mrs. Moody's comforting when her husband passed away.

Often as she looked around at her children, cudgelling her brain as to how to keep them going, a verse from the 15th Chapter of *Proverbs* would come to her:

“Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.”

In spite of circumstances slimmer than slim, she made her home the abode of love. If at times it happened also to be cold, with the wood supply low, she simply advised the children to stay warm in bed until there was just enough time to leap into their clothes, swallow their breakfast and be off for school. Unlike wood, she told them, laughter costs nothing, and herself proved it to them by leading the laughter over some bit of happy nonsense.

More than one rock-ribbed neighbor, passing the house at such times and hearing peals of carefree laughter, permitted himself to wonder if—instead of being as poverty-stricken as everybody believed—Betsey Moody did not have hidden resources. Never did a hypocrite have a truer thought. Hers were no resources of cash money; rather they were a wealth of incentive, represented in her children and their freedom to grow up to be good and useful human beings. It was a complete faith in the Sermon on the Mount, saying among other things,

“If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven, give good things to him that ask Him?”

When the children jumped into their clothes at the last minute before the schoolbell sounded, when they had gobbled down their porridge, or a bit of bread and nourishing molasses, there was always a

moment when they spoke naturally to Him about their needs.

"Our Father," Betsey would say, leading them, "Thou knowest that we have need of a little more stovewood. It says in Thy Word, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' We ask, in Thy name . . ." Was it so strange then, that a few minutes later, happening to glance out the window, she should notice someone—it well might be the children's Uncle Cyrus—turning into the yard with a nice load of wood? At least to her it didn't seem at all strange; long had her faith convinced her that if a prayer is right it is answered. Was it strange, many years later, that D. L. Moody would recall those cold mornings, and the wood supply being low, and would say, "Those were the days when, I know now, I began to find out something important: that God answers the prayers of His children."

Often Mrs. Moody took occasion to piece out Biblical injunction with precepts of her own phrasing. If a dispute arose about doing something, she asked just one question. "Did you *say* you would do it?" Once a Moody child had given his or her word, it must never be broken. Or, if discouragement assailed any one of them, she uprooted it promptly with the sunny assurance, "You *can* do it, you know!" And such was her way that, indeed, they discovered they could.

Sundays they walked a mile to church, sitting first through morning worship, then Sunday School, as quietly as young human flesh and high spirits allowed. For love of their mother's steady determination to keep them fed and clothed, a healthy, happy family under her roof, on the walk to and from church they carried their dearly-bought shoes and stockings, defying the stares of any who dared look askance as they stopped at the church door to put them on; the instant they escaped from Sunday School they peeled them off again, knotting the laces and hanging the boots around their necks for the walk home.

It would be absurd to suggest that Dwight Moody glimpsed any handwriting on the wall in his years of little boyhood. As he grew old enough not to chop his toes while chopping kindling, he dreamed no dreams of becoming a leader of men. Pasturing a neighbor's cows in summer for a penny a day wage, he speculated not at all on becoming a millionaire.

James Stephens, the Irish poet, is wont to recall, pensively, "I chased the thing I became." As a boy Dwight Moody did not at all chase the thing he became. So far from chasing a call to evangelism, he harbored the healthily normal repugnance of the young for the restrictions of the Sabbath day. When his mother sought to interest him in the power

and solace of prayer, in the normal throes of growing pains he informed her pointedly that he "had tried it, and it doesn't work." She was taken aback, but such was the depth of her human wisdom that she refrained from laboring the point with him, content in the knowledge that life has a way of instilling its deeper lessons when the moment is right.

There were moments when young Dwight's attitude about the power of prayer was not as adamant as he thought. One day a fence rail fell on him accidentally, pinning him down; unluckily he was too far from home for his cries to be heard. As a desperate resort he prayed, crying peremptorily, "God! You help me! You just help me right now!" Somewhat to his surprise the Lord did exactly that; suddenly he had enough strength to free himself. Nevertheless, at the time it made no startling change in his thinking. Later on, though, he was inclined to think it had an effect.

Children in large families form subtle attachments. Family affection ran strong in Betsey Moody's home. Evidently, though his brother George was to Dwight "the only father I ever knew," his real favorite among the brothers and sisters was one of the twins, Samuel, for the deep-running reason, among others, that Samuel was never very strong and suffered from epilepsy. He called up in Dwight a strong protective instinct. All his life, Samuel's frailty was to be purely physical. In manhood he was mentally and spiritually a great sturdy oak of a man, with a boundless taste for knowledge and learning. It was Samuel Moody who was to initiate a debating society in the town. Although he never practiced in an office or before the bar, he read law, and talked a great deal about the indispensability of education as a tool. Much that Samuel said went into the woods with young Dwight, to be mulled over as he and his brother Edwin cut and hauled wood.

The year Dwight was born the Reverend Oliver Capen Everett became minister of the First Parish Church, now Unitarian. He took close pastoral interest in the gallant Betsey Moody and her children. With tact and consideration for her innate pride, he managed little ways of easing the stringencies in her home. Among other devices he "borrowed" Dwight, keeping him for quite a while in his own family. On the spiritual side the whole family received baptism at his hands. Whereas Unitarians do not as a rule accept the doctrine of the Trinity, D. L. Moody often stated in later years that he, as all others of the family, received the ordinance of baptism "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Once Dwight felt pushed to appeal to George to extricate him from an arrangement to work for a neighbor through the winter in exchange for meals. Having survived nineteen meals straight of corn-meal mush and milk (regionally known as hasty pudding) Dwight felt his limit had been reached. Inevitably, Betsey Moody heard of his revolt. Inevitably she held that once you had given your word in an agreement, it must be kept; so long as he was being provided enough to eat—however monotonous the fare—naturally he would be scrupulous in fulfilling his part of the bargain.

All in all, from the time Dwight was a child until that day when an inner explosion caused him to leave home to make his way in the world, the web of his life was pretty much that of any average Yankee country boy, trying with average capacities to be himself in a fatherless home.

At one point he went to stay with maternal aunts outside the town where, thinking to ease things a bit for their sister Betsey, they entered him in school. It occurred to him that most houses he passed on the way to and from school boasted doorbells. He liked the idea of giving as many as possible a glancing ring as he passed by. When the goodwives did not appreciate this small diversion he was puzzled and irritated.

In this period of boarding with the aunts an incident took place which he was to remember longer, more pleasurable. A neighbor boy secured permission for Dwight to join him in running errands and milking cows for a man too old and rheumatic to do such chores any longer. When Dwight got a look at the old man, however, he appeared so cross—and with a wife who seemed even crosser—that he told his companion he would not go through with it. "Besides, I'm homesick," he said; "I want to go back home."

It was coming on dark, and it was pointed out that he certainly couldn't start for home at night; he'd only get lost.

"All right," said Dwight glumly, "but I'll go at daylight."

Seeking to distract him from his misery, the companion led him to a store window containing a glittering display of jack knives and other treasures dear to boys' hearts. Still glum, Dwight sulked, "I want to go home to my mother and the children."

"Look," said his friend; "yonder comes a man who'll give you a penny."

"What for?" said Dwight, suspiciously.

"Because he gives a penny to every new boy that comes to town."

The old gentleman trotted toward them. Not really expecting it to happen, Dwight took the precaution of placing himself prominently, in fact in the center of the walk, to be handy to receive the penny, in case there was one.

Unlike the cross old man, this one's countenance was fine and cheerful. Stopping short when he came up with Dwight, first he lifted off his hat and peered at him closely. "Well now," he said amiably, "here is a new boy, am I right?"

"Yes sir," put in Dwight's companion quickly, "he's new alright."

Whereupon the old gentleman launched into a little discourse on the subject of God and His only Son. "He was sent down here, boy, to do good," he pointed out. "But then wicked men killed Him. He died for us all, boy, you and me included."

Just when Dwight was bitterly sure that no penny was going to materialize after all, the man put his hand in his pocket and brought out the coin, a brand new one which, though copper, shone like gold. "There, boy," he remarked genially, "that's for you." He laid his hand on the boy's head, and somehow the pressure felt like a blessing. Many years were to roll by and Dwight Moody never forgot the man or his words; the penny seemed wholly incidental.

Just the same, at daybreak he made good his intention of going home.

But then, one day in the early Spring of 1854, out on the mountain where he was cutting and hauling logs with one of his brothers, he suddenly boiled over. "I'm not going to stay around here any longer!" he shouted so that the words fairly bounced off the tree-trunks. "I'm tired of being nothing, getting nowhere. I'm goin' down to the city, an' I'm goin' to find work I'll be paid to do!"

His brother's mouth fell open. If Dwight couldn't find anything worthwhile to do around here where everyone knew him, how on earth would he find anything in a big, strange city, where nobody knew him?

Dwight's mind was made up. "I'm going," he said obstinately, sticking to it like a puppy to a root. His lower lip stuck out defiantly. "I'm just goin', that's all there is about it."

The thing that kept Betsey Moody from being frightened (because, on top of Isaiah's vanishing from home Dwight now announced that he too was going away) was that two of her brothers had a shoestore in Boston. They surely wouldn't let disaster overtake the boy; they would give him advice when he needed it. If it should get to the point

where the boy was going hungry, they would certainly feed him.

Dwight L. Moody wasn't very well equipped to take so drastic a step. As a matter of fact, deftly managing somehow to evade the subject with his mother, he didn't have money enough for even the railroad fare to Boston. Well, after his money had taken him as far as it would, he could walk. The important thing was that, inside, he had the seething need to go. So he put a few things in a satchel—the total of all his belongings wasn't much—at the last tucking in meat sandwiches wrapped up in a red-and-white checkered napkin, and an apple or two. He kissed his mother goodby firmly, telling himself that however much of the hundred-odd miles to Boston he had to walk, he'd get there. Sounding more confident than he felt, he told his mother not to worry. Perhaps it was in that instant, when he stamped off down the hill, pausing at the foot long enough only to look back and wave once to her, that God, feeling for the very young and vulnerable, put it into the heart of Dwight's brother George to be prepared to lend a hand.

On Main Street, halfway between the Moody home and the depot, the two met. Undoubtedly George detected something meaningful in his brother's embattled stride, the stiff way he carried the satchel. "Where you off to, youngster?" he inquired quietly, not without some awe, but careful not to grin.

Dwight stuck his chin out. "To the city," he snapped. "I'm not a-goin' to stay here any longer. Goin' to make my own way." He eyed his brother defiantly as the words thrust themselves out.

"The city, you say? Why, youngster, what can you do there? You don't know anything about such as a city. I'm older'n you, an' I don't even know anything about a city . . . except that it's awful big, and has awful funny ways . . . not like here . . ."

"I don't care. I'm goin' there and I'm goin' to find somethin'. I'm not afraid of any old city."

George did grin then. You might as well, for it was plain nothing was going to change this colt. George put his hand in his pocket, where he just happened to have a fortune—five dollars from delivering some wood. "Here," he said, fishing it out. "At least ride there on the steam cars."

Dwight stared from the money to his brother's face, and back again at the money. In spite of himself his spirits lifted. "Well, George," he said slowly, "thank you." A flush came into his face. "You'll see," he added earnestly, "I'll get work, fast as scat!" Over his shoulder he said

a hurried goodby. In his own mind he was already half way to Boston.

"Look after yourself, young'un," George called after him, putting aside the idea of going with him to the depot to wait for the train. Probably Dwight hadn't even heard what he called after him.

George had been right, the city was big. It had its ways, and they were funny, for a fact. Everybody tore around the streets as though the devil were after them. Nobody said good morning to anyone, the way they did in Northfield when they met in the road. The city took absolutely no notice of a country boy named Dwight Moody. (How was he to imagine that, forty-three years later, he would be standing on the platform of a building just a few doors from the head of the street where his uncles had their shoestore, conducting epoch-making evangelistic meetings; or that crowds would be standing outside in the street, unable to get in, but unable to make themselves leave?)

It would have been abnormal not to have gone soon to his uncles. Not men given to loquaciousness, if they were surprised to see him, or had heard from their sister that he was headed for the city to make his way, they did not say so. Nor, the fact of the matter is, did they make him any offer of work.

Something told him he shouldn't beat about the bush, but come right to the point and ask for a position. Yet, somehow, things held him back; homesickness, the bigness and confusion of the city, a growing, uncomfortable awareness that he had jumped off into space, perhaps even made a fool of himself. "They know I need work," he told himself indignantly; "they can help me get it, if they want. If they don't—well I guess I can get along without *them*!"

Mealtimes, at home sometimes scanty, at least had always been regular. Here in the city meals were those intervals when you desperately had to have at least enough crackers and milk—or just crackers, with water—to give you the strength to do more trudging around, looking for "Boy Wanted" and "Help Wanted" placards. All too soon it would be time to pay a dollar for his furnished room for another week. In his mind's eye the landlady began to loom nine feet tall, a witch in a nightmare, someone to steer clear of. Even if a Help Wanted placard said warningly "Long hours, fair pay" it would be enough.

It is hard to say what, exactly, caused his resentment against his uncles to cave in, driving him to face them with the direct question, "Will you give me work in your store?"

Gravely his Uncle Samuel studied him. Finally he spoke, slowly, with wintry distinctness. "Dwight, my boy, in the Book of *Jeremiah* it says, of the Kings of Judah, 'They obeyed not, neither inclined their ear, but made their neck stiff, that they might not hear, neither recognize instruction.' Now if you were to come in here—mind you, I don't say that you will be doing so—but if you did, would you be like the Kings of Judah? Or would you learn that it is best to be humble along with being ambitious? Would you be willing to be guided by the experience and wisdom of your uncles? Would you? Come now, boy, speak up."

"I—yes, I would do everything you said, if only you'll put me to work," said their nephew, nervously running his words together. Floating behind his Uncle Samuel's head he could see the gargoyle image of the landlady, mouthing words, "Now then, \$1.00 if you please, for that room of yours, or out you go, young man, out you go!" His eyes besought his uncle. "I'll do everything just right, you'll see!" Nothing, *nothing* would be too much to do for some food besides crackers and milk!

"My men here want to do their work as *we* want it done," his Uncle Samuel pointed out with deliberation. "Somehow I'm afraid if we let you come in here, that you'd try to run the store *your way*. *Would* you try that, boy? Come now, tell me truthfully."

"Oh no sir . . . I . . ."

"Now if you do want to come in here as much as you say, do the best you can and do it right; if you'll be willing not to stiffen your neck like those Kings of Judah, but ask whenever there's something you don't know—there'd be plenty you don't know, boy!—and give heed to what we say . . ."

"Uncle Samuel, I will . . . I will . . . if only you'll . . ."

"And there's another thing. The city's no fit place for a boy alone unless he's leading the Christian life. I know you've been baptized, but you'd have to promise me to go to church *regularly*, and to Sunday School, both of them, and also promise not to go anywhere in your spare time where you wouldn't want your dear Mother's eyes to see you . . . Now, if you'll think over carefully everything I've said, you can have till Monday to make up your mind if you want to come in here enough to agree . . . give us your word . . . If you come in, we can see how you get along . . ."

"I won't need till Monday to decide, Uncle Samuel. I'll promise everything now. I . . . I need to earn at least two dollars right off, to

pay the landlady, and get some . . . something to eat . . .”

He was hired. He earned the money he paid to the landlady, no question about that. He worked like a whirlwind. His uncles thought there might—just might—be some hope for him.

He made mistakes. In his zeal to sell their shoes, it did not please his conservative uncles that he would step out of the store onto the sidewalk and, not waiting for customers to turn in at the doorway, attempt to read the minds of passersby and will them to discover that here was the very store they had been headed for, to buy that much-needed new pair of shoes. “No time like the present!” he would cry out cheerfully, all but laying a hand on a sleeve to pull customers in. Some, at least, agreed with him. Noticing the contents of the cash drawer, the uncles were of two minds about the unusualness of his methods.

However, before long, they seemed on the whole altogether too unorthodox, and the uncles felt obliged to call a halt to any such high-pressure sales tricks. “The Bible tells us,” they reminded him, “‘Let every man prove his own work; then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.’ But that proving should not be overdone, boy. Hereafter make your effort to sell shoes inside the store, not out on the sidewalk.”

On his way to work the boy always hurried to the General Delivery window at the Post Office, telling himself that today, today surely, there would be a letter from home. Day after day—no letter. The whole world had forgotten, or never knew, that there was any such person as Dwight L. Moody from Northfield, Massachusetts. Dwight L. Moody received no letters, and had no home except a dollar closet of a furnished room for which, any minute now, another dollar would have to be found, or he would lose even this meager shelter.

One morning, though, there was a letter. Without so much as a glance, the clerk in the window in the Post Office of the great faceless city shoved it at him when he gave his name. His heart leaped within him, his fingers trembled so that in getting the envelope open he almost tore the letter in half.

“I have heard,” wrote his sister Cornelia from the mountain peak of her innocence, “that in Boston there are pickpockets. You must beware of them.” Reading this sage advice from a girl, his lips trembled with loneliness and rage. He read the letter through—a whole letter about nothing but the terrors of pickpockets in the big city! Well, if pickpockets should fasten on him, they would find out soon enough

that Dwight Moody's pockets were not worth their time and trouble. Even as close to pennilessness as he was, the humorous irony was lost on him, and only bitter thoughts roiled his mind.

True to his promise he located a church, the conveniently-nearby Mt. Vernon Congregational, where he began regular attendance and also joined the Sunday School. Dr. Edward N. Kirk was pastor, and the Bible Class to which the newcomer was assigned was conducted by Mr. Edward Kimball.

The boy had heard the Bible read regularly at home, yet he couldn't say he was really familiar with it. For one thing, the Moody family Bible, a massive affair, wasn't easy for youngsters to handle; nor was there any incentive to struggle with it, for it had no pictures.

This general unfamiliarity became the cause of an embarrassing incident in his Boston Sunday School attendance. Attention being called to a verse in the Gospel according to St. John, hurriedly and in plain view of all, Dwight Moody dipped into—the Old Testament.

Mr. Kimball must have been an innately sympathetic man. Quickly he covered over the blunder by handing the young man his own Bible, open to the right place. It made an important impression on Dwight Moody. *Never embarrass people by calling attention to their mistakes.* Too, having a flair for learning from experience, he made up his mind to cut down his ignorance.

It well may be that his slip really marked a turning point, from a passive attitude toward the Scriptures to an interest which rushed along like a brook at Spring freshet time. Soon, he was speaking right up during class discussions. Once, when Mr. Kimball pointed out that Moses was "a man of great natural ability, self control, statesman-like foresight and wisdom," young Moody volunteered that "Moses must have been *smart!*" To a Yankee lad the aggregate of qualities mentioned added up to one thing: smartness.

Mr. Kimball discerned definite promise in the boy. That promise would go to waste, in relation to everyday living, if there were mere automatic attendance at church and Sunday School. The promise must be focused, energized. Clearly what the boy needed now was a practical relation to God, a dynamic harmony with Him.

Being a good student of human nature, Mr. Kimball knew that to rush at young people with argument in matters of this nature was often to scare them off, perhaps eventually lose them to the Devil himself. Therefore he bided his time, appealing to the eager mind as opportunity presented, never pressing.

Then one day he sensed that the time had come. Contradictorily, all the way to the shoestore he asked himself if a call on the boy during business hours on a matter of such intimacy might (arousing the curiosity, perhaps even jeers, of other clerks) embarrass the boy, driving him in the opposite direction. In the end he decided to take the risk.

Young Moody was wrapping bundles in the back room. Later—Mr. Kimball was never able to recall the exact words he employed—he placed a hand gently on the boy's shoulder and spoke of Christ's redeeming love, and of the love in return which Christ wanted from each of His children.

The moment proved to be right. Whatever they were, the words were right. Standing there, his hands suddenly quiet on the half-wrapped shoes, Dwight Moody accepted Christ as his Savior, His way as a way of life for himself, from that moment. Much later he was to explain to huge audiences, "Before my conversion I worked to be saved; then I worked toward the Cross. Since then I have worked *from* the Cross, *because I am saved.*"

And so it was—just about a year from that hazardous day when he had ridden to Boston in the steam cars with part of his brother George's five dollars to make his way in a big, impersonal, lonely city—that he entered the fellowship of Jesus Christ, through membership in the Mt. Vernon Church. The church records note,

Dwight L. Moody, boards at 43 Court Street . . . Has been baptized . . . First awakened on the 16th of May . . . Saw himself a sinner . . . Thinks he has repented, has purposed to give up sin . . . Feels dependent upon Christ for forgiveness . . . Loves the Scriptures . . . Prays . . . Desires to be useful . . . Is not ashamed to be known as a Christian . . . Is eighteen years old . . . Is from Northfield, this State . . .

IV

We are laborers together with God

IT IS said that men are not quite so anxious to know what you do as to know what makes you do it. No one interested in the subject of D. L. Moody and Northfield is in the dark as to what he did. Looking briefly at him in the years between 1856 and 1879 one may more understand what made him do it.

He stayed on in Boston nearly two years after his conversion, doing as well as any youth in the late teens. Business interested him; he had no conscious plans, and very likely no subconscious plans either, to give up business. However, the idea did take gradual shape in his mind that Boston was a very conservative environment. If he continued just selling shoes in Boston his future was likely to be all of a piece with his present. While adequate, the outlook was obviously limited. Like any red-blooded young American he dreamed of getting ahead, being a success. Poignantly, he had had enough poverty in his growing years to last a lifetime. Should he leave Boston, to get ahead elsewhere? If so, where.

The Crimean War was over. On Kurihama Beach Commodore Perry had met the Lord of Toda, presenting to him President Fillmore's letter addressed to the Emperor of Japan; the oncoming treaty of peace and amity would surely set under way an armada of American ships, carrying whale oil, candles and other trade goods into Japanese

ports. Soon the first Atlantic cable would be completed, with its electrifying prospect of transmitting messages between New York and Europe. From the standpoint of world affairs alone, business was bound to expand. Within the United States the West too was opening up.

Dwight Moody decided to throw in his lot with Chicago.

He was still pretty much the raw country youth, that year of 1856; but inner drives were taking hold of him, leading him along.

He left Boston with some apprehension on the personal side that the change he was making might cause his mother worry. His plans were not yet so clear-cut that he could write them to her. But he did reassure her, saying in a letter, "If God will see me safely out to Chicago—which no doubt He will—I will give my life in His service; whatever I do there I will do to His honor and glory." By now his positive allegiance to the Lord had grown to exuberance—his determination to serve Him knew no limit. He was absolutely sure that, pursuing a business career, he would make his life stand up and be counted for the Lord.

He took his Mt. Vernon Church letter without delay to Plymouth Church in Chicago. He took a pew at once, promising himself to fill it each and every Sunday with people he found wandering the streets, who should be attending worship in God's house. In no time there were so many that he rented three additional pews to accommodate them.

He got employment with a shoe concern. He worked to such excellent effect in Wiswall's city store that his employer put him out into a larger field, as a commercial traveler on the road. Besides selling he was told to make collections. This called sometimes for great persuasiveness, not to say ingenuity.

He had an inflexible rule against traveling on the Sabbath. One week a troublesome bill was to be collected in a distant town. He planned to travel as far toward it as possible by Saturday night, lay over on Sunday, and go the rest of the way the first thing Monday morning. To his consternation he found aboard the train the representative of another firm, bound for the same creditor on the same collection errand. As Mr. Moody knew his competitor to have no principle against Sunday travel, unless some way were found, he would arrive in the creditor's store well ahead of Dwight Moody, no doubt collecting anything collectible, with the result that when Moody arrived the till would be empty.

He did some hard thinking. When the train arrived at the junction point where he planned to spend Sunday, he suggested casually to his competitor that they step off the train to stretch their legs for a few moments. Striking up a lively conversation, Mr. Moody shrewdly lengthened two or three turns on the platform into more of a stroll. When his carefully cocked ear told him that all was now safe, they strolled back to the depot; Mr. Moody had had his and his competitor's valises put off, and the train was now on its way. Both creditors' representatives arrived Monday morning on even terms to have a go at obtaining payment.

Mr. Moody's reputation as a good salesman got around, and he received offers. His second boot and shoe connection in Chicago was with C. N. Henderson, a connection he liked very much.

Returning from a selling trip the day after New Year's, 1859, to his dismay he found that Mr. Henderson had died. "My hopes are dashed," he wrote to his mother prematurely; "the man to whom I looked for advice and counsel, my friend and employer, is dead. He was the truest friend I have met since leaving home. I shall miss him sorely."

Evidently Mr. Henderson reciprocated his employee's feeling because Mrs. Henderson begged young Moody to take over responsibility of settling the estate. He was twenty-three years of age, and such a task seemed to him way beyond his capacities, but he decided to undertake it. He wrote his mother anxiously, "Do not say anything about this, will you? I feel honored to be asked. My prayer is that I will do myself credit. I am in hopes that you will not forget to pray for me, for I am nothing without the same God who has been with me since I started out."

He was doing well in business, having earned \$5,000 above his salary in one year. It was his ambition to be worth \$100,000 some day.

Meantime, what of his religious life?

He had discovered a small mission Sunday School on North Wells Street. For some reason it appealed strongly to him and he asked to be given a Sunday School class to teach. But there were more teachers than the Superintendent knew what to do with. "We've got twelve scholars and sixteen teachers," he was told ruefully. "The only way you could teach Sunday School here would be to bring your own class!" Little did they know the temperament of the young man! The following Sunday he was there with his own class, ready to teach and work.

At the outset the "class" seems to have been as pagan an aggregation as could be found, an assortment of young hooligans he had run to

earth in the alleys, and propelled by main force to the mission.

Oddly enough, D. L. Moody seemed for a short while to fascinate his captives. But the novelty wore off—the majority vanished into thin air. It was only a temporary setback. Distributing the remnant among fellow-teachers, Mr. Moody began combing the streets for replacements in need of being saved. Gradually the Sunday School room began to bulge with recruits who appeared more or less willing to be permanent. He now spent more of his time rounding up potential converts than teaching.

It proved one thing to have caught them, another to make them stand still to be saved, so to speak. Right there Dwight Moody began showing signs of that human insight which, all his life, was to bulk large in advancing his work. As it happened he had collared boys rejoicing in such street names as Red Eye, Madden the Butcher, Ragbritches Cadet, Greenhorn, Butcher Lilray, and so on. Not only did he sense the immense and wildly rebellious energy of these tough young denizens of the city jungle—he grasped also that what had welded them into a solid knot was rage: rage against a world they never made; rage against a world they managed to convince themselves was their natural enemy.

Now all this happened long before purveyors of social, and abnormal, psychology were dealing out facile theories of “childhood insecurity,” “floating hostilities,” and the like. Mr. Moody was unlettered in high-sounding scientific terms, but he could readily discern a disaster of city living. Out of a wealth of innate common sense he began to develop antidotes. So the boys craved the security of a gang? Very well, then; give them activity in which they could carry on as a gang; let them earn recognition by doing well at it. For example, how would they like to become “Moody’s Bodyguards”?

They liked it fine; as proof, they wasted hardly any time in suspecting his motives. With good conduct and regular Sunday School attendance they could earn—“Gosh, earn!”—new suits. (Imagine, suits, in place of hand-me-downs, or odds and ends of rags!) They could, so outfitted, have a group picture taken by a real photographer. Did rival gangs ridicule or otherwise attempt to molest Mr. Moody they could—and gladly would—point out the error of such ways!

Mr. Moody was forever encountering some grown man in after years who—now a respectable member of the community—would remind him that he was one of Moody’s Bodyguards.

The work grew. It became imperative to find larger quarters. Mr. Moody found it over a city market, North Market Hall. It was to

evolve into the Illinois Street Church, where he became lay pastor in 1865, and later into the Chicago Avenue Church.

He still pursued the business of selling shoes during the week. He still harbored the ambition to be worth \$100,000. His living expenses were high, but he had already saved \$7,000 toward that goal. He was comfortable at Mrs. Phillips' boarding house, made congenial friends. He wrote home often, combining reports of business progress and his work for the Lord. "I am making money and living well. The better I live, the more enjoyment I have, and the more I think of God and His love . . . George, don't let anything keep you from the full enjoyment of God's love . . ." There must have been many twinges of homesickness, for he often added, "I should like to come back to the Bay State once more. Things out here don't look as they do there. A great many stores here keep open on the Sabbath, which is a great holiday . . ."

There were no printed Sunday School lessons yet. It didn't bother him. For a textbook and guide, what more did you need than the Bible?

With minimum surroundings and facilities, the fast-growing Sunday School was not without practical problems. Saturday nights, after finishing his week's work, he would hurry to get the Hall ready for Sunday School—no small job since it was used Saturday evenings by a German society for dances. Part of Mr. Moody's work was to roll out empty beer barrels and sweep up sawdust. But he was husky and quick, and usually managed to squeeze in a couple of hours sleep between getting everything in order, and setting out to comb the streets for more students.

It took money to keep the Sunday School going. He hit on a device which was simplicity itself. He founded a North Market Sabbath School Association, capitalized it at \$10,000 and issued 40,000 shares of stock at 25¢ a share. He recruited helpers, among them John V. Farwell, a leading drygoods merchant of the city, and Isaac H. Burch, president of a bank.

After Sabbath School he always dashed off to visit students whom the attendance records showed to be lagging; he found out why they were not present, comforted and cheered them if they were sick, persuaded them to return if they were drifting away. It gave him a chance to invite the parents, too, to invite them to evening Chapel service and after-meeting. One way and another the weekend might pass without his eating a decent meal. If faintness gnawed hard enough

he would snatch up a handful of crackers and a bit of cheese, eating them on the run. Years later he was to say of this period, "No one ever *asked* me to do these things!" It shows the true inspiration of his will. Without knowing it, Dwight Moody was indeed chasing the thing he became.

His ultimate abandonment of a business career was connected with an incident which was small in the scale of things. In the Sunday School there was one class of girls. Among other reasons for being conspicuous they were of highly undisciplined conduct. Once their teacher was absent on account of illness, and Mr. Moody took the class. The girls were so frivolous and unruly that he had to put down an impulse to push them out the door with a warning to stay out.

It turned out that their regular teacher was sicker than had been realized. His doctor advised him to leave the Chicago climate and return to New York State. "I know I'm going there to die," he said flatly. One thing troubled him greatly: he had taught his Sabbath School class as best he knew how, but had not succeeded in leading a single girl to Christ. "And now I've lost my chance! What will become of them?"

Mr. Moody was disturbed both on the teacher's account and on the girls'. He proposed that he and the teacher visit each member of the class. If the teacher explained exactly how he felt, now that he must cease his work . . .

In less than a fortnight the last girl in the class had yielded her will to Christ. "Now I can go away in peace," said the teacher. The night before his departure there was a last prayer meeting with the class. Later Mr. Moody was to say, with mock ruefulness, that if he had foreseen what would come of his being present, he well might have stayed away. He would add quickly, "But how many times since I have thanked God that I was there."

What happened which affected the course of his life? A combination of things, perhaps. Or simply that the teacher read aloud from the 14th Chapter of the *Gospel According to St. John*:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do . . . If ye love me, keep my commandments . . . He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him . . ."

The words must have said something special to Dwight Moody because, when the prayer meeting was over, he found himself praying as he left the room, "Oh God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received here tonight!" The "blessing" was the revelation that his place was no longer in the world of material business—it was to work solely for the Kingdom of God. He had the \$7,000 saved toward the \$100,000 he thought he wanted so much to be "worth." He would put it forthwith to uses of the new life he purposed to have, making it go as far as he could. From that point on, the Lord would decide. As He wanted Dwight Moody to continue, He would provide the means.

It was a gathering of those powers, a beginning of their maturing which, during the next twenty years, would fit him for one of the big turning points of his life: the founding of his school for girls at Northfield, the calling of the Convocation for Prayer, out of which would grow the Northfield Conferences.

You might say that the two decades gave him his stride: as a Christian, as an evangelist. Experience took many forms, in many places.

Fort Sumter was fired upon on April 12, 1861. Camp Douglass was set up in the southerly limits of Chicago. Being twenty-four years old, Dwight Moody might have been expected to enlist in the ranks—except that in all conscience he could not enlist in the kind of battle in which he might kill. "There has never been a time in my life," he remarked later, "when I felt I could take a gun and shoot down a fellow being. In this respect I am a Quaker."

An Army & Navy Committee being set up within the framework of the Young Men's Christian Association, there were drawn into its work Mr. Farwell, B. F. Jacobs, and Dwight Moody. Later the Committee and its work would be absorbed by the Northwestern branch of the Christian Commission.

The Committee set up a small temporary chapel at Camp Douglass. Regiments were coming and going at a fast rate. Among the very first soldiers camped there were a number of Moody's Bodyguard. Another class of military personnel began arriving, large numbers of prisoners. There was a mounting nervousness in the city. Edgar W. Hawley, another associate of Mr. Moody in Christian work, arrived to help. Mr. Moody's brother Warren had enlisted. This gave Dwight Moody a poignant tie with the needs of men in the Army camps. He wrote home to his mother, "I am holding meetings every night at the

camp with the soldiers. A good many are turning to Christ. Tell George and Ed not to let the prayer meetings at Northfield go down. Pray on. God seems to be waiting to have this nation call on Him. I wish you would write to Warren about his soul. Tell him you will pray for him daily, and God will answer your prayers. Tell him not to play cards for it leads to gambling, and gambling leads to hell."

A sixteen-year-old Illinois farm boy happened to observe Dwight Moody during this period. He had been introduced to Mr. Jacobs, and to Mr. J. R. Osgood of Indianapolis, well-known Sunday School men, and they took him down to a Y.M.C.A. noon prayer meeting. "It had become a famous meeting;" Dr. Henry C. Mabie recalled many years later out of his experience as that Illinois farm boy, "it was conducted mostly by young laymen, the first meeting of its kind I had ever attended.

"As we passed in there was this stocky, bustling Simon Peter-sort of man, standing at the door, shaking hands with all who entered. He spoke an earnest word to each. At the close of the meeting, this same man remained to speak and pray with any and every inquirer who showed signs of interest. This honest man was Mr. D. L. Moody, and it made an impression on me for life. I had never before seen a layman making it his business to press men into the Kingdom as he seemed to be doing. I had learned to expect that of ministers, but had never seen a layman so in earnest. But I liked it. The entire uncommonness of the thing impressed me, and created a yearning in me to learn the divine art if it were possible . . . It was not many months until, in the summer vacation, I found myself in the midst of a great revival in my native town . . . I was for three months immersed in the flood of this blessing. I was simply set on fire by the contagion of such earnest lives as I had seen being lived before me, in the circle of Chicago laymen of whom Mr. Moody was the leader . . . The Moody of later years, in his great evangelistic triumphs, was simply the Moody of that earlier time, expanded, enlarged, manifolded by the thousand and one auxiliaries and coadjutors which, by his matchless magnetism, he continually gathered about him . . . He had the greatest power to set others to work, thus multiplying himself, of any man I ever knew . . . When, fourteen years later, as a young pastor in Boston, I was again brought into contact with him, in his great tabernacle meetings of 1874, I was to find myself a willing learner at his feet . . . As we would obey his summons to go down . . . to deal with inquirers, or to the marketmen's meeting in Faneuil Hall,

or to the shoe dealers' meeting on High Street, or where not, we went confidently, feeling we could not wholly fail, because he sent us . . .”

Exulting in the opportunities on every hand for Christian activity among the troops, Dwight Moody went nine times to the front. He was on the ground, ministering to the wounded after the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, Murfreesboro; he was with the Army at Cleveland in East Tennessee, and Chattanooga, and in the vanguard entering Richmond. He liked the soldiers and the soldiers liked him, not resenting it when, in asking God to give them victory over the rebels, he added pointedly, “and over sin and Satan too.”

The die was being cut. His war work was making him known to the country. The soldiers wrote to their parents about him, parents wrote to Mr. Moody about their boys. His powers of understanding young people were developing, and his knowledge of himself, and how he could be used of God.

At length the bloody years of the war were over. Mr. Moody returned to Chicago and Sunday School work. It was a natural extension of war work that he would continue his Y.M.C.A. work. When he, L. M. Beam, and B. F. Jacobs signed a covenant to pray and work for a building of its own for the Y.M.C.A., it wasn't merely an important step for the Association in Chicago—it would affect its whole future around the world.

Association officials now had their eye on Dwight Moody. An interesting outgrowth of his Sunday School recruitment work was the permanent organization of the Illinois Street Church, founded on a nucleus of converts at North Market Hall. The Christian Association officials had every confidence that, if turned loose to do so, Dwight Moody would find ways and means of achieving the building which the Association so sorely needed.

How accurately they gauged their man! Leaving administrative detail to others, he laid siege to people who would pledge money to put up a building. One morning Cyrus McCormick subscribed \$10,000. By nightfall a building was within financial reach, containing a hall to seat 3,000, and a working number of other rooms and offices.

Prior to dedication of the building “to the service of Almighty God” there was talk of naming it for Dwight L. Moody. He heard about it with horror, and forbade it. He said it must be called after the man who had headed the Building Committee and helped so

mightily in other ways. And so it was named Farwell Hall.

At the mission in North Wells Street Mr. Moody had become acquainted with a young girl, Miss Emma Revell. Her French Huguenot father was by profession a shipbuilder. Having come to England and married there, a combination of business reverses and an injury received in a fall from a scaffolding had resulted in his coming to America from England, bringing his wife, three daughters and a son. They had been there about nine years when Emma and Dwight met. Sunday School teaching was a strong bond of interest.

Just before he launched into speaking at a mission service one night in 1860, with a broad smile he interjected that he had "just become engaged to Miss Emma Revell, and therefore cannot be counted upon to see any other girls home from the meeting."*

He let Betsey Moody know that he was engaged. "I shall send a daguerreotype of Miss Emma Revell and myself; I shall bring her down East with me the next time I come. When will that be? I don't know. I got acquainted with Miss Revell in May. I think, dear Mother, you would love her if you could get acquainted with her. I don't know of anyone who knows her but does. She is a good Christian girl."

Who can say exactly how Dwight's mother felt as she read this news? In New England ashes of prejudice against the English were still not entirely cold. Besides being, as Dwight said, a good Christian girl, this Miss Revell was also English.

However, Betsey Moody was not one to fashion her feelings into a stumbling block. Much of what she thought and felt, she kept to herself.

Of course in the end her son was proved abundantly right; mother and daughter-in-law became devoted to each other. The young couple were married in August, 1862; the serious lack of festiveness about the wedding is to be sensed in the record of it, meagerly noted by the young bride, with the addition, after the date, "D. L. busy with his work among the soldiers." But it seemed fair to say it was one of those marriages "made in heaven." In after years W. R. Moody wrote that his father "found in his wife what he termed his balance wheel. With advice, sympathy and faith, this girl labored at his side; by her judgment, tact and sacrifice, she contributed to his every effort."

* *Heavenly Destiny: The Life Story of Mrs. D. L. Moody*, by Emma Moody Powell. Copyright 1943 by The Moody Bible Institute. The Moody Press, Chicago, Illinois.

Dwight Moody was anxious to meet the great religious leaders abroad, men like Charles H. Spurgeon, and George Muller. Too, he was extremely anxious about a cough which persistently troubled his wife. From childhood there had been some valvular heart trouble, and an aggravating asthma. Now the doctor thought that an ocean voyage might do her good. That meant leaving the three-year-old baby, Emma, with her maternal grandmother. "I am sure the little girl can be happy with us, dear," said Grandmother; "we love her so much, and she'll be good for us too." And so the Moodys sailed together for Liverpool. Though one of the big reasons for the voyage was Mrs. Moody's poor health, funnily enough, she wrote back, never had she felt so well as on the voyage, whereas Mr. Moody was sick throughout more or less of the whole two weeks at sea.

In the light of later events it seems hard to visualize a time when D. L. Moody was unknown in England. But it was true in that year of 1867, except for a few friends he had met in America—among them Fountain J. Hartley, secretary of the London Sabbath School Union, and men connected with the Y.M.C.A.

The seeds of the schools he would later found may have been germinating subconsciously. He was extraordinarily intent on visiting Bristol, England which, he wrote his mother, "is where George Muller's great orphan schools are. He has 1,150 children in his house, but never asks any man for a cent of money to support them. He just calls on God, and God sends the money to him. It is wonderful to see what God can do with a man of prayer!"

Mr. Hartley invited Dwight Moody to speak at an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday School Union, in Exeter Hall. It chanced that he was introduced as "our American cousin, the Reverend Mr. Moody." He bounded up from his seat to speak, and began by "correcting two mistakes. First, I'm not a 'Reverend' at all; I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sabbath School worker. Then, I'm not an American 'cousin.' By the grace of God I'm your American brother, as interested as you are in our Father's work for His children." The audience was delighted by this breezy sample of integrity, and the number of his friends soared appreciably.

He had hoped to persuade Mr. Spurgeon to visit America but did not succeed. But he made another contact which had results he never expected. It was his meeting with Henry Moorehouse, widely known as "the Boy Preacher." At first Mr. Moody was completely unimpressed. How was he to imagine that eventually this "beardless boy,

who looked not more than seventeen, and whom I was sure would not be able to preach at all" would become a profound influence upon him, would be among other things the instrument of his learning how to really *study* the Bible?

How many people have pictured D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey as somehow indivisible? Certainly it was one of those exactly right alliances. Eventually it was to free Mr. Moody to execute big plans.

They met for the first time in 1870. The Y.M.C.A. was in convention in Indianapolis. At the time Mr. Sankey was employed by the Internal Revenue Service. He was stationed at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and in his spare time put his talent for singing hymns at the service of saving souls. He had heard of D. L. Moody, indeed felt a curiosity to see him in person, hear him preach. But when he was drafted, by his friend Rev. Robert McMillan, to take hold of the singing at a 6 a.m. Sunday morning prayer meeting in a Baptist church some distance from the Academy of Music where the convention sessions were being held, the thirty-year-old Gospel singer had no idea that, in practically no time at all after he and Mr. Moody were introduced, Mr. Moody would announce, "Mr. Sankey, I've decided you'll have to give up whatever else you're doing and come with me. I've been looking for years for such a man as you. I want you to come to Chicago right away to help in my work." What's more, that he would find himself obediently doing precisely what Mr. Moody asked.

For a young man with a wife and two children to support, suddenly to forego the security of a government position to go into evangelistic work was a matter of some gravity. Nevertheless, not without some anxiety, yet on the whole firmly, before the week was out Ira Sankey returned his commission to the Secretary of the Treasury. And Mr. Moody got the man who could confirm his strong conviction that "Singing . . . helps to build up your audience. Even if you have dry sermons, if you have singing that reaches the heart, it will fill the church every time." For any skeptics he would produce the clincher, calling to their attention that "more is said in the Bible about praise than about prayer even . . . During the years since God first called me, the importance of praise, expressed in song, has grown upon me."

For two years, from 1873, this perfect partnership conducted a tremendous evangelistic campaign in England. Mr. Moody had gone over alone the year before, wanting to study with some of the English Bible students. One Sunday he had been invited to preach at a church

in the north of London. Such were the results in conversions that when he prepared to return to America he was urged to come back soon.

The first year of Moody and Sankey meetings in the British Isles saw the advent of the Moody and Sankey Hymn Book as such; as so often happens, it came into being as the answer to an urgent practical need. The hymns Mr. Moody liked to use in his meetings were less familiar in England than in America. Accordingly he arranged a group of worship songs for quick publication. Oddly enough, though the publishing house of Bagster could hardly turn Bibles out fast enough to meet the demand set off by the meetings, no music publishing house could be found which would risk publishing costs of the hymns. At the moment Mr. Moody's resources were down to \$100.

He decided to print anyhow. He and Mr. Sankey worked when they should have been sleeping, assembling sixteen pages of hymns in leaflet form. One edition, with the music, sold for sixpence; another, with words only, yet meeting a demand, sold for a penny, at that time the equivalent of two American cents.

The entire printing vanished like snow in August. As might be supposed, a music publisher materialized at once.

Again oddly, the avalanche of sales produced a strange dilemma. By the time Moody and Sankey were ready to return to America, the hymn book royalty account stood at \$35,000. They refused absolutely to accept a shilling of it for themselves. Mr. Moody made the alternative suggestion that the entire sum be channeled into Christian work, under supervision of the London Committee. The Committee, however, also had views. It was pointed out that it was not right for these men, in effect, to pay any such self-denying high price for doing the hard labor of Gospel preaching. It was all rather unusual—a large sum of money, bidding fair to grow larger all the time, crying for someone to accept it!

A dramatic far-off event coincidentally presented a solution. In the tremendous fire which swept Chicago in the second week of October 1871, the Chicago Avenue Church, in which Mr. Moody was so closely interested, had been burned out. Rebuilding had been started but when the panic of 1873-74 came on, subscriptions to the rebuilding fund fell off sharply. The first floor had been completed; a temporary roof was on, but no one had been able even to estimate cost of the rest of the work.

It happened that an officer of the church arrived in London just

when everyone was puzzling over what to do with the mounting hymn book royalties. He was asked for suggestions. He said that perhaps it would be fitting for the royalties to be used to complete work on the church. The idea being found acceptable, by this means what was widely known as "Moody's Church" was completed.

Anyone who supposed that \$35,000 would have been about the peak of the royalties couldn't possibly have been more mistaken. Yet whose gift of imagination would have been equal to foreseeing that, from the feverish assembling by Moody and Sankey of a few hymns for quick printing, would stem more than \$2,000,000 in the ensuing years? The fact becomes of enormous significance in relation to the eventual development of Mr. Moody's ideas of education.

In that first two-year campaign in the British Isles, how many people listened to the team of Moody and Sankey? More than two million and a half. Bear in mind, this was "B.r. and/or TV," before radio and or television. Mr. Moody seldom preached less than four times of a Sabbath. Once, due to inadvertent bad routing, he walked sixteen miles to get from one engagement to another, walked because it was the Sabbath, and his unalterable rule was to use no public conveyance on the Lord's Day. Later he told about it with a chuckle, patting his none too svelte figure. "The walk did me no harm, and I slept in good conscience that night."

From that overseas campaign he returned with a hunger to see his mother, and Northfield. It had been almost eight years since the young Moodys had been able to "get down East;" in 1866 Dwight Moody had snatched time to take his young wife and their two-year-old Emma to Northfield, so that the family might begin learning to love them.

Though it would be several years before the fact began showing concretely, this visit of 1875, with his wife and two children—his son Will had arrived in the family—was to be significant. Dwight Moody began moving imperceptibly into position for the work of building what, ultimately, he would look on as his best work, namely the first of his two schools.

That August of 1875 became a joyous time, especially for Betsey Holton Moody, getting to know her son Dwight again, having his family about her as she moved along in the tranquil, golden sunset years of her life. In her thirty-eight-year old married son, with his towering Christian responsibilities in the world, could she still glimpse the boy of seventeen, striding away down the hill to tussle on his own

terms with the world? Did she, involuntarily, have moments of wistful wondering, whether her boy Dwight had gone so far out into the world that she might, indeed, never have him back, in the warm, personal sense?

The Moodys were an inherently affectionate family. In New England that is by no means synonymous with easy or open sentimentality. Undoubtedly Betsey Moody sensed that, deep inside, there was for Dwight no place in all the world that would ever be his home, in the way that Northfield was home. *Home* is the thousand things which a child, a growing boy, hides away shyly in the corner of his being, and can never quite put in words. Because of the taking away of the father, for a time Dwight's home had been a bewildering darkness. Because of a mother's enveloping love and unending courage, *home* had been a level plain of gallant laughter, and the flooding warmth of faith and hope. *Home*, in Northfield, had been long, cold winters when the very mountains seemed to draw close to bear you company; and long, hot summers, when no amount of chores could spoil the waiting woods and fields. *Home* was hard work in the sheep pastures and upland woodlots; it was hard play in the meadows and along rushing streams. *Home* was the Christmas present of an apple, shined to mirror polish with a torn bit of old flannel petticoat, and made a surprise in the toe of a worn, handknit stocking, your brother's stocking but shrunk now with countless washings in strong soap to your size. Or, if that year things had eased just a bit, *home* was Christmas morning with a large square of fresh gingerbread for every Moody youngster, tied festively with a thin ribbon of birch-bark peeled from a chunk of stovewood in the shed.

Throughout the years when Dwight had been gone, the world of Betsey Moody had remained closely bounded by her family. True, circumstances had become less and less straitened. Still, Betsey's thoughts never really strayed beyond her family, and the Lord had been good. At times, when she could well have wondered whether again in her lifetime she would ever see Dwight, her faith remained serene; the Lord had taken hold of her son's life and was guiding it, leading him where He wanted him to be. If He wanted him to come home to see his mother, that would be His guiding too.

A joy of the reunion was good talk, first of all with his mother. Then, with his brothers: with George, with Edwin, then with Samuel. Samuel was failing a little now; but if Dwight observed, he never let his brother know.



D. L. Moody's birthplace and boyhood home, above, and the Homestead, his residence from 1875 until his death in 1899.





4 Northfield Summer Conference meeting, with D. L. Moody seated at the center of the platform and Ira D. Sankey at the organ.

Dwight and Samuel took long drives together, getting reacquainted. One day, in what turned out to be the last summer of Samuel's life, they drove along a rocky road back on the mountain. They came across a cabin, and a family, father, mother, three daughters. The father was partially crippled, the mother work-worn, the three girls sturdy, bright, obviously intelligent.

Horace Parmelee Sikes sat in the golden wash of the sun, reading from his Greek New Testament. In spite of the poor, gaunt farmhouse on its poor, gaunt, run-out land; in spite of other evidences of hard circumstance, Mr. Sikes was a considerably educated man. He had attended Wilbraham Academy, been in the preparatory section of Oberlin College, then had two years in the college department and done some teaching at a select school.* A man well may be poor in this world's goods but, if he will, can always go on reading. In addition, though Mr. Sikes was sorely crippled, from time to time he could do a little work on the woodpile, so long as he sat down to it.

Mrs. Sikes and the three girls sat on the step, the mother and two of the girls braiding straw hats. Small manufactories in the neighboring towns regularly sent their carts around, distributing straw to folks who could work in their homes, then gathering up the finished hats, paying small sums for the labor. No cloud of dejection hung over the Sikes family; mother and daughters aired no woes as they plaited the straw, expressed no resentments against life, receiving the Moody brothers with graceful ease when they slowed down to pass the time of day. Nobody seized the opportunity, directly or indirectly, to say that there must be a purpose behind such a meager lot in life. The implication was there but, oddly enough, not in subtle gloom or complaint—rather in a certain hovering serenity.

On the homeward drive, partly joking but with concern too, Dwight Moody commented, "There are too many old maids, and widows, in New England." Rural girls, he said, ought to have more opportunity, by education, to extend their horizons, mental, spiritual and practical.

Samuel could not have agreed more. His twin sister Lizzie, now thirty-five, taught school. She was not to die an old maid, but Sam knew she secretly longed for more education, knew how much more she would be able to accomplish if it had been possible for her to have it.

Too, the Unitarian minister in town, one of Sam's closest friends,

* *Educational Pioneering in New England*, by Elsie Scott. 1942.

had finally had to go elsewhere because at the time there was no good secondary school in Northfield for his children.

"Yes, there ought to be better schooling for these girls in the out-lying districts," Sam mused. "I wonder what way could be found to give it to them." Though physically impaired throughout his life, this good and intelligently restless man was one of the real sinews of the community. He would not retire to an invalid's shadowy niche. He never could just quite find time to be idle, useless, and yet he never had too much on hand to do when he was asked to take on some new job—just one more.

It is a human fact that people do not always warm to the Tax Collector. Samuel Moody was the exception. He was the Tax Collector but, come tax time, everybody went on liking him just the same. He rejoiced in a mind of his own too, was outspoken, had a reputation for "speakin' out," especially in Town Meeting. Folks didn't agree invariably with all he said, but they listened, and they respected. He was a proprietor of the new Social Library, and had charge also of pew rentals in the First Parish Church.

Ever since starting the debating society in the village, Samuel had seen how, with only a little encouragement and direction, young, quick, bright minds could go to work. He deeply wanted *freedom to learn* brought vitally within reach of every young person alive on the earth. And so what Dwight was saying, about more education facilities for rural girls, made very real sense to Samuel.

Dwight talked about it too with his mother. In the evenings, when he and she spent a little private time together, reading the Bible and praying together, they put the question to God: how would you go about making it possible for poor girls on remote farms to get an education?

In their long talks Betsey Moody got an insight into her son's chosen work which must have moved her profoundly. At times she must have smiled gently to herself, looking back to days when, boy-like, he had rebelled against being made to go to church whether he wanted to or not, made to pay attention and listen to a sermon which was Greek to him. Yet how many times, after going out into the world, had he gone out of his way to thank her in his letters, for seeing to it that he had gone regularly to church, even though at the time against his will.

Living modestly in the background as was always her habit, at times it must have seemed unreal to connect her boy Dwight with reports

of unheard-of revival crowds, which hung on his words in far places which to her were only names. Did anyone ever send her clippings, such as one from a Chicago newspaper in which a reporter wrote, "It made a scene without precedent; a preacher on the platform said, 'It is like nothing so much as the host which sat at the foot of the mountain for the Model Sermon.' Six thousand men and women were standing in the streets when the management ordered the doors closed . . . This multitude would not believe the vast hall was packed from ceiling to floor. There must be some mistake, as there never has been a prayer meeting in Chicago where there has not been room for more people than wished to attend . . . A line of policemen tried to reason . . . The cable cars could not get past the building for the crowd . . ."

Through those weeks while he was at home in Northfield, Dwight Moody and Samuel continued to take long, talkative drives around the countryside together; along the narrow hill road winding toward the road to Boston; on the Gulf Road, out toward Ice Cave, through Lovers' Retreat, up on Notch Mountain. Always they kept coming back to the subject of education for young people who were too far away from existing schools. "Schooling's everybody's rightful lot," Samuel said repeatedly, "girls and boys alike. There just ought to be a way for all to get it." His keen eyes travelling along the rocky uplands, he would add, thoughtfully, "Keep asking myself just how the best way would be."

"I wish I knew," Dwight replied a dozen times. "We'd better pray about it."

On this visit to his old home town his fellow townsmen observed Dwight covertly, with interest, not having seen him since he was a nondescript youth. The habit of reticence is deep-rooted in New England; people use caution in showing what they think and feel. Dwight Moody was of course the first preacher in this Moody line. The town had to get used to the idea that "one o' them Moody young'uns" was now a man of such large evangelistic reputation on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. For a long time it hardly seemed possible to some of them.

Throughout his vacation, Mr. Moody preached every Sunday, either in the town, with people flocking in from miles around, or over across the New Hampshire line, or somewhere on the near side of Vermont. Mr. Sankey came up to join him, and Mr. P. P. Bliss. Each supplemented the other's singing, and they helped Mr. Moody with services

in village churches or in the open air on the village greens of the larger towns. One or two evenings a week the Moody neighbors were invited into the Moody home for Bible readings; so many wanted to come that the front hall as well as the parlor and dining room were choked with camp chairs, and an overflow sat on the porch and the lawn.

By the end of September, just when the leaves were beginning to flame on the hills and along the main street, Mr. Moody had to resume his evangelistic commitments, beginning in Chicago.

Within the first few weeks he suffered two hard shocks. Mr. Bliss was killed in a railroad wreck in Ohio. And Samuel Moody died suddenly.

There is something touching in the fact that he died while taking a walk alone in the field which, before many years more, would become part of the very kind of educational institution which he and Dwight had talked about on their drives.

With a heavy heart Dwight Moody returned from Chicago for the funeral. On the day of the burial it must have moved him deeply that several of the town boys got together and planted a strong young tree in Samuel's memory, in front of his brother Dwight's lifetime home.

Speaking of that home, it too well may have been one more subconscious step toward the "How" of schooling for deserving girls. Superficially, however, his acquisition of the house which was to come in very handy indeed, was quite accidental, occasioned by the unlikely factor of a flock of unruly hens. From time to time Betsey Moody's neighbor to the west, Elisha Alexander, complained irascibly that her chickens were a pest in his cornfield, and should be taught to stay home. The matter aggravated into one of those small social boils which, because nobody has bothered to lance them promptly, become sore out of all proportion.

A new complaint came while Dwight was still there on his vacation. Forthrightly he hurried off down the hill to locate Uncle Elisha. It popped into his mind that one way to put an end to the friction would be to buy the property. With no beating about the bush he asked Alexander if he would sell his house and land, twelve acres. Giving the old gentleman no time for hemming and hawing, Mr. Moody mentioned an interesting price; after all, it would be worth it if his mother could be relieved of all this petty squabbling.

With deliberation Uncle Elisha heard himself saying, "Well, now, I guess—ayuh, that would be—"

"Done!" cried Mr. Moody and, in practically no time at all as such dealings go, the erstwhile owner found in his gnarled, somewhat trembling fist, signed papers and a check for \$3,500. All of a sudden too, Dwight Moody found himself with the first real home for his family since their Chicago house had been destroyed in the great fire. At one and the same moment, then, the great chicken dispute had been terminated, and Dwight Moody and his family could go about putting down new roots in a piece of Northfield.

In a sense, he had come full circle. This home for his family stood close by the very spot where, vanishing from his mother's longing gaze twenty-one years earlier, he turned toward the depot, down at the end of town; turned toward the city of Boston and making his own way in the world; turned toward what was eventually to become his life's work.

With Northfield once more his home, he was ready now for the next stage.

V

Be favourable to bold beginnings

M R. MOODY conducted an evangelistic campaign in Boston in 1877. For several reasons it was an important milestone. Having left this conservative city twenty-one years earlier, never in his wildest dreams could he have envisioned what now transpired: that the meetings required a specially prepared building seating 6,000 people; that week after week, through two months, the building often would prove too small to accommodate all those drawn to seek God through his preaching.

He stayed in nearby Wellesley as the guest of Mr. Henry Durant, Harvard graduate, lawyer, capitalist, who had made what was considered in those times a good-sized fortune. He and Mr. Moody were friends of years' standing and now entered a closer association which, with Samuel Moody gone, perhaps more than any other single factor would propel Dwight Moody decisively toward the role of educator.

Everything Mr. Durant owned and planned centered around an only son. When the boy died, the props were knocked out from under a father's plans. The experience changed the grief-stricken man from a non-religious person into a committed follower of Christ. He found

* *Georgics*, I, line 40. VIRGIL.

the creative humility to transpose his fortune and the now lonely estate into a living memorial to his son, in the form of a college. After having been chartered twice, in 1870 and 1875, Mr. Durant had opened Wellesley College in 1875.

From the outset he and Mr. Moody were compatible. Throughout the Boston campaign, after taxing days and evenings of meetings, long conversations in the study of the Wellesley house rested Mr. Moody. All in all their friendship was one of those small miracles of human journeyings through life. They had the common interest of education. To each the classroom was an ante-room to life. They did not see mere drilling of the mind as real education; that was only part of the process, to which must then be joined experience, and service in the world.

Mr. Durant's great concern was that Wellesley shouldn't stop at mere high academic standing in classical studies. It must also, in the positive sense, be Christian, "a college founded on the *Bible*, to give advanced education, *with Christ and the Bible foremost in everything*." Such an objective would inevitably appeal to Mr. Moody, and it led the two men into exhaustive discussions about the real *place* of the *Bible* in education. Always inwardly painfully conscious of what he felt was an inadequacy in his preaching due to his limited education, Mr. Moody had long since become firmly convinced that "a man ignorant of the *Bible* can never be said to have a broad culture; contrariwise, a man who knows his *Bible* can never be said to be illiterate."

Nevertheless, he was very conscious that, in any great plans, practically nothing can be left to chance. He had great curiosity as to how the practical aspects of Wellesley College had been set up. How much did it cost to educate each girl at Wellesley? What class of girls could afford education there?

"We charge \$250 a year for board and tuition," Mr. Durant explained; "roughly that covers half the annual cost per girl."

"Where's the difference come from?" Mr. Moody wanted to know at once. "How d'you work it? Gifts? Endowment?"

"Chiefly with our 'work plan.' Instead of hiring cleaning women and other outside help to wait on the girls hand and foot—which would only spoil 'em anyhow!—each girl shares in the domestic work of her college."

The idea was not altogether new to Mr. Moody. Before Wellesley existed, back in 1867, the two men had visited the Holyoke Female

Seminary, established thirty years before by Miss Mary Lyon at Hadley for the higher education of women. There they had seen students doing the domestic work along with their studies. Miss Lyon, like Joseph Neef at New Harmony, Indiana, and Horace Mann at Boston, had been influenced by the educational theories of the Swiss, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, advocate of a pedagogical method "corresponding to the natural order of individual development and concrete experience." Pestalozzi's school for poor children at "Neuhof," his farm near Zurich, had helped to lay a foundation for modern elementary education.

Mr. Durant further explained, "This way of handling the necessary domestic work does keep down costs, let me tell you! Yet to my mind that isn't its most important aspect. By this work plan each girl gets a sense of social responsibility, direct, real. Now and then she may not particularly like her individual task, but she understands that it gives her inside knowledge at least of the why's and wherefore's. It's good and useful experience in community living—*Christian community living.*"

Mr. Moody's instinctive agreement with the whole idea quickly found concrete expression: he arranged to send his cousin Fanny Holton to Wellesley for the next two years.

Thinking back to the talks with Samuel, he asked himself some pointed questions. For example, suppose he were to set up some sort of school for girls at Northfield? If \$250 were workable as roughly half the cost in the relatively suburban environment of Wellesley, could half the annual charge be held down to \$100 in rural Northfield? If so, where would the other \$100 cost per girl come from?

Light broke suddenly. To get a school for girls going, why not plow back the hymn book royalties?

The time still had not come, however, when he could concentrate attention on any such involved undertaking as starting a school. Evangelistic engagements marked the calendar for several years to come. In 1875, besides Boston, there was one in Brooklyn, with an almost superhuman schedule following in five other large cities, plus lesser cities in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Yet, preoccupied though he was, probably the idea of starting a school in Northfield was rarely absent from his thoughts after the conversations with Mr. Durant.

In the early Autumn of 1878, Mr. Moody was able to spend some time in Northfield, resting and studying, taking long drives over back

roads and through hills, which were turning gold, scarlet, russet with the first flicks of frost. During the Boston campaign a local business man, Mr. H. N. F. Marshall, had been chairman of the Committee. Such was the appeal to Mr. Marshall of Mr. Moody's personality and objectives that he had kept in close touch with him after the campaign. In turn, in Mr. Marshall's drive, characteristic resourcefulness, and practical business experience, Mr. Moody saw qualities to be applied in continuing work for the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Marshall came up from Boston to spend a few days. The men drove about the region together, talking at length, especially about locating a school for deserving girls in the town of Northfield.

Obviously the first need would be a site. At that point it never entered Mr. Moody's head to locate a school cheek-by-jowl with his own home, much less inside it!

Several sites were considered, but they had drawbacks. For instance, the "Beehive," so-called. It was available but had certainly seen ups and downs: it had been a school, sometimes a tavern, sometimes a temperance hotel (a quick end-around play, only to be accomplished with a straight face in New England), once a manufactory for a farm implement known as a horse-hoe. But now it was empty, a three-story building, with verandahs on three sides of the ground and second floors. Such grounds as it had once had were chopped away for one reason or another. Mr. Marshall didn't think the building would do. Open space for outdoor activities would be needed by a school. The Beehive had none. However, in the end the factor of price ruled out the Beehive. In later years Mr. Moody had acquired some reputation in the region for open-handedness, in this being very like his father. Presumably the Beehive's owner saw him coming. In any case, the price was set high. Mr. Marshall said flatly, "This isn't the place you're looking for," and put down his foot.

Other places considered also proved too high in price. Then it was decided to get at the matter in another way, by buying up acreage for a site; a few acres here, a few acres there were available. It could—and was—all put together Friday-to-Monday.

Directly across the road from Mr. Moody's house the land once had supported a tavern. Now it belonged to the tinsmith. Besides a dwelling, there was an old shed and a small pond.

One of Mr. Moody's abiding delights was the matchless view from his house; the great spread of beautiful valley . . . serried hills in the distance, showing under the changing light all the colors of a mine full

of jewels . . . the winding river, frozen solid in winter, swift and sparkling in the other seasons—altogether it was something to take your breath away. Now if that strip over across the way were to be acquired, not only would his own view be protected, but, for generations of girls in the school, learning would be surrounded with vistas of inspiring beauty. For instance, that end of the strip which was nearest to the main street would make an ideal recitation hall . . .

Mr. Moody and Mr. Marshall happened one day to be talking on the road in front of the Moody home when the tinsmith came along. His land was 15 3/4 acres. An ingrained habit nudged Mr. Moody sharply. *Don't wait! Act!* Boldly, hand outstretched, he stepped forward to greet his neighbor. Without wasting time he inquired if he would sell the land, the house, the shed, the pond.

"Well now," allowed the tinsmith, "a body'd have to do a mite of thinking on that, wouldn't you say?"

"Suppose we just step into my house for a few minutes then, so's you can get your thinking done," said Mr. Moody with brisk affability.

In the parlor Mr. Marshall casually mentioned a price. From an infinitesimal flicker of the tinsmith's eyelid, he knew he had put out the right bait.

The man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Now that he was here he might as well let his eye rove around the Moody home; nice, real nice.

"Well, friend," said Mr. Moody, "what d'you say?" Hands clasped behind his back he walked back and forth, in a hurry to get things settled.

"Shall we say \$2,500 then?" said Mr. Marshall encouragingly.

"Hmmm-mmmm," said the tinsmith, looking at the dusty toes of his work brogans. "Well, I ca'late . . . seems fair . . . Yes, I guess we can say that . . ."

"Done!" cried Mr. Moody, always happy with striking while the iron was hot. "Here . . . we'll just draw up a binder . . ." Before the old clock in the hall could sedately chime the hour, the tinsmith's land and buildings had been contracted to pass out of his hands—subject, of course, to drawing final papers and recording the deed—and in the minds of Mr. Moody and Mr. Marshall was the knowledge that a school in Northfield for deserving girls was that much nearer to receiving its first students. Thus were fifteen more acres added to the twelve surrounding Mr. Moody's own home and stretching away to the slighty knoll, due east, now forever hallowed as Round Top. To the northeast of Round Top he picked another spot, saying thought-

fully, "Here we'll put a dormitory." Little by little he and Mr. Marshall saw how they could lay out the physical plan on as much as a hundred acres, good elbow room for a school. After the recitation hall and dormitory were up, then they could decide what had best come next.

A new idea came into Mr. Moody's head. Effervescently he informed his friend Marshall, "Now we'll settle right down to work on this. I'm going to need you. You've got lots of experience; there're a lot of things to do—you'll know how to get 'em done."

Mr. Marshall was taken aback, having his own established business life and fixed responsibilities. On the other hand, some time since, he had recognized in Mr. Moody a man superlatively uninterested in hearing why a thing couldn't or shouldn't be done. "I think," Mr. Moody continued, "the school had better be ready to receive students by—let's see now—make it Fall of next year. Yes, make it then; November, 1879."

A bit nonplussed by his failure to resist, Mr. Marshall adjusted his affairs as best he could, and settled down to being a composite of business agent, surveyor, labor foreman, civil and structural engineer, building superintendent, and general contractor. Clearing the land and taking down the tinsmith's house to put the recitation hall in its place was begun in the Spring of 1879. It was clear that neither recitation hall nor dormitory would be ready to receive students by Fall, certainly not before Christmas at the earliest. This turned a speculative eye on Mr. Moody's own house. Could that be used temporarily?

Like most houses of its period and kind, the main part of the house connected with a narrow "outbuilding" section, adapted in part for a barn and carriage house. There was a hot air furnace under the latter, and that settled the question of altering the section for interim use. It was cut into narrow slices, better suited to the cubic displacement of Lilliputians than husky New England farm girls. It occasioned a whimsical nickname, Penny Alley, in deference to the penny-sized rooms. Sentimentally the name is preserved as part of the school history.

With matters well under way in Mr. Marshall's capable hands, Mr. Moody left for a scheduled campaign in Baltimore. Imminent also was the birth of the third Moody child. Their second son had been named Paul Dwight Moody.

Mr. Moody consulted further with Mr. Durant. If you have even a tentative opening date for a girls' school, and a makeshift dormitory

and recitation hall combined, obviously you must have a school Principal. Did Mr. Durant have any suggestions?

A list of possible candidates was forthcoming. Miss Harriette Tuttle was chosen. The daughter of a Congregational minister in Ware, Massachusetts, she had attended Wellesley for a time, and had taught at the Maplewood Institute at Pittsfield.

A tranquil-browed girl, gentle, friendly, with wise eyes and a mouth made generously for laughter, Miss Tuttle knew the economic and social pattern of the Connecticut Valley region at first hand. There was no need to spell out for her the "bondage of seclusion and denial" of the class of girls for whom, chiefly, Mr. Moody so deeply wanted education as good as given by any high school, at a cost within their means—even if in some cases that meant, perforce, no cost at all.

Meantime, townspeople welcomed signs of the new activity, with its prophecy of employment. There was a favorable nodding of heads when it was learned that Mr. Marshall was going to get the granite quarry on the mountain reopened. On the whole, however, the town took developments calmly. Having by this time had a chance to get some of the hang of grown-up Dwight Moody's ways, most people realized that this was the beginning of something big. Still, no need to express opinions hastily. Wait and see. In one way and another the word spread fast, though, that D. L. Moody was going to open up a school for girls, with tuition to be no more than \$100 a year—if it could be afforded by parents—and scholarships arranged for deserving girls if it couldn't.

Applications for admission poured in. Mr. Moody ordered preference given to girls in and around Northfield; time enough to consider girls from distant towns or cities later. Until the recitation hall and dormitory were ready, only a few girls could be squeezed in—but the first night there were sixteen. There were many more applicants than could possibly be accepted, even of those who could pass the entrance requirements.

Somehow there was a nice significance in the fact that the girl with the highest entrance examination marks turned out to be Genevieve Sikes, eldest of the three girls that Dwight and Samuel Moody saw that day on the mountain, four years earlier, braiding straw hats with their mother on the farmhouse step. Beginning with the first class, eventually all three Sikes girls were to be graduated, between 1884 and 1890.

The cornerstone for the recitation hall—subsequently to be named Revell Hall—was laid in late August. In character, the exercises were

"thoroughly Moody." There were Moody and Sankey hymns, and Mr. Sankey himself sang "The Ninety and Nine" as a solo. There were Scripture readings and prayers—not lofty, sonorous, and remote—but very closely related to the deepest hopes for this new adventure in Christian-community education. Mr. Moody made a few simple remarks—Dr. George F. Pentecost, too. Mr. Marshall named over the articles enclosed in the cornerstone, the most important being a New Testament. Newspapers of the day from large cities and small were included, and a bit chipped from the gravestone of Northfield's early minister, Reverend Benjamin Doolittle. At one time the site of the recitation hall had been Mr. Doolittle's home and burial place. After he was moved elsewhere the grave was moved to Center Cemetery, and the house became his son's tavern.

Mr. Durant delivered the main address, on "Education," and in the same vein as an address he made at the opening of Wellesley. Common experience had now made Mr. Durant and Mr. Moody more than just friends; they had a new bond, as college trustees—Mr. Moody a Trustee of Wellesley, Mr. Durant a Trustee of Mount Holyoke. In addition to sending Fanny Holton to Wellesley as a student, Mr. Moody had had the trustees of the hymn book account give the college \$5,000 for a scholarship fund. Although this was before his own school was in existence, it is interesting to know that his Wellesley scholarship fund is still in use.

That day Mr. Durant became personal—to the extent of praising Mr. Moody for his vision and foresight in opening the school, pointing out the inadequacy of existing public schools as one reason for its importance. He suggested, as one reason for this, that women had been eligible only recently to vote for School Committee members, or themselves to serve. The result was that the best people were not always elected and, as a natural consequence, the best teachers were not always hired. He pointed to the rather consistent prejudice against admitting "poor" girls—and "poor" boys for that matter—to public high schools. Well, Mr. Moody's school was going to work a change in such an obvious absurdity. "Many good scholars will always be found among girls and boys who may be poor in this world's goods," he said; "they must be enabled to get good schooling in spite of the fact."

While a mason with a trowel carefully did the last-minute patting away of cement crumbs, making the cornerstone setting neat and sightly, Mr. Durant put a finger on the fundamental, controlling character of the school for as long as it should stand. "It will be a

thorough school," he said; "it will be non-sectarian, and it will be Christian. Working together—the Christian home, the Christian Church, and this Christian school—will turn out young women of the type greatly needed to do the Lord's work in the world."

By dark of that day Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies had its first night watchman, hired to protect the cornerstone until it should be permanently imbedded.

East Hall, the first dormitory, was progressing. It would be ready in 1880.

Miss Tuttle, the Principal, arrived. Her assistant, Miss Jessie Smith, was a Northfield native and an experienced teacher as well. There was a matron. With Mr. Moody's nephew Ambert for handyman, the "staff" was complete.

That year George Moody's son Ambert was sixteen years old, in his last year of public school, and living at home. Three hundred and sixty-five days a year—in Leap Year 366—he got up at 4:30 to do the chores which, in winter, included two furnaces, milking two cows, taking care of a horse, a pair of red oxen, some pigs, and seventy sheep. After this there was nothing much for him to do but go in the house, eat his breakfast, and go to school. At noon he looked in on the furnaces, made sure the cows were where they were supposed to be, had his dinner (mid-day, in New England), and went back to school. By 4:30 p.m. he started once more on the rounds of the animals, and finished the evening chores. In his mind was the intention, a year hence, to go to business college down at Boston.

When Miss Tuttle dispatched him on November 3 to fetch some of the first students from the railroad station, he had no idea that in reality that routine task would forge a link between himself and his Uncle Dwight's interests in Northfield which would keep him busy at them the rest of his life, connecting him so arterially with all that grew out of Mr. Moody's original idea for the schools that the very cornerstone could better be spared than he.

The first students arrived from various points around the valley in a blizzard which swathed the region in sixteen inches of snow. Mr. and Mrs. Moody must have longed to be present on that opening day, but they had a prior commitment, in St. Louis. Mr. Moody would have said that anyway it was the spirit of being there that counted, not the bodily presence.

Eight girls were expected, twenty-five appeared. Nobody cried in

desperate protest, "But we haven't got room! You must return to your homes at once!" Instead, the staff descended on Penny Alley and—so to speak—made change.

There was a good hot supper. Miss Tuttle and Miss Smith were on the lookout unobtrusively for sudden onsets of homesickness.

Out of doors the blizzard howled like a banshee. In Penny Alley the flimsy partitions shook and squeaked.

But Mr. Moody's dream of a school for girls had come into being. *Blessed be the name of the Lord.*

*Do not pray for easy lives;
pray to be stronger men!*

WHILE the school was still in its first few days, Mr. Moody was in Cleveland for some meetings. At a special morning gathering for prayer, Mr. H. B. Hartzler talked on "Prayer for the Church." It happened that Mr. Moody sat immediately facing him.

"For a while," Mr. Hartzler recalled, speaking of later events, "Mr. Moody sat with bowed head, lost in thought. Suddenly he looked directly up at me, flashing a glance indicating that something I said had set up some rather special train of thought in his mind. Then, as suddenly, he seemed to withdraw again into his own thoughts."

Piecing together one thing with another, it seems likely that in that moment what Mr. Moody glimpsed was the seed which flowered eventually into the Northfield Summer Conferences. At any rate, the moment the prayer service was over, he said, "Hartzler, come up this summer to my home town of Northfield and hold a meeting there just like this one. It'll work powerful good. Before the time comes I'll send you word about arrangements." Sure enough, August 4, 1880, he sent a firm reminder. "Enclosed you will find a circular; it explains itself; I got a start toward this at that prayer service in November." The

* *Twenty Sermons*: 18. Phillips Brooks: "Going up to Jerusalem."

enclosure was a call for "A Convocation for Prayer," to open September 1 in Northfield for ten days. "The object is not so much to study the Bible (though the Scriptures will daily be searched for instruction and promises)," the statement added, "as for solemn self-consecration, to plead God's promises, and wait upon Him for fresh anointing power from on high."

If Mr. Hartzler already had plans for being elsewhere during the first few days of September, it left him little time to alter them. But if any extra inducement were needed, Mr. Moody furnished it by amplifying, "Not a few of God's chosen servants, from our own land and over the sea, will be present to join in prayer, and counsel with us. Indeed, all ministers and laymen, and those women who are fellow helpers and laborers with us in the Kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ, indeed all Christians hungering for intimate friendship with God, and for power to do His work, are most cordially invited to assemble with us. It is hoped that these Christians whose hearts are united with ours in desire for this new endowment of power, but who cannot be present in body, will send a salutation and greetings by letter, that there may be a concert of prayer with them throughout the land in these days of waiting."

August withdrew quietly in Northfield in 1880; September appeared in the doorway of Fall, warm, smiling, golden. For what was in fact a ten-day-long prayer meeting, three hundred men and women came into the town. Of many denominations, they came from many states in the Union, and such far-off places as Scotland, South Africa, Athens, and Canada.

Like many ideas coming into Mr. Moody's mind to be set in motion, the effect of this Convocation for Prayer was to be more far-reaching than he or anyone envisioned, or perhaps could possibly have imagined. By the ninth day of this new kind of prayer meeting, there were piled in front of Mr. Moody over 3,000 requests from people wanting prayers offered for them. He had a purpose in saving up the requests. He wanted all present to draw near to God first on their own behalf, thus becoming better prepared to intercede for others.

Since ground for the girls' dormitory, East Hall, had been broken back in April, it had been hoped it would be sufficiently finished to receive all attending the Convocation. But it was only partly ready and so rooming was pieced out by the goodwill and generous hospitality of townspeople, responding to the utmost of their spare alcoves and garret cubbies, plus tents, set out in clusters on what is now the

School campus. The Hall was close enough to completion, however, for the entire Convocation to be invited to join in its dedication, and to meet there the first ten days in September. Fanny Content Holton was in charge, with Ambert Moody as general handyman. For many reasons it was a significant event; perhaps the most important was that it produced the School motto. It was suggested by Dr. Durant, and announced by Mr. Moody:

*I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment;
lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.* ISAIAH 27:3.

"When I was four years old, my father died," said Mr. Moody to those gathered in the dormitory chapel. "Just yonder there on the hill, it was. It left my mother with seven living children and another expected. The 'another' proved to be twins.

"We were pretty poor in material possessions; even to get bread for us, she had to struggle, and it was simply beyond her resources to get more than rudimentary education for us.

"You know the Lord laid it on my heart some time ago to found a school for young women in the humbler walks of life who, but for a school of this kind, could likely never obtain a Christian education. I talked about my plan to friends. A number gave me money to put with royalties from our hymn book and start the school. Some thought I ought to make it a school for girls *and* boys. Sending a daughter of my own away to school, I know I would prefer it to be a school for girls only, so I decided to make this such a school. I have hoped money might be given for a separate school for boys. Now a gentleman, who has been here these last ten days, has interested himself in my plans and given \$25,000 toward starting such a school. I hope that when all of us here today are dead and gone, the schools may live and be a blessing to the world; that missionaries may go out from them and preach the Gospel to the world; that these schools may be recognized as a power in bringing souls to Christ."

Mr. Moody read the motto in dedication, saying "And now let us pray." Characteristically he first thanked God for inclining His heart in the direction of founding the school. He thanked Him for kind friends, into whose hearts He had put the will to help in the work. "Oh Lord," he prayed, "we ask that no teacher may ever come within these walls except as they have been taught by the Holy Spirit; that no scholars may ever come here except as the Spirit of God shall touch their hearts. O God, we are Thine. This building is Thine, we give

it over to Thee. Take it, and keep it, and bless it with Thy keeping power."

The Convocation meetings went on literally from sunrise to night-fall. Various points around town were pressed into service: the steps of the Second Church, a large tent, pitched on what now is Round Top, for men's meetings, and the women utilized the chapel in East Hall. Nobody understood the moving effect of Northfield *al fresco* better than Mr. Moody; many a group waited on the Lord in Bonar Glen, the beautiful ravine adjoining the school acreage.

One day in the Round Top tent twenty-six men, uniting in one of those spontaneous expressions by no means unusual to Moody meetings, joined hands, standing in a circle, covenanting with God and each other. The degree to which Mr. Moody was a gifted psychologist-without-diploma is well illustrated in his reaction to a suggestion of one of the covenanters; "Let each of us take away with him the names and addresses of all this group, and all pledge ourselves to pray for each other daily till death."

"Don't bind yourselves in that way," advised Mr. Moody. "Of course you pray for each other. But don't *pledge* to do it every day; if you do you will burden your conscience and risk making an onerous task out of something which, instead, should be a welcome privilege." Toward the end of the Convocation, Mr. Moody was to add another sage bit of advice. "Don't go away and talk so much about these *meetings* as about *Christ*. What the world needs is *Him*. Lighthouses don't toot horns, they just shine."

The Conference phase of Northfield, evolving out of this first Convocation, has meant different things to different people. It has been described, for instance, as "A New England Jerusalem, whither the tribes of the Lord go up annually to keep solemn feasts and joyous festivals."

Mr. Moody's longtime co-worker, Major D. W. Whittle, recorded in his diary an incident, occurring before 1875, which showed the uncommon impact of the natural environment of Northfield on the experiences of men in Christian work who came together there.*

"One beautiful day," the Major noted, "we took lunch baskets and, driving out four or five miles, climbed the highest of the hills and had

* *The Life of Dwight L. Moody*, by W. R. Moody. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1900.

a picnic at the top. We could see for miles up and down the Connecticut Valley. The village of Northfield was spread at our feet; Brattleboro just to the north; all around us the wonderful old granite mountains; Mt. Monadnock, largest of all, was to our right as we faced the valley.

“Moody asked us which of the mountains of the Bible was dearest to our hearts. Bliss and Sankey chose the Mount of Transfiguration; Samuel Moody the mount where Christ preached His Sermon; George Davis said Calvary; my own choice was Olivet.

“‘Mine,’ said Moody, ‘is the mount in Galilee, where Christ met the disciples after He had risen.’

“Along with our picnic we had a precious season of prayer, asking for power for the work before us, and praising the same Lord for meeting us here who met His disciples in Galilee.”

In the same way that the suns and snows and rains of many decades since are part of the growth today of Northfield’s fine old trees, so the strength of the Convocation flows on in the veins of its Moody institutions. The Convocation rooted the first shoots of what became the spreading life-tree of the Summer Conferences; in their turn the Conferences were to contribute to making Northfield very much more than just a certain uncommonly beautiful spot in rural New England; to make it, in fact, a synonym for “a place where mind and spirit are refreshed and recreated.”

In 1873, during his first extended mission in the British Isles, one of Mr. Moody’s most active assistants had been Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Glasgow.

Parenthetically it is interesting to find that, during that mission, Mr. Sankey’s singing was alternated by that of the Fisk Jubilee Singers. Fisk University had been chartered six years earlier by the Congregationalists. The Jubilee Singers toured the United States and Europe, raising money to build Jubilee Hall, and interesting people in Europe especially in the little-known Negro spirituals.

In the Fall of 1881 Mr. Moody would be returning to the British Isles for a second extended mission. In preparation he spent much of his summer in Northfield and invited Dr. Bonar to come over for the month of August, to be the leading speaker for the Summer Conferences.

Dr. Bonar jotted down in his diary, “A gathering of God’s people from every quarter. The Conference opened yesterday, but especially

today took shape . . . Was requested to open, which I did, from Exodus XXXIV, *Communion with God.*"

All new institutions must find themselves. The Conferences were no exception, as Dr. Bonar's diary for August 13 shows: "Much exercised about getting power from on high, about which much conversation. I am rather disappointed that there is not more prayer throughout the day, but the atmosphere is delightful—so much brotherly love, so much Biblical truth, so much delight in whatever exalts Christ."

Conferences were in abeyance between that August of 1881 and August 1885, for the reason that Mr. Moody was absent from the country. Yet that is not to say that there was a total hiatus. In 1881 Mr. Moody urged Major Whittle to prepare a collection of daily Bible readings with notes, for continuous publication. A periodical was about to be published which would carry regular reports of missionary and evangelistic activity. It would make its appearance under the name *Record of Christian Work*, and Mr. Moody envisioned Major Whittle's Bible readings as a permanent supplement. Before he died, Mr. Moody was to expand the scope of the publication, making it a special messenger of the several institutions he had brought into being.

The 1885 gathering for the Summer Conferences was to fix the pattern which, generally speaking, has continued to the present. That year two more Seminary buildings made possible larger attendance and a little more elbow room. It would be another three years before Mr. Moody decided that Stone Hall, which housed the early gatherings, was proving inadequate. But he opened a subscription list during the General Conference of '85 to build the right type of hall. Mr. Samuel Davis of New York quickly headed the list with \$10,000, and excavation for the foundation began that Fall. Mr. Moody said the building should have a seating capacity of 2,500. "Now there!" cried some, "he's going to build it too big! No such number of people'll ever come to Northfield all at one time, never mind how many big preachers he brings in!"

As usual Mr. Moody did as he liked, gladly taking the risk. There were intermittent murmurings about "Moody's Folly" but if he heard them he wasn't disturbed. If today there was one dollar for every time the Auditorium has been filled beyond its 2,500 capacity since its dedication, it would make a tidy little sum.

The actual seating capacity—for such school activities nowadays as the Sacred and Spring Concerts—is 2,300, including students seated in the choir loft, and not including standees. Seating for the Sacred Con-

cert runs close to 3,000, with planning which a craftsman in mosaics might admire.

In this connection there is an amusing incident. One year in the early '50s, Alec Templeton, the sightless pianist, was the artist for a concert in the annual Fall Series. At one point in his program students seated in the gallery, growing ecstatic over his performance, began stamping their feet. This so unnerved a man sitting in a row directly underneath the gallery that he leaped up in panic and, shouting something unintelligible, rushed from the building. An occurrence like that can make the Public Relations Director of a school pretty nervous. Mr. Pearsall scurried after the man to find out what was wrong. Ashy-faced and trembling, the man gulped, "I was in a theater collapse once—I know the signs—your gallery is there's going to fall down from that stamping." Nothing could induce him to go back and hear the concert out; no assurances that the building was built to last, and in top-notch condition.

But, since a scare like that can make school officials old before their time, bright and early the next morning the building inspector was brought in to make another minute examination of the building. He pronounced it sound, impervious even to mass stamping of young feet. However, so that everyone may feel reassured—especially timid souls, or people with any unpleasant associations with buildings filled to capacity—always at concerts and other gatherings, a uniformed fireman is on duty now, in plain sight.

The Conference phase of Northfield began to be spoken of as "an American Keswick." One common denominator certainly was that, in both places, the primary objective of main platform meetings was the deepening of spiritual life. Many, however, discerned in Keswick testimony a tendency to be specific, whereas Mr. Moody's aspiration for Northfield's platform was that it should be broad, general, not limited to any one phase of Christian truth, but representative of all the truth contained in God's word; the varied experiences and expressions of a wide and charitable interpretation of Christian thought and action.

Notwithstanding, he admired the influence of Keswick, and enjoyed telling a story which to him epitomized it. In the British Isles he had been taken to the home of an English cleric, a magnificent place in one of the outlying counties. The Rector recounted a personal experience. "I went to a Keswick meeting, and I came home a different

man. Before that, I would not speak to a dissenting minister if I met him on the path. When I came back from Keswick I went around and prayed with all the dissenting ministers in the vicinity; the grace of God had come to me at Keswick, making me love all the brethren." Mr. Moody learned subsequently that the Rector had done service which changed the whole county, working great good. "I believe," he commented, "that in a similar way the influence of Keswick is affecting the whole Kingdom; it is pure gold and ought to be welcomed by ministers no less than by all Christians."

What might be called the format of the Conferences emerged. In the mornings and evenings, great and profound sermons were preached. Afternoons were for informal meetings and get-togethers. "Round Top" became the name of a service as well as a knoll. At that hour when the sun slipped away toward the horizon through the violet haze hovering over the river and the hills, when the wind came up a little, singing plaintively in the branches of the pines, people came to Round Top; to hear a missionary, home on furlough, talk about spreading the Gospel at the far ends of the earth, or a lay speaker describe work for Christ in city slums.

From year to year the roster of speakers saw changes of both personality and emphasis. Many individuals, attracting large followings, became what might be called the headliners, the regulars. Always the great pivotal figure was Dwight Moody. Mostly, meeting programs were not announced very far in advance. "When I make programs," he would laugh, "I only smash 'em." What to sing, and when; when to pray, and whom to ask to lead in prayer; when to have a certain expositor take up some one book in the Bible, or a man preach on some particular subject—Mr. Moody was a shrewd judge of the supremely right moment in the spiritual currents. The result was that long before silent movies came along to introduce nickelodeon audiences to the exhilarating device of the "cliff-hanger" narrative (did the hero get there in time to pluck the heroine from the railroad track before the Limited came roaring along? Come back next week and find out!) Mr. Moody made the Northfield Conference sessions events that one simply couldn't afford to miss, lest a speaker one wanted above all to hear would have spoken and gone his way, and one might never again have the opportunity.

His effectiveness as the moving spirit of the Conferences was all the more striking in the light of something illustrated in an incident back in 1861, when he was busy in and around Chicago with work about

which he would write to his mother, "I have been to prayer meetings every night but two for the last eight months . . . The Lord is blessing my labors . . ."

In the course of that work he ran across a man who apparently was more critic than worker for the Word. "You oughtn't to let yourself speak in public," the man told Mr. Moody bluntly, "you make so many mistakes in grammar, it puts people off."

"I know I make mistakes," replied Mr. Moody without rancor. "I lack a great deal in the way of schooling. But I'm doing the best I can with what I've got." Suddenly his innate sense of humor nudged him. "By the way, friend," he added, chuckling, "I notice you've got grammar a-plenty. Tell me, what're you doing with all your grammar for Jesus?"

There is no use implying that the criticism was without foundation or that Mr. Moody always was as finished as the next man in grammar or rhetoric. However, many people were satisfied that the important thing was his reaching the hearts and consciences of those who came to his meetings, and that he always be letter-perfect in syntax and diction was secondary. He called Bible characters Dan'l, and Sam'l? Well, leave Danyal, and Samyuel to the college folks!

As the Conferences took on their distinguishing quality—you might almost use the term *personality*—it may sound as though Northfield had begun drawing into itself, like an island of remarkable and opinionated goodness in an otherwise wicked world. On the contrary, Mr. Moody went out of his way to let people know that he didn't consider Northfield to have any spiritual advantages which God had withheld from all other places. Here again he had a wise suggestion to offer:

"Now when you Christians go home from here," he said at the closing meeting of the 1881 Conferences, "don't go getting up in prayer meeting every chance you find, to tell people about what you heard at Northfield. If you do, everybody will just get sick of the sound of the place. No, when you get back home, talk about Jesus Christ. Tell what He has done for you.

"Remember, my friends, the world never has, it never will, get tired of that name."

*Better build schools for “the boy”
Than cells and gibbets for “the man”*

WHILE the first concrete expression of Mr. Moody's thinking about secondary education took form in the school for girls, by intuition and the urging of friends he knew that just as many deserving boys could be benefited by the type of schooling he planned. Though opposed to coeducation as such, it was inevitable that the girls' school would be matched with one for boys.

Hiram Camp was present at the Convocation for Prayer. A leading New England clockmaker, president of the New Haven Clock Company, he was now well along in years. He had the idea, if opportunity offered, to ask Mr. Moody's advice about arranging his will. Mrs. Camp and their daughters were well provided for. He wanted only to assure himself that the balance of his estate would work for good when he was gone.

“Will? Will?” cried Mr. Moody. “You've come to the wrong man for advice. I don't know a thing about wills—too busy with the here-and-now.” He reflected for a moment. “But, my friend,” he added exuberantly, “what about this? Why don't you give yourself the satisfaction in your old age of *being your own executor?* It could be a

* *Song for the Ragged Schools*, John B. Gough.

unique pleasure while you're still around to observe the results. You had fun making your money, now have fun picking out good purposes it can continue being put to, and then have the fun of watching it at work on them."

Mr. Camp was intrigued by the way Mr. Moody put it. "*What* good purposes?" he said. A canny Yankee, if he couldn't get Mr. Moody's advice one way, perhaps he could another.

"Let's see, now. What denomination are you?" In the broad-thinking Northfield atmosphere a man's denominational ties were often the last thing to come out if, indeed, they came out at all.

"Congregational."

"Hmmmm-mmm. Well, the Congregationalists have got a lot of good activities—the Home Board—Ministerial Relief Committee—foreign missions—"

"I know all that. In this instance I think I'd like to find something different."

"Well now, here's something. You know ever since I started this seminary for girls last Fall, I've been hounded about schooling boys too. Fact is, I've had the boys in mind a long time, I guess really as far back as my work around North Market Street in Chicago. If those boys in Moody's Bodyguard had been able to go to the right kind of school . . ." A laugh burst forth . . . "Even without it, some of 'em turned out pretty well!" He turned serious again. "One thing's sure. D. L. Moody's never going to pile coeducation on top of his other troubles! On the other hand—you say you're looking for something different—how'd you like to help me start up a school for boys along the same lines as this one for girls? Emphasis on the Bible and the Christian way. Cut costs by teaching the boys to do the maintenance work of their school . . ."

"No! No!" cried Mr. Camp, "I'm growing out of touch with youth. Besides, I'm too old to get into anything that big . . ." There was some grain of truth there. Mr. Camp was indeed numerically well up in years; his whole manner and bearing, even his dress, were somehow like a gentle echo of a generation which—though he still made a picturesque figure—had all but disappeared. Invariably he wore a black broadcloth frock coat. Even for the '80s the cut of his breeches was old-fashioned. His white, soft-bosomed shirts were set off with daguerreotype collar and black stock, and a black velvet waistcoat with a heavy gold watch-chain, worn twice-looped around his neck; a broad-brimmed black felt hat crowned his gleaming white hair. "However,"

he added in a tone less apprehensive, "I'll do something better. If you'll get to work and get such a school for boys started, and take care of the whole thing, I'll give you \$25,000 toward it."

Mr. Moody was not unused to men acceding quickly to his wishes, yet this startled him. With the Seminary already a going concern, he was beginning to grasp the extent of responsibility laid on him to raise many thousands of dollars every year for its continuance. How on earth could he also add the obligation of doing the same with a boys' school?

On the other hand he was not one to seek refuge in escape, especially when he had trapped himself. Capitulating, he remarked ruefully to Mr. Camp, "Well, sir, it seems that the reward of service is more service. I accept your offer. We'll get started at once."

Paul Moody was to write of his father,* "There was always but a short jump from the idea to the operation, with him." This was well illustrated in the speed with which the boys' school came into being. That his mind had been working toward the idea before there was any such spur as Mr. Camp's contribution is seen in the fact that, in the Fall of 1879, he had suggested to Mr. Marshall the investment wisdom of acquiring a certain dwelling and 115 acres of farmland, over across the river.

Until his death six years earlier, the property had belonged to Ezra O. Purple. It was the finest in the region, having been used for raising and fattening cattle, and was valued at the owner's death at \$20,000. Mr. Marshall and Mr. A. Long acquired at auction this North Purple farm, as it was known, for \$5,800. Mr. Camp's firm offer of \$25,000 may have had something to do with Mr. Moody's having driven him around North Purple farm one day.

There was also a South Purple farm, another 115 acres, then occupied by John Purple. If and when Mr. Moody's boys' school materialized, the two farms combined would make an ideal site. But, reasoned Mr. Moody, if a rumor should reach John Purple the price very likely would shoot skyward. With the \$25,000 to work with, he arranged to acquire the second property before any such thing could occur. So, for a total outlay of \$13,381.63 the two farms, valued at \$30,000, were in hand.

That Mr. Moody's school for boys was to be on the Purple farms highlights a mildly ironic detail.

* *My Father: An Intimate Portrait of Dwight Moody*, by Paul D. Moody. Little Brown & Company, 1938.

Upon the death of Ezra Purple his farm had been divided equally between two sons, Ezra O., and J. Smead Purple. At the time of Dwight Moody's father's death, Ezra Purple had held a \$400 mortgage on the homestead and an acre or two of land belonging to Edwin Moody. While Betsey Moody was still in bed, following the birth of the twins after her husband's death, Ezra had appeared, literally in her very bedroom, waving papers for her to sign and demanding a quitclaim on her home in lieu of paying off the mortgage. The rumor was that he was put up to this by one of the sons and, even so, had to get very drunk in order to summon the nerve to do it.

As he flourished the papers under her nose, Betsey Moody straightened up in her bed, informing him that he'd have to see the executor of her husband's estate about signing any papers. As Purple well knew, the executor just happened also to be the Sheriff. Mrs. Moody took occasion to add, gazing levelly at her tormentor, "I keep wondering, how you'd feel if a neighbor was to try to treat one of your women-folk this way."

To give him some credit, very likely Purple would have let the matter drop if the sons hadn't stiffened his spine. In any case, if they had known a little more about the law of dower rights, they would have saved themselves the embarrassing encounter altogether. By dower right, with her marriage Betsey Moody acquired legal right to a life estate in her husband's real property, for her use and the use of her children in the event of his death. No conveyance of the land during his lifetime could defeat this dower right except if his wife should also sign the deed.

For all the Purples' unattractive behavior, the matter came to nothing. Mrs. Moody's brothers Cyrus, and George L. Holton, went security for the \$400. It was hard to tell whether the Purples were unhappiest over being balked or being made to look foolish, and some feeling did linger. Although Dwight was only four at the time, inevitably all the Moody children sensed that Purples had threatened their mother. Now and again, boy-like and fiercely loyal, Dwight told himself that he'd find a way to get back at those Purples when he "grew up"; maybe just take their farm away, see how they liked that!

All this had happened in 1841 and it was now 1880. It would have been completely out of character for any vengefulness to enter his acquisition of the Purple farms for the school or, indeed, any purpose. The land was simply right for the need, and it was on the market at the right time.

Happily the ending of the story has a nice touch. When the move was made to acquire the South Purple farm it stood in the name of Mrs. John Purple. Learning, by the rumors which are inseparable from such transactions, the purpose for which the land was sought, she remarked, "Well, if it has to be sold, I'd rather see it go to Dwight Moody for such a use than to anyone else."

The day after the land was acquired, Mr. Moody took several men—Mr. Camp, Mr. John C. Collins of New Haven, Dr. George F. Pentecost, and Mr. George C. Stebbins—over across the river to see it. Just over the Gill town line, it comprised a long slope, running from high ground to meadowland and the river's edge. With a commanding and beautiful view, as a school site it was ideal, "with reference to health, remoteness from crowded neighborhoods, and freedom from the adverse influences often found in larger villages."

After exploring the two farmhouses, two large barns, assorted out-buildings and shelters, and tramping over the rocks and hills of the tract, the little party climbed a fence in a small patch of woods, sitting down on a carpeting of moss under a big tree. Mr. Moody disclosed to the others the element of poetic justice in securing the particular property. Later one of the men present on that 20th day of September recalled that Mr. Moody brought out especially how glad he was, that instead of owning the farm merely for himself, he could lay it at the feet of the Savior. He spoke reverently of the way God had ordered events, and of his feeling of gratitude to God, not revenge toward the man who, years earlier, had shown cruelty toward a widow-woman, his mother.

He proposed that they should then and there dedicate the boys' school in prayer to God and His service. Not long afterward, Mr. Collins wrote for *The Gospel Union News*: "There may some day be a formal dedication, in the presence of a multitude of people, but it will hardly be more solemn than on that day, when we five lay there on our faces before God, the deep stillness of the forest broken only by the occasional fall of a chestnut burr, the twittering of birds, and the voice of each of us as, in turn, we besought God to accept and bless this new enterprise."

Besides "an abundant and pure water supply, and reliable drainage," one other detail well may have enhanced the site in Mr. Moody's mind. Even though his original intention was to restrict the school to boys between the ages of eight and twelve years, diligence and appli-

cation were favored by the fact that the Seminary was five miles by road from the Purple farms. There was a ferry, but it was old and slow. There was no bridge.

Discussion began as to a name for the school. Someone suggested "Mount Pisgah," but somehow it sounded less than appealing or even interesting. Well, how about calling it just "Mr. Moody's Northfield School for Boys?" No. For one thing, it wasn't in Northfield. For another, Mr. Moody disliked the implied vanity.

However, papers were needing to be signed. Under pressure of practicality, therefore, that name was put down, with the clear understanding that it was temporary.

Mr. Camp left for New Haven. Riding down the valley alone in the steam cars, something made him think of Mount Hermon, as mentioned in the Book of *Psalms*. ". . . for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore . . ." When he got home he sent a letter right back to Mr. Moody, and when the Articles of Incorporation were signed, March 29, 1882, the permanent name of the school appeared: Mount Hermon Boys School.

By December of 1880 the Greenfield GAZETTE was noting that laborers and artisans from Northfield and Gill were being given employment to adapt the Purple Farm buildings to the uses of Mr. Moody's new school. From the progress of the work, indications were that the first pupils might be received by Spring. Evidently Mr. Moody saw no virtue in postponing the opening merely because the conventional long summer vacations of existing schools were drawing on. As a matter of fact, might not long school vacations be mere wasted time?

That winter of 1880-81 was atrociously cold. Through eleven weeks the thermometer fell more than a few times to 25° and 27° below zero. It may be that nowadays we "don't have the winters we used to," but in those years winter in New England was *winter*, and nobody was left in any doubt. Over at the Seminary there was a flurry of extracurricular history-making; a student native to Montreal acquainted her fellow students with the Canadian sport of tobogganing.

As with the Seminary, once word got around that Mr. Moody was founding a boys' school too, donations and applications for admission poured in. In his mind were such visualized challenges as the children of the poor, running wild in the Chicago streets, and the thousand and more children in George Muller's Orphanage at Bristol, England. If this school in the New England hills could now catch the right needy

boys, in time, who could say what talents might be conserved to be used of the Lord? Certainly the prospect that a poor boy might attend school amid openly Christian influences and the healthful advantages of New England farm life for a mere one hundred dollars board and tuition a year was sufficient to clog the mails with applications.

The school was opened May 4, 1881. It was an interesting coincidence that it was close to the 25th anniversary of Dwight Moody's admission to church membership in Boston.

The new school's first pupil was named Willie Tonkin. Little about him but his name is to be found in accounts of the school's beginnings. Who was Willie Tonkin? Was he the child of some minister or missionary? Where did he come from? Did he want to come, or was he already perishing of homesickness before Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Pratt welcomed him at the doorstep of North Farm house? Did he come trudging up the hill alone? Did he come, so to speak, a-foot or horse-back? What did he look like? Did he feel better five minutes after entering the house, by reason of Mrs. Pratt's understanding of little boys and the all-important region of their stomachs, so that there was a big mug of milk fresh from the cow, and a fat, still-warm sugar cookie crowned with a raisin, to ease the first unnerving moments? What were Willie Tonkin's interests? Did he want to grow up and be a farmer, or a minister? Did he do well at his lessons, when they started later in the second-story front room? Was he—? Did he—? One wishes more were known about Willie Tonkin. It isn't everyone who becomes a great school's first pupil

It is said it might have seemed, in the beginning, that Mr. Moody was starting more of a farm than a school. He wrote a friend, "I bought twenty-five sheep and twenty-five lambs for the school, and turned the cows from my barn, and from Smith's, over there; so we have eight cows over there now, and will soon have seventy-five hens. One of the turkeys is setting. I am going to have some geese over there to make things lively. We have—or will have tomorrow night—seven boys; am expecting more next week." By the first real school session, June 1, there were thirteen boys. Miss M. L. Hammond taught them history, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, composition and music. Every day there was instruction in the Bible, and it was Miss Hammond's happy talent which made memorizing passages palatable to the young. Classroom studies in the morning; in the afternoon the "work hour," key to holding down the cost of the tuition and board. Any boy who

wanted to work overtime could receive three, or five, cents an hour, according to the tasks elected from the list of Mr. George Holton, the head farmer.

Interestingly, it has been said that the first two years of Mount Hermon were "the day of small things." The whole project felt its way along.

The North Farm house, where the first thirteen boys were received (a month later the South Farm house was opened to accommodate thirteen more) was a good example of the long, plain, substantial New England farm dwelling of its time. The second-story front room took up the whole width of the building, and was where the school sessions went on through the late Spring and early Summer. In July a new wooden building was started; it contained a desk room—in today's schools it would be called the "home room"—and one small recitation room. It was located between two sightly hickory trees in what, at the time, was unplowed hillside pastureland but is now the front lawn of Crossley Hall. It cost \$1,500 and was ready for use in September, accommodating a couple of dozen boys. Through the two years of "small things" a few boys left, a few new ones took their places, but there were hardly ever more than twenty-five at any one time.

Lady Principal, teachers and housemothers reflected Mr. Moody's judgment that women were best adapted to guide and influence immature boys. The younger boys—those under twelve—continued in the North Farm house with Miss Hammond, and—after Mrs. Pratt left—Miss Carrie C. Ingraham, who came up from North Amherst to stay in charge of that house for about two years. Older boys, those over twelve, were put in South Farm house, with Miss Hammond's second teacher in charge, Miss Nettie M. Holton, and, successively, Miss Fannie Holton, Miss Lizzie A. Robinson and, later, Mrs. Hester A. Burhans. To be a housemother, the latter came all the way from Ohio.

One consideration after another began impinging on Mr. Moody's original idea of limiting the school to boys between the ages of eight and twelve. He began feeling that it should truly be made a home for boys as well as a school where, especially, orphaned or motherless boys could grow up in a real home, surrounded by Christian principles which would stay with them all their lives. Many boys needing this type of school were older than eight, or even twelve. So the age limit was changed. There continued to be some eight-year-olds, and most of



Northfield's Main Street, looking toward the campus of Northfield School for Girls.



Riverside Hall, Northfield's first classroom building and now a dormitory.

the pupils were under sixteen; but some who were eighteen were now admitted.

Notwithstanding the bridgeless distance between the Seminary and Mount Hermon, before very long "sisterly" goodwill—not to say curiosity—began manifesting themselves. The wood violets of May had hardly given place to daisies when a bevy of young ladies—naturally properly chaperoned—ventured across the river by ferry to view the school and extend greetings in the form of a picnic.

Until late September Mr. Moody was free enough of outside engagements to be here, there and everywhere in Northfield and at Mount Hermon, sizing things up, getting acquainted with students, developing future plans. Sometimes he would cross the river three or four times in a single day, to confer with the farmer, the herdsman, Miss Hammond and her assistants; to observe the boys at work and play, cheer the homesick, rally the lazy. The boys learned quickly to recognize the mare, Nellie Gray, while the rig was yet afar off. They would rush to open the gate so Mr. Moody could come 'cross lots, and run along by the carriage to tell him the latest school news as Nellie Gray plodded up the hill.

Habitually his pockets jingled with coins, waiting to be earned by some boy ready and willing to take on an extra chore. Sometimes he would bound unexpectedly into a class, offering a prize of fifty cents in an impromptu spelling bee. Some may have thought he shouldn't pay boys for what was just part of their schooling and discipline. But, tucked away in corners of his heart were some very poignant memories indeed of what little deprivations and disappointments can do to the spirit of a boy. Take just the experience of his own brother Sam with a farmer over in Northfield, a well-to-do man but, one would say, woefully lacking in understanding the nature of a boy. At the time young Sam was about seven.

The farmer hired him to drive cattle up to the Hogsback, a long, rough climb. Sam's wage was to be two cents. He convoyed the cattle faithfully. The trouble was, the man always seemed too busy to pay him. It got so that the longer the two cents went unpaid, the larger two cents loomed to Sam.

One day he ran across his employer on the road. It happened to be a Sunday. "Please, sir," young Sam said tensely, no doubt surprising even himself by his boldness, "can you pay me my two cents now?"

"Tut, tut, Sam, I'm surprised at you," quoth the man, turning from

a conversation he was having with a man riding a cart of oats; "talking about *money* on the Sabbath—now your mother must've taught you better than that!" With lofty rectitude he stared down at the boy.

Ordinarily a good-natured, peace-loving boy, that made Sam mad. "If it's all right for you to talk on Sunday to that man about buying those oats," he gritted out unexpectedly, "it's all right for me to talk on Sunday about two cents you owe me for my work."

This logic so shocked the man that his hand jumped into his pocket and jumped out containing the two cents, which he thrust on Sam.

Dwight Moody understood that a boy's reasoning is apt to be simple and very clear, and that he will be instinctively sensitive to injustice. Therefore there were times when it was only right and just to receive extra reward for extra effort.

Not for long was Willie Tonkin the school's only pupil. By November 20 the thirteenth, and last, student to be admitted in 1881 had arrived; four had given up the struggle with the unfamiliar environment and gone away.

For one boy, things turned out better than he expected during the earlier part of his trip up the valley. He and his parcels had been put aboard the train somewhere below Bridgeport. He was traveling alone and a fellow passenger—an incredibly old but obviously seasoned traveler—had been asked to keep an eye on him, especially when it was time to change trains at Springfield.

Possibly the old gentleman was just absent-minded. In any case he got off the train at Bridgeport to get a bite of lunch. He miscalculated the length of the stop and the train went on without him. The next thing the boy knew, the conductor was charging down the aisle to take custody of the old gentleman's silk hat, overcoat and umbrella, left behind in the rack and now the subject of an urgent telegram. Not a word, however, about looking out for the boy.

At Springfield the boy threw himself quaveringly on the mercy of the brakeman, who laughed indulgently and saw him onto the right train. The car was crowded, with only one unoccupied seat, facing a lady. She didn't look as though she would bite, and he sidled into the seat with his parcels, looking nervous and tired.

"Why," said the lady in the nicest way imaginable, "I see by the tags on your parcels that you are going to Mr. Moody's school. How nice."

"Yes Ma'am," he said politely, not altogether sure by now how nice it was.

"Well then, you'll be able to get acquainted with Mr. Moody, and vice versa, because he's right on this train." Sure enough, presently Mr. Moody strode into the car. The minute he saw the boy it was as though his one job on earth was to make him feel welcomed, looked after.

Years afterward, Thomas Coyle, Mount Hermon '88, was to recall with emotion, "Though of course I didn't know it then, of all the millions of people on earth, I had been led straight to Mr. and Mrs. Moody, the two I needed most on that day."

The farm, in charge of Betsey Moody's brother George Holton, certainly was no place for weaklings. For that matter, neither was the Seminary. It paid by fifteen minutes to be a girl, the rising bell at the Seminary being at 6:15 a.m., whereas, across the river at Mount Hermon, it was 6 a.m. It paid to be a girl or not, according to your point of view, because bedtime at the Seminary was 9:30 whereas for the boys Lights Out, and the highly inquisitive attentions of the floor monitor, came at 10 o'clock. Aside from these on-the-whole molecular differences, both schools ran considerably alike.

Mr. Holton was a born farmer. It was he who laid out the Work Plan as it related to the farm. As soon as he could, he picked out boys to put in charge of various divisions of the work: a boy to oversee the horned cattle, one for horses and wagons, another for hogs, someone else for hens. Some of the boys had little capacity except curiosity, but George Holton was a man with a talent for painlessly imparting know-how, making it interesting in the bargain.

Jack and Alice Baldwin of the present-day staff at Mount Hermon have furnished a sense of "The Mount Hermon Work Hour,"* prefacing it with a snatch of a song sung by Mount Hermon boys past and present:

*In Sophomore year we left the rocks . . .
And went to the laundry, washing socks . . .
. . . we left the sheets, and went to the kitchen,
Pickling beets . . .*

Mr. Moody's desire was that the boys in his school should "have some practical knowledge of work by . . . a certain amount of manual labor daily." This was apart from helping to keep board and tuition at a minimum. Although the earliest catalogs stated that all pupils

* *The Northfield Schools Bulletin*, July 1955.

were required to work a part of each day—usually between one and two hours—“the aim of the industrial arrangement is not so much to secure pecuniary benefits as to provide for physical culture and to inculcate right views of manual labor.” Besides that, if a boy wanted a good education at remarkably low cost, his own hands helped make it possible. Land had to be cleared, woodland cut over, swamps cleared, rocks picked up and put down again to make roads. Until 1885 such work was done by boys most of whom were under sixteen. After 1885 sixteen was to become the minimum rather than maximum age.

The school had an immediate appeal to older young men, needing to fill in deficiencies in their secondary education. Undoubtedly this gave great impetus to the infant Work Hour program. Happily there could hardly be too many boys for the amount and variety of work to be done. Besides chores with livestock and poultry, and work in fields and woods and on roads, schoolhouse janitors and assistants were needed, “lamp boys” to clean and fill innumerable kerosene lamps for illumination; boys in charge of the school store (pencils, copy books, foolscap, blotters), a bookkeeper, cashier and assistants. There were ice cutters, snow plowmen, teamsters, refuse collectors, mail carriers, not to mention kitchen workers, dining room, laundry and power plant helpers, “canning factory” hands and, in time, electrical helpers. Represented among older students were many skilled and semi-skilled trades, all useful in the Work Hour program. For example, Mr. John McDowell, '90, came to Hermon a coal miner who had lost an arm in the pits. In addition to his full share of manual labor he made himself an outstanding tennis player, went on to graduate from Princeton, and became Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. On the Mount Hermon grounds Hugh Findley, '08, got the experience which led him eventually to the post of Professor of Landscape Architecture at Columbia University. Dr. Charles Sibley, '13, twenty-five years old as a Hermonite, both received from and gave much to the blacksmith, and machine, shops before going on to medicine, the missionary field, and private practice in New York City.

On Mondays there were no classes, that day being given over entirely to the Work Program. While buildings were “sung up” out of hymn book royalties, the boys contributed their labor to laying out athletic fields, planting trees on Huckle Hill, setting out the present apple orchard, and the stand of pines at the entrance to the School. They laid the foundations of the present roads, hauling tons of field rocks on stone boats pulled by the fifteen teams of horses. They felled and

cut lumber, snaking chains around it and dragged it to the saw mill standing on the present site of the sand and gravel company. They dug out the cellar for Dwight's Home with horse scrapers, they laid pipelines and put up power lines, they unloaded the granite for the Chapel when it was brought from Crag Mountain and hauled across the frozen river.

Now that the age picture was fanning out, Mr. Moody began thinking along the line of grouping boys into "families"—a dozen or so boys in separate cottages, each cottage with its own housemother, one teacher and one adult domestic helper in charge, to show the boys the ropes of housekeeping.

By October he had to leave for England. From then until July 1884—with the exception of a flying visit paid in the summer of '83—in his absence the school "made haste slowly," you might say. Much general supervision was left in the hands of Colonel Julius Estey, the pipe organ manufacturer up in Brattleboro. Too, Mr. Moody kept up a busy supervisory correspondence with another trustee, Mr. Henry M. Moore.

Mr. Moore fancied describing himself as "a hat-seller during the week, so I can do evangelistic work the rest of the time." He was a prodigiously active man, under average height, with a red beard and a noticeably nervous manner. Mr. Moody discussed his proposed "cottage system" with him, simultaneously writing each trustee, urging him to get to work immediately on planning the erection of five cottages of brick construction. "Where d'you think the best place is for the cottages?" he asked Mr. Moore by mail.

"Right along the country road," replied Mr. Moore promptly.

"No it isn't, not at all!" Mr. Moody came back, and one of the first things he did when next the two met in Northfield was to bid Mr. Moore "Come along . . . I'll show you something . . ." Vigorously he urged Nellie Gray up the hillside, over rough pasture, skirting a patch of woods. "Here!" he exclaimed with happy triumph; "you put cottages right here on this hill!"

"But this is too far away from things . . . and it's so wild!" Mr. Moore objected.

"Open your eyes, man! Just look at that view," Mr. Moody made a big gesture, toward the green-clad mountains, the rolling, lush meadow-land, the shining beauty of the river. "The boys'll clear off the stones, we'll sow all this to grass . . . after a little while you'll never know it's the same place."

For neither the first time nor the last, the trustees laughed. "We'd better let him have his way . . . he'll have it anyhow!" While the cottages were building, the trustees got around to a consensus—as was not unheard of either—that Mr. Moody's idea, as usual, was forward-looking.

After being pressed into service during the first flurry of getting the Seminary in running order, and when he had finished high school, George Moody's son Ambert went through with his intention to go away to a business school. He selected French's Business College in Boston. Mr. Marshall, by now officially Treasurer and Business Manager of the Seminary, arranged for him to stay at the Marshall home while going to school. "You can earn your keep by doing light chores," he said, and Ambert accepted thankfully. The light chores broadened into starting the first real set of Seminary account books and, subsequently, those for Mount Hermon. It was a boon also for Mr. Marshall to have the services of an efficient young man as purchasing agent; soon Ambert was buying everything from pots and pans to turkeys and chickens. His business course was completed by mid-summer of 1881, and he was ready to return to Northfield.

Mr. Moody seems to have been increasingly satisfied that, whatever needed to be done, Ambert would be a good one to talk to. When he went abroad in the late Fall his parting words to Miss Hammond were, "If you need any money, ask Colonel Estey for it; if you need any wood, Ambert will chop it for you." This last was a way of saying Ambert would know how to do whatever needed doing.

Some inkling of the versatility demanded of him in ensuing years came when George Holton needed to be relieved of managing the Mount Hermon farm. "Ambert, I'll need you to take charge of it," D. L. said immediately. With the business course taken care of, Ambert had been planning on getting more education; but he had not yet learned, and never would, how to decline anything his uncle wanted of him. So, to his considerable surprise, he found himself Head Farmer at Mount Hermon. Being no stranger to farm chores, he told himself he could do the job if he just applied the multiplication table to what he already knew how to do.

He would have said that he was well acquainted with hard work. He began finding out now what it really was. Though he had new duties, no one offered to take the job of keeping the account books off his hands. Therefore many a night after the farm had been put to

sleep, so to speak, Ambert crossed on the old ferry and hustled around paying up bills when he had figured the accounts. Every once in a while Mr. Marshall gave him checks to continue on with, so trips down to Greenfield to cash the checks had to be squeezed in too. All in all it made such long days that he began taking a boy along who could drive the rig while the paymaster snatched a bit of badly needed sleep on straw in the bed of the wagon. By the time the errands were finished the ferry would have stopped for the night so he must use the railroad toll bridge, which made the trip longer.

The bridge-keeper was known as "Little Morgan," a man of whom Northfield's historian, Herbert C. Parsons* says, "He seemed always to have been the toll-taker." Usually by the time Ambert turned homeward, Little Morgan had lowered the wicks and blown out the little kerosene lamps studding the cavernous bridge, going home to his own well-earned rest. It saved Ambert the toll, but made the trip across the river a nervous business, even if you had a lantern hooked to the axletree; in the shadowy "travel way" under the railroad tracks you could easily lock wheels with a rig coming the other way, or a train, running late, well might scare your horse half to death and, if he didn't run away altogether, he might easily just drop flat in terror, refusing to go on.

For three years Ambert maintained this rugged schedule. The five cottages were built, four being dormitories, the fifth housing a central kitchen.

Mr. Moody was back from abroad in May of 1885 for the summer. A month behind him, twelve boys arrived from Manchester, England, at his invitation, shepherded by a man who—because most of them were orphans—had provided a home for them in that city. Fortunately there were enough of them to be company for each other. Otherwise, on top of general weariness at the end of the long journey, they would have felt miserably strange and lost, for they arrived an hour before midnight of a Saturday, not a time calculated to put much heart into them.

The cottage at the north end of the row was ready barely in time to receive them. As a welcoming gesture it had been named Manchester House.

In July a Mr. E. A. Hubbard paid a visit to the school. He had been many years in education work, and long with the Massachusetts

* *A Puritan Outpost*, by Herbert C. Parsons. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1937.

State Board of Education; he had held the latter post with such outstanding success that his retirement from active service had brought consternation.

Mr. Hubbard came back several times. He was persuaded to become a trustee. The whole idea and working of Mount Hermon appealed to him, and a sudden personnel change put him to work without reluctance.

Miss Lizzie Hammond was uncommonly attached to the school, having been with it from the very first. But, an opportunity offered to become Principal of the old Protestant school for girls in Guatemala City. As this was a particularly important center of evangelical work, it presented a challenge of enlarged service, which she felt compelled to accept. The trustees persuaded Mr. Hubbard to compensate her departure by becoming Superintendent of Mount Hermon. He thought his reasons for retiring from active work were fully justified, but the Mount Hermon opportunities were so persuasive that he accepted.

For Mr. Moody, one of the most exhilarating days of that year must have been September 26, a week before he was to return to England. On that day the brick cottages of his cherished "house plan" were formally opened. The five cost \$33,350.12, or \$6,670.02 apiece, and were largely paid for by several gifts of \$5,000 each.

Also, August had seen excavation begin for a commodious recitation hall. All in all the "time of small things" was working out naturally and well; the period of receiving boys little more than children; the making-do with small, poor accommodations and pathetically limited equipment; of timorous courses of instruction for pupils eagerly willing to learn, but of hit-or-miss preparation to do so.

A rounded expression of Mr. Moody's considered concept of education began to emerge. Though administratively completely separate, both schools were rooted in the same ideas and approach. To box the compass, exactly what class of students were the schools for?

Well, not only were they *for*, they were limited *to*:

Those of small means and high aims, who

—Wanted a Christian education, in the positive sense.

—Who were unable to enter expensive private schools, and unwilling to attend poor-quality public schools merely because they happened to be free, and near at hand.

Deliberately, the schools aimed at those needing to be self-supporting and having been hindered in getting the education they wanted, who would have the incentive to make the most of the opportunities inherent in Mr. Moody's plan. Openly and positively, the schools had religious purpose. By giving the Bible first place among the textbooks used, from the outset students would be presented with a deep, active sense of:

1) the object, 2) the course, and 3) the path to a noble Christian life. The goal was a), to do the will of God regardless of self; b) daily dependence for strength and guidance on the Spirit of all Grace; c) these to be achieved through believing prayer, diligent study of God's word, and concentrated effort for the good of others.

In concrete terms Mr. Moody saw that ". . . to a great extent, in the work of evangelization the poor must be reached by the poor, or wholly overlooked. They must be reached by those whose own associations, experience and training are such as to give them the most sympathy with the poor, and influence over them. Among children of this (underprivileged) class there is any amount of good material to draw on, any number of young people to whom training might well be given, fitting them expressly to disseminate the Gospel in the humbler areas of life. There are orphans of much promise and no material means, and promising boys belonging to the mission Sunday Schools of large cities; there are many sons of clergymen, of missionaries, of Christian women who are widows, of other Christian parents of very limited means but great Christian piety, who have dedicated their children from the first to the service of God, and brought them along with that in view; only many of them find they simply cannot afford education meeting their standards, yet feel unwilling to compromise with less. There are many young men, thrown early on their own resources, whose school-life had to be broken off early to support themselves in trades and clerkships and who, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, have become earnest Christians. Their conversion makes them long to be helpful to others; to focus and increase their usefulness they want and need more education. Often, if they return to school, they must begin with the most elementary studies, in which case they would often have to associate mainly with the youngest, least mature pupils. Four years at most, often only two, are all they feel able or willing at their age to spend in school; but they are eager to make the most of such time. If these can associate together in school, they will then not feel themselves out of place; and their Christian

character and earnest purpose are geared to make them of unique help to one another . . .”

Mr. Moody believed and prayed that his Northfield schools would meet these all-important conditions and needs.

When South Farm house was ready to receive Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard the school had forty boys with whom to commence his work. In a month the number increased to seventy. There were three new teachers, seven women teachers in all.

Space was still at a premium. While the recitation hall was building, seventy boys had to squeeze into a building planned originally for no more than two dozen. The seventy managed sufficiently to contract their anatomies to go on using the room for assemblies, but recitation periods were farmed out among cottage sitting rooms, with a temporary wooden building, intended for storage uses of carpenters and masons, catching the overflow. It was a difficult period all around. Keeping order often was more honored in the breach than the observance, and much valuable time was unavoidably wasted in sheer locomotion, getting from one recitation to another. It says a good deal for teachers and pupils, and the prevailing climate of goodwill, that there was a steady rise in scholarship and deportment. Previously it had not been feasible to grade Mount Hermon, but now Mr. Hubbard could make a beginning. With a strong course in English studies laid out, the boys took them up as fast as they could come into line for them.

A distressing set-back came when Mr. Hubbard's health failed. No one was readily found to take his place, but Miss Harriet L. Ford, lately graduated from Wellesley, came and laid out Mount Hermon's first classes in Greek and Latin. Ohio-born, her father was a minister, her mother had been a teacher. Harriet was nine years old when her father died. Mrs. Ford came east, bringing Harriet and another daughter, who was crippled, settling in Wellesley Hills. Throughout secondary school Harriet never got less than 100% in any of five subjects. In college she majored in Greek, graduating high in her class. Mr. Moody heard of her through a classmate, and invited her up to have a look at Mount Hermon. The school was three years old, its library consisted of two bookcases, housed rather incidentally on the second floor of one of the cottages.

When Mr. Moody offered her the position of teaching Latin and Greek the opportunities seemed as tantalizing to her as fresh lettuce

to a rabbit. She accepted at once, and her appointment marked the beginning of a formal classical course, although it was not incorporated as such until the next year.

Miss Ford's own account of her arrival is interesting for the glimpse it gives of the school compared with what today's newly arriving teacher would find.*

"The opening of the Fall term at Mount Hermon in 1884 was an important one, as it marked the beginning of the transition from the first, early, period—with young boys, small, poor buildings, meager and indefinite courses of study—to the days of larger things. Mr. Sawyer, succeeding the first Principal, Mr. Hubbard, came during the early part of this year; there were no other men on the board of instruction. The teachers, eight in number, filled the positions also of housekeeper, mother, nurse, doctor, sister and confidential friend.

"It was my good fortune to be introduced to this life by Mr. Henry W. Rankin who, during these early years, was a volunteer helper on the business side of the school life, and at the same time a great inspiration along the literary and religious sides. He held an important place in the school life, exerting a great and wholesome influence over the boys.

"He met me at the Northfield station and brought me over to Mount Hermon in leisurely fashion in the well-known buckboard drawn by pepper-and-salt 'Old Harry.' On this memorable drive I learned much of Mount Hermon and its brief past, and the love and far-reaching thought of its founder for the future. Owing to the numerous errands—to the store, Post Office and shoemaker's—we did not reach Mount Hermon until six o'clock. The southeast room of Cottage No. 1 proved to be my destination.

"The food boy was vigorously ringing the supper bell. This night was a festive one; the closing exercises of the Summer term were held that evening for boys unable to go away on vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Moody were present. I remember thinking the singing very unusual, the declamations spirited and well given. At the close of the evening it was announced that the new term would begin the very next day, with a Sunday School picnic in the woods west of the school. Tumultuous applause greeted this news.

"The most striking event of the picnic was a tug-of-war, with Mr.

* *The Story of Mount Hermon*, by Thomas Coyle, 1888. Published 1906 by the Mount Hermon Alumni Association.

Moody and Mr. Towner as anchor men. Mr. Moody's side won, he having taken the precaution to tie his end of the rope to a tree!"

The school beginnings certainly had been small and, in a sense, inadequate. But its growth was becoming visible now; it was finding itself. Small wonder that Mr. Moody seized every opportunity to drive visitors about, showing them the Seminary and Mount Hermon. Let them see the students, let the students see them. In such a way would the inter-relation strengthen, between students, the constituency of the Conferences, and friends-at-large of Christian education and his beloved Northfield.

VIII

Educational relations make the strongest tie

AMONG the last things Mr. Moody arranged before leaving on another long campaign was that his whole house, not just Penny Alley, should be used by the girls in the family's absence. Miss Lizzie Hammond's sister, Miss Alice Rosa, came to be matron in charge, to stay until Miss Holton completed three years of Wellesley courses and came home to take up Seminary duties.

Ever a keen observer of the effects and growth of the school, Mr. Marshall was struck by the effect of Mr. Moody's desire to make his home useful. "The schools work for good in the pupils," Mr. Marshall jotted down; "fadeless memories of this delightful home, the privilege of daily living in it, keep constantly before the girls proof of the power of Christ's Gospel to change and beautify character, engender unselfishness and goodwill. The truth of Jesus permeates the house, but indeed this spirit has prevailed in every house throughout the Seminary since the beginning." Mr. Marshall's initial astonishment over being saddled summarily with a major part in getting the Seminary under way had passed; though an outsider from Boston, he had be-

* From the will of Cecil John Rhodes, establishing the Rhodes Scholarships.

come no transient advisor—rather a round-the-clock part of the big dream.

A new residence hall was building, made over from a brick private house on the westerly side of Main Street across the road and about a quarter-mile above Mr. Moody's home. Bought from Mrs. Henry Day, besides the house there was about an acre and a half of land. It would furnish comfortable space for about forty students and Mr. Moody named it Bonar Hall, honoring the Scottish Bible expositor who had worked in the first Moody campaign in the British Isles, and to whom he felt everlastingly indebted "for helping me with inspiring hints of Bible truth for my sermons." In turn this son of the famous Scottish clergyman and hymn writer felt an uncommonly close tie with Northfield through association with Mr. Moody in the evangelistic work in the British Isles.

Selection of the Seminary's second Principal led to the beginning of special attention to the subjects of hygiene and physical culture. Miss Tuttle had left, due, it was rumored to a sharp and irreconcilable disagreement with Mr. Marshall over the premillennium. After taking a breather in Europe with one of the Hammond sisters, she returned to Wellesley in an administrative capacity and was succeeded by Miss Emma Frances Angell, M.D., a Boston University graduate in medicine. Miss Angell set about developing a physical fitness program, based on up-to-date theories of exercise, reasonably seasoned with the sports suitable for young ladies. It was not until after Miss Angell's departure several years later that there was enough money—and Trustee approval—for a real "gymnasium room," fitted up with an exciting \$375 worth of equipment. In the light of today's comprehensive physical education program—the Skinner Gymnasium, Munger Pool, tennis courts, expertly constructed playing fields for hockey, soccer, volley ball, and captain ball courts—it may sound a trifle prehistoric; but at that time walking, climbing, skating and simple outdoor games marked many a student's first encounter with systematic exercise, and Miss Angell was blessed for introducing it.

If there was a special season of the school year when Mr. Moody made an effort to get home, if only for a day, it was Fall, with its institution of Mountain Day. Mountain Day never was announced in advance and was always a surprise; sometimes it was as though he had lain awake nights, planning an ingenious way of letting students know that it had arrived.

The year Mountain Day was instituted, 1881, Miss Tuttle had just finished a little after-breakfast talk to the girls when Mr. Moody bounced into the dining room and, catching her between syllables, cried, "A day in the woods for all! No lessons today! Well, young ladies, how do you like that?"

They liked it just fine.

He had already selected a destination, well up on a nearby mountain, along an old wood road. Teachers and the picnic lunch would go up in carriages. "You and I are spry," Mr. Moody chaffed the girls, with a happy wink, "we can walk!"

Nearing the picnic place, someone happened to discover that in all the happy bustle of setting out, the lunch hampers had got left behind. "Amber!" cried Mr. Moody to his nephew, "you run back down the hill and fetch 'em; we'll wait till you get back." He sat down on a boulder; it came to him that this would be a suitable time to retell a Bible story.

"And when it was evening His disciples came to him, saying—" he began, launching into a paraphrase of the five loaves and two fishes parable.

By the time everybody was feeling rested and twice as hungry, Amber came charging back up the road with the lunch. With mock suspicion his uncle flicked up a hamper lid, peered inside and remarked, laughing, "Lighten the burden by a few doughnuts, did you?"

"Well, yes . . ." said Amber, who could not tell a lie, and was flustered besides by the girls' howls of laughter. Conscientiously he added, "But there are still plenty for all."

"That's all right, my friend," cried Mr. Moody; "I know what it's like to be young and have a big appetite . . ." Young people loved his gift of entering into their impulses and experiences.

That year was memorable too because it marked the first Seminary concert; it was given in the old Congregational church, on the present site of Spencer's Garage.

Though Miss Angell was leaving the post of Seminary Principal the girls would still have her nearby, as neighbor, friend, and pastor's wife; in the parlor of East Hall, Dr. George F. Pentecost united Miss Angell and the Reverend E. R. Drake, minister of the Second Congregational Church, in marriage.

It is always true that each Principal of a school makes her own particular niche. Miss Tuttle's innate understanding of the type of

girls for whom Mr. Moody planned his school, and her own gentle, effective personality, helped the groping, infant institution to a foothold, and the beginnings of striking a stride. Miss Angell's professionally trained scientific mind had brought to the curriculum a certain balance and diversification. With insight and lively energy she pushed back horizons. She and Miss Tuttle each opened up paths which the next Principal would widen and smooth, through an administration of twenty-eight years.

Faced with finding a successor to Miss Angell, Mr. Moody turned again to Wellesley for advice. Mr. Durant had died; Mr. Moody consulted with President Alice Freeman. She had rare experience in education; a graduate in 1876 of the University of Michigan, she had become Professor of History at Wellesley only three years later; she was to be president of the college from 1881 to 1887, and after that a trustee.

Dr. Freeman recommended Miss Evelyn Hall. New England-born, from Westerly, Rhode Island, she was twenty-eight years old. At Wellesley she had a record of never being absent from a recitation period. After graduating in 1879 she had taught about three years at a school in Lake Forest, Illinois.

Mr. Moody's judgment of people told him the instant he interviewed her that he need look no further. Here was a combination of simple New England integrity and conservatism, leavened with a discernible open-mindedness. Perhaps what appealed most to him was an innate reserve and humility. All in all he sensed that she would make a wise and sympathetic administrator, an ideal type to head a school.

The opening of the school year of 1883-84 was highly promising. The Seminary was growing, it was attracting increasing support, its opportunities were broadening. After months of informal study in Europe, Miss Holton had resumed a place in the Seminary where she was a great favorite.

With Miss Hall came her sister Harriett, to teach History, Latin and Natural Science. Two other new teachers were the Silverthorne sisters: Miss Claire to teach Art, Miss Mary to teach the Bible and English Literature. Teaching salaries still exacted great heart and self-sacrifice—the Principal received \$600, teachers \$300.

In her 1948 Founder's Day address, Miss Mira Wilson took occasion to sketch Northfield's inheritance of the treasure, so to speak, of the Silverthorne sisters.

Mr. Moody selected Miss Mary Silverthorne while still a senior at

Wellesley to come the following year to teach at the Seminary. There were doubts in her mind. In her words, a school "directed by an unschooled evangelist" struck her as a dubious experiment. She decided against Mr. Moody's offer and taught for the next three years in a public school. But then she chanced to travel up to Mount Hermon to spend a weekend with one of the matrons, Mrs. Hannah L. Porter. On Sunday they crossed on the ferry to attend service in the village church. As she described it, "This, my first service in Northfield, was typical of many others. Those who were wise came early to secure a desirable seat. Soon Mr. Moody came swinging up the aisle, his personality pervading the place. What could produce a like effect? The passing of an electric wave? A breath of the sea? A strain of martial music? You could not tell; you simply felt thrilled, expectant. Mr. Moody often had some favorite hymn which he asked the schools to sing over and over again. On such occasions the expression on his face was one of intense and deep enjoyment; he seemed loath to have the music stop. On this particular June morning the congregation was singing 'When the mists have rolled away . . .' Then followed a brief prayer, in the natural tone of friend talking with friend, yet all in humble reverence . . . Then followed the particular message for the day, voiced by this rare, impelling personality, but driven home by the very Spirit of God."

Monday morning, "sometime between five and six o'clock," D. L. Moody arrived at Mrs. Porter's to take Miss Silverthorne back to breakfast with his family "on the sunrise side of the river." Naturally Miss Silverthorne was not up when he arrived, but something told her she should be, that Mr. Moody was planning something she shouldn't miss.

The five-mile drive was behind a spirited roan named Tiger. Miss Mary was introduced to the family, not forgetting a mountainous Newfoundland dog, Nero. After breakfast, Mr. Moody conducted her around the Seminary, dropped her into one of Miss Angell's classes in Bible. It was a senior class and Miss Silverthorne was impressed that, for a supplementary text, Miss Angell was using *Moral Philosophy*, by the President of Oberlin College, Dr. James H. Fairchild; it interested her because it indicated a teaching standard rather contradicting her hasty conclusion, a "dubious experiment, directed by an unschooled evangelist."

Miss Mary received an invitation to stay overnight at the Seminary and did so, at 41 East Hall. In the morning the hymn came back to her; the "mists" had rolled away from her vision of her own future.

It was a short step for Mr. Moody to persuade her that if she were ready for Northfield, Northfield was ready and waiting for her. Also, while they were on the subject, what about her sister Claire coming with her? The upshot was that the Silverthorne sisters came to Northfield and stayed forty years. Miss Mary was "not just a good teacher, she was a great teacher, one of the best teachers of literature in the secondary schools of that period. She was a slender, erect person with kindly gray eyes, but they could flash. The girls called her 'Silver Senior.' On meeting her one made the mental note that here were strength and steadfastness, yet kindness too." Miss Wilson was to add, with her own flair for bits and pieces with which to relieve the seriousness of life, "She quite demoralized my two Irish setters by feeding them under the table, surreptitiously, when she came to lunch at my house."

In the years till the Silverthornes retired, in 1923—for what seemed the plausible reason that they had been there a long time and would not care to risk wearing out their welcome—it would be hard to say where the influence of the Silverthornes did not reach, in the Seminary and in the town.

Miss Hall's first appearance as Principal was made at Chapel in the Recitation Hall, now Revell. In a sense from that day she *became* the Seminary, imparting a new quality of comprehensiveness to it as an educational institution. She herself taught two classes a day, one in Latin, one in Mental and Moral Philosophy. On Fridays she taught a class in Bible; Sundays she took a Bible class in the church.

When Miss Hall conducted Chapel, even the most uninhibited students were unable to find it boring. She had the knack of getting the school day off on a chord of courage and confidence, without uttering a word to that effect. Her prayers made utter reliance on God seem the most natural of impulses. In the sense of a glossy finish, she was not a platform speaker. The reason for that, however, was a good one: it was that she was a simple, direct human being, leaving to others the dazzling of the ear and mind with intellectual brilliance.

Coming as she did to the Seminary while it was still in its pioneering stage, she brought with her a talent for efficiency which was uncommon. She had the gift of a good disciplinarian, balanced by wisdom not to overwork it. When students had to come before her on matters of correction, she began by doing them the honor of taking for granted that whatever they told her would be the truth. Like all people of strong, pure, sincere nature, she had a spontaneous sym-

pathy and understanding of frailty and weakness. She would not be backward in censuring a misdemeanor, but placed the emphasis on the undoubted wish and ability of a girl to do better. Though students involuntarily dreaded disciplinary sessions in her office, they seldom came with bitterness or hostility; for that reason Miss Hall was all the more successful in leading them to identify and hate wrong, to recognize right and aspire to it. To her the great secret of self-knowledge was to be searched of God; the secret of success was loving God's will. In her view teachers and students were not natural opponents, rather they were partners in an exciting exploration, working for the same end. To her way of thinking one of the lessons life requires all to learn is the lesson of the right spirit in which correction and admonition, either or both, are to be taken.

Besides her relationship to the student body as Principal, Miss Hall's adjustment to Mr. Moody's ways and goals was of epochal importance. If indeed he was not enough older than she to be her father, he was much older and wiser than she in vision and experience, so the situation presented her with a nice problem in carrying forward a superior's plans with conviction and loyalty, withal keeping the independent judgment necessary for day-to-day successful administration of problems. One person, in position to observe the partnership closely over a long period, remembered that "Evelyn Hall showed a most gentle and daughterly ingenuity in getting along with Mr. Moody's masterfulness." By temperament she yearned for things to run smoothly; her habit was to economize mental and nervous energy by refusing to fuss about things, instead determining the best way to do them, and doing them quietly.

Coincident with her arrival as Principal, the building of Frederick Marquand Memorial was started. The residuary legatee of the Marquand estate, Mr. D. W. McWilliams, made the first payment toward construction of this new dormitory one October; the building took a long time to put up and was not finished till December of the next year, but that led to the happy effect of combining the formal opening with marking the eightieth birthday of Betsey Moody.

Faculty and students presented a fine rocking chair to Mrs. Moody. But from the standpoint of Seminary history, special musical numbers prepared for the occasion were of great importance. One of them continues in frequent use. What Northfield girl can think of the "Northfield Benediction" without a quickening of the pulse, a tightening of the throat.

Its words are from the Book of *Numbers*, VI:24-26:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace"

That day Anna Bingham, a senior, played the music which had been composed by Miss Lucy Rider, a teacher of Bible. After her graduation, Anna Bingham went to Mount Hermon to teach music, subsequently marrying a student from England named Freeman. In time the Freeman daughters, Eva and Victoria, and their brother Wilfred, were to join the teaching staff of their mother's old school.

The Principal was automatically the head of a hall and at first Miss Hall had been head of East. Now she moved over to become head of Marquand. She stayed there four years, moving then to Revell where she remained for the rest of her life.

The hold laid by the schools on the thoughts of many people showed in those who came from many places to attend the formal opening of Marquand. The combined choir of both schools sang two hymns composed especially for the occasion. Julia M. Johnson wrote the words of "Fourscore Years" which, in tribute to Betsey Moody, was set to Miss Rider's music; and Major Whittle wrote the words of "I know whom I have believed," set to music by James McGranahan, one of Mr. Moody's Gospel Hymn Group.

Building was going on apace. A new recitation hall was completed and in use. Stone Hall, a handsome building of native stone, was one of the buildings Mr. Moody delighted in pointing out, saying "We sang that one up!" meaning that hymn book royalties paid for it.

As Principal Miss Hall was no remote personage, immured austereley in an administrator's office of authority. By temperament and disposition she was flexible; she could join in on the spur of the moment in a Hallowe'en charade or game of tag; or, learning that a girl needed a week in the infirmary yet did not have the small amount of money required, nor any idea where she could get it, Miss Hall could hand the needed cash quietly to a teacher who would pay the bill and, not letting the girl suffer an added mental burden, let her know only that everything was taken care of—not how, or by whom.

At the start of each term two programs were drawn up, each complete in itself: one for study and recitation, one for domestic work. It is an interesting sidelight that the term "domestic science"—at North-

field shortened these many years to "Dummy"—was originated by Mrs. Sarah Joseph Buell Hale.

It happened in 1828 that Mrs. Hale, left a widow with small children to support, had become editor of a publication, *The Ladies Magazine*. Two years later Louis Antoine Godey helped to found *Lady's Book*, which subsequently became the well-known *Godey's Lady's Book*, published in Philadelphia.

Such a successful figure had Mrs. Hale become that Godey hired her away in 1837 and for forty years thereafter she edited his magazine. No pell mell feminist, she was concerned with the position of women in the economic and social sense and consistently advocated more opportunities for higher education for women. Undoubtedly she coined the term domestic science as part of her campaign to raise the level of universal respect for housework and homemaking.

The two Seminary programs were fitted together with the care of floor parquetry. Each program should round out the other without mismatching at any point. The domestic work program never outweighed the scholastic in importance, yet its unique practical worth to students was beyond question.

Like the boys' school, the Seminary was by no means self-supporting yet. One reason was that Mr. Moody's plans were endless; no matter how generously support poured in, it never caught up with his fresh ideas. His legion of friends, to be sure, took such an interest in the schools that no year closed with a deficit. And because of the savings it effected—not abstract, but possible to write down in dollars and cents—the trustees could sleep well o' nights.

For his part, Mr. Moody was never bashful about reminding his friends of the satisfaction and happiness ready and waiting for them through continued support of his varied plans. Take, for example, a visit he paid Mr. William Thaw in Pittsburgh, in quest of an urgently needed \$10,000 for school purposes.

When he stated his errand, Mr. Thaw explained, "I have recently somewhat altered my charity program: instead of giving large sums once in a while, I have decided to give smaller sums more frequently. I am now giving \$50 to \$500 at a time." Convinced from Mr. Moody's expression that the evangelist was prepared with a perfectly logical reason for making an exception, Mr. Thaw added, "But I believe I will make an exception here, and give you \$5,000 now."

Mr. Moody smiled affably. "Well now I'll tell you, Mr. Thaw," he said, "I'm an awfully busy man. I need \$10,000 and I just can't see

where I'll get the time to come back and pick up the rest in installments. So . . ." Mr. Thaw roared with laughter. Any man who harbored plans for getting ahead of D. L. Moody had better plan also on getting up in the morning.

It was no surprise at all to Mr. Moody that he went out the door with the full \$10,000 in hand.

Seemingly unrelated details sometimes point to the real signs of growth. It was an indication that the schools were beginning to bulk importantly in the community life when William Caldwell began running a regular stage and express route between the schools, the Post Office and the railroad stations. For many years it was possible to check the time of day by the jingle of harnesses on the big Caldwell horses, actually until the hardiest of the die-hards came around to conceding that, for some unfathomable reason, the automobile, preposterous though it was, had come to stay.

How were things developing across the river, a shade less than a year after the arrival of Willie Tonkin at the school for which Mr. Camp had supplied the so apt name of Mount Hermon?

Before ill health obliged Mr. E. A. Hubbard, first in the era of headmasters, to relinquish his post, his experience and enthusiasm saw to the laying out of a good course in English studies, and a beginning made on the important step of grading the school. Mr. Hubbard had been graduated from Williams College over in the heart of the Berkshires, and was a man gifted and experienced in education. The grading of the school was a timely step forward out of considerable chaos. Hitherto the combination of limited equipment, overburdened teachers and an unformed program had produced some hard sledding. Classes overflowed space in the frame farmhouses and cottage sitting rooms, even spilled out into flimsy sheds. All in all, conditions had not been any too conducive to orderly learning processes.

Among the seventy boys now registered, four were from the Indian Territory. This grew out of initiative taken by Dr. West of the Chicago *Advance*, who wrote Mr. Moody, pointing out how gravely the Indian Territory needed teachers. "They could get training at your school, and go back and put it to invaluable use among their own people," he said. Mr. Moody acted on the suggestion. In fact the arrival of the four boys was an extension of something which had happened earlier over at the Seminary.

Miss Tuttle was convinced that, if some Indian girls could receive Christian training at the school, they could do a fine work back on their reservations. Mr. Moody agreed with her and said she could enroll twelve girls. In her summer vacation she traveled out to the reservations of the Vanita, Eufaula, and Wealak Indians. Mr. Moody had said twelve girls. She drew a courageous breath and arranged for sixteen.

On another trip from Europe, Mr. Moody brought two boys from Ireland; with the twelve from Manchester, England, the school was growing in international flavor. The Irish boys had given their hearts to Christ during the Dublin meetings; they joined in the campaign work and gave up prospects of purely materialistic business life in order to prepare themselves for Christian service. This made a bond with the evangelist because of his own experience in leaving the world of commercial business, having grasped that it would take time away from the Christian work which impelled him.

The Irish boys interested him for another reason which was to figure more and more in the life of Mount Hermon, namely the disparity between schooling and age. Among these overseas boys there were those who had had to leave school early and go to work. They were now past the conventional age for secondary school. Their coming to Mount Hermon had the long range effect of spurring curricular changes, a drawing closer to the pattern of established secondary schools. Besides specific college preparatory courses for those with ambition and opportunity to go on to higher education, Bible study courses were tailored to the particular needs of students sixteen years of age and older. Such changes were effected within the original distinguishing framework of the school, namely, the fixed charge of one hundred dollars a year for board and tuition, including bi-weekly Bible study recitations and a daily work hour—in actual practice two hours of work.

Almost before the Irish boys got their hats off and their boxes unpacked they exerted their cooperative spirit. For some time the school laundry work had posed a rather big problem. Almost uncannily the Irish boys spotted this, and volunteered immediately to take over the job. It was no easy matter and had to be mastered by trial-and-error, but their discernment opened the eyes of the staff to the logic of including the laundry in the work hour pattern. Before too many years a steam laundry was constructed and fully equipped; it not only made

the work easier, but it also furnished one more type of practical training available to students.

Over at the Seminary the girls, being girls, were by tradition at least somewhat more acclimated to washing and ironing, and did it as a normal part of Dummy, of course including their own personal laundry. Times have not so much changed as grown; today all halls rejoice (in a manner of speaking) in laundromats.

Students and staff alike at Mount Hermon were attached to Mr. Hubbard whom they not only admired and respected, but liked, and it was universally regretted that his health forced him to withdraw.

At the point where Mr. Moody was confronted with the problem of finding a replacement the path of one Henry F. Cutler began to coincide with that of Mount Hermon. As it turned out he was to be Headmaster from 1890 to 1932.

The son of Daniel Smith Cutler, a farmer of Greenwich, Massachusetts, Henry Cutler had been graduated at Amherst with the class of 1886. On Commencement Day a man walked up to him with the proposition that he go to Ceylon to teach. Ruefully, Mr. Cutler asked himself what there was about him that impelled people to propose that he leave at once for far places: already Professor Mather of Amherst had spoken to him about teaching French in the Sandwich Islands. Actually he felt somewhat drawn to the idea of Ceylon, except that it meant contracting to stay four years which, when one is just out of college, may easily seem like an eternity. He decided not to commit himself, and to spend the summer at work on the family farm, and watch for letters from teachers' agencies about openings. Too, he picked up rumors about opportunities in his own immediate region. He finally applied for a high school position in Waterbury, Vermont. He was turned down.

The leaves in the Connecticut Valley were turning under the nip of September frosts and it came forcibly to Henry Cutler that he had no job in prospect. His mind whirled with self-questioning. Should he have done this, that, or the other thing? Had he been wrong to be lukewarm over Ceylon? While doing chores in the barn he prayed earnestly for guidance; whatever the block, he prayed God to remove it.

The mail carrier came by and there was a letter from a girl, a classmate of his sister at Northfield Seminary, a friend of the whole Cutler family in fact, Miss Lizzie H. Robinson by name. She was now a teacher at Mount Hermon. "We are badly in need of teachers here,"

she wrote; "I mentioned your name to Mr. Sawyer. If I was presumptuous, please excuse me."

Mr. Moody had persuaded Henry E. Sawyer of New Britain, Connecticut to succeed Mr. Hubbard. Mr. Sawyer had both executive ability and a real feeling for teaching. He had come to Mount Hermon at a time when the school was burgeoning. Systematizing the curriculum was new, with the usual trials of getting the gears to mesh. Happily the prospect of sufficient money was enough in the wind to warrant positive discussions of a new, adequate recitation hall.

Speaking of curriculum, interestingly enough just here Genevieve Sikes reappears. She had passed her Seminary entrance examinations with the highest marks of any applicant and before she had graduated with the first Seminary class she was helping the teaching staff. On her graduation she was hired to teach at Mount Hermon, a happy sort of "proof of the pudding." Her sister Julia would serve in the Seminary bookstore, as part of working her way through. By 1890 all three Sikes girls, whom you might say were part of the whole idea of the schools, would be Seminary graduates.

Doubtless as a result both of Mount Hermon's pressing need for teachers and his own qualifications, one Monday morning, two days after receiving Miss Robinson's letter, Henry Cutler presented himself at Mount Hermon "and made arrangements to teach there for the coming year." No time was lost in putting him to work; he had only one day to race home, make a trip down to Springfield to get some necessary new clothes, and get back to Mount Hermon to begin teaching Thursday morning. His clothes outlay came to \$31.40, but he economized by spending only five cents for lunch, and fifteen cents for dinner. In the afternoon he had his last fling at the mere frivolities of the outside world, attending the bicycle races which, happily, were free.

The evening before his first class Henry Cutler wrote in his diary, "I feel very sure that I have been called to this place, and I intend to do my best."*

Doing his "best," Mr. Cutler served Mount Hermon as a classroom teacher for one year—and for the next forty-two as Principal. To those who knew him through that long span, he was a man who did more than his best.

* *A New England Schoolmaster: The Life of Henry Franklin Cutler*. Copyright 1950 by Mrs. Henry Franklin Cutler. Published by The Hildreth Press, Inc., Bristol, Connecticut.

*The glory of the house is hospitality;
The crown of the house is godliness*

IF ANYONE had told Mr. Moody that establishing the schools and conferences would lead also to his becoming a hotel man, undoubtedly he would have thought the idea absurd. Characteristically, when he was told that Northfield needed an adequate hotel, and that it could be another resource in his broadening plans, he grasped the logic and wasted no time in getting it under-way. It came about this way.

One summer day in 1887 a Baltimore man stopped over to see what Mr. Moody was working on currently in Northfield. Eight years had passed since the Seminary's founding, six since classes opened at Mount Hermon. At the Seminary a new dormitory had been completed at a cost of \$23,000, gift of the president of the Board of Trustees, David M. Weston of Boston, and furnished at his expense. It was to house forty-five pupils with the beginning of the Fall term. At Mount Hermon the first class had been graduated, comprising five boys, and there was promise that the enrollment for the Fall term would be close to two hundred fifty boys.

All in all the town had shaken off the quiet uneventfulness of its

* Fireplace motto, of unknown authorship.

New England kind, becoming a beehive of education and religious inspiration. The fifth General Convocation had surpassed all previous meetings, and under Mr. Moody's influence was achieving noteworthy stature amongst religious events.

Appraising the stream of visitors brought in by the unique combination of activities, Mr. Francis D. White, the Baltimorean, exclaimed to Mr. Moody, "What you need here now is a hotel!" There was a hotel down at the lower end of town, a small one, called the Loveland House. Local people took in summer boarders from among the people Mr. Moody attracted to the town.

"Why?" said Mr. Moody, looking startled. "Haven't you been comfortable at Loveland's?"

"Comfortable enough, I daresay. I'm not thinking about myself, or even of Northfield at the moment. I'm thinking of all the things you've started here, and of tomorrow. This is all going to grow, you know. Christian people are going to come in larger and larger numbers, wanting to know more about it all, see it in action. They should be made comfortable, for they're the people who will help you support it. The sort who'll be your greatest future help won't want to stay clear down at the other end of town."

"There's something more," he continued. "Your personal friends won't want you feeling that you've got to entertain them, have 'em on your hands; you've got too much to think about as it is. Mr. Moody, build a hotel closer to your scene of action. Here, so's you can get it under way, I'll give you \$5,000."

Mr. Moody studied him for a moment. Then he said, thoughtfully, "My friend, I'm indebted to you for a very fine idea, and I thank you. We'll get at it." He sped off to speak to the trustees who, for once, didn't require much convincing.

As usual, the word got around and contributions came tumbling in: first \$5,000, then \$10,000; and other sums, large and small.

"Where'll the hotel stand?" someone wanted to know, quickly guessing his own answer. "Down on the village main street, no doubt."

"No," said Mr. Moody. In his mind's idea location of the hotel was speedy. When it came to Northfield views and vistas his eye was both photographic and connected with the heart. Out of the latter he could whisk you around in a buggy for the space of an hour and show you six views so incomparable that you would never forget them. Once his friend, the Reverend F. B. Meyer of London, made mention of this: "Where have I not gone with Moody in that buggy of his! How

often we stopped, how often, jumping a ditch, climbing a hedge, he led me to the summit of some grassy slope to feast our eyes on a cherished bit of God's own landscape design!"

A combination of factors decided Mr. Moody on the hotel site. Some sixty acres of land comprised the old Ora Holton farm. Long un-worked, the soil starving, at the moment it was only a view—but what a view! Up the river valley to the distant Green Mountains; over across the river in the Berkshires direction; southward along the Franklin Hills and a wilderness terraced by Nature. Ora's widow had long hugged a lonely dream of using the farm to support a home for orphans, but the prospect of the cost was too much for even her stout heart.

Whether or not she heard that Mr. Moody was looking for a happy rise of land on which to locate a hotel we do not know. She sought him out at any rate, saying, "If you want my acres for your plans you can have them." In quality of land it was perhaps a thin gift. When you remembered Mr. Moody's talent for visualizing and, when necessity required, for making something out of nothing, then the potential was anything but thin. In terms of the human heart it was a warm and wonderful treasure.

At the outset perhaps it did seem a little off to one side, as hotel sites go. The Trustees accepted the advisability of a hotel. But at that location? For one thing, no decent road ran along there. Yet now they were back at their old predicament. "We may as well let Moody have his way . . . he'll only have it anyhow!" As for him, an unerring sense of end results told him that, while offhand it might seem a bit disjointed from the town, when people got there the spaciousness of the site, the view, would cause them to feel rewarded. But he understood too that it would be necessary for some people to have faith for a while, in the face of his plan to put a hotel on land which, you might say, was just sitting there in its bare bones.

The town helped things along to the extent of putting in an improved road, parallel to Main Street along a natural ridge, from Dwight Moody's birthplace, now Betsey Moody's home, at the top of the present Post Office Hill. In those days the road, soon named Highland Avenue, ran straight on through land occupied by the Chateau, entering Main Street below Mill Brook. Nowadays it turns in front of the hotel, runs down the hill, past the new Orthodox Church (built in 1889), and joins Main Street just above Mill Brook, the dividing line between the old town and the new.

The original form of the hotel cost \$35,000 to build. One day when it was almost completed—twenty-seven bedrooms, many with adjoining baths, two double parlors, a large dining room, a hotel office, and a verandah running the south length of the building—Mr. Moody arrived to inspect things. Men were working with picks, shovels and tip carts, building a driveway from the Highland Avenue corner around the south side of the building. "Hold on there!" he cried in consternation, "what's all this you're about?"

"Puttin' in th' driveway," they replied laconically.

"You can't put it here!" he objected flatly.

"It's the way to your front door, ain't it?" A couple of workmen laughed slightly, pleased with their common sense. "Want folks sh'd come in th' back way, would you? Driveway to a hotel has to come to th' front door . . . it's nat'ral . . ."

"I can't help it; it would be all wrong here," he replied firmly. "Want to ruin a beautiful view, cutting through here for a driveway? No sir, we're not goin' to do any such thing. You'll have to fall back a bit, run the driveway up on the north side, from about fifty feet back along the street."

The workmen shook their heads. But everybody in town knew that when D. L. Moody said to do a thing a certain way, that was the way it was going to be done.

The years were to prove him right, as they usually did. Who can visualize without a shudder the area on the south side of the hotel if it were chopped into for the mere accommodation of vehicles? Of course every once in a while some reactionary turns up demanding to know where the main entrance is: "I came in the back way."

Just as the hotel was to be opened for business it struck Mr. Moody that it looked, somehow, raw and lonely. He had better put up a few little trees to keep it company. Today the three saplings planted by his own hand are great strong, spreading, beautiful trees, nearly seventy years old.

Interest in the new hotel in the town and outside of it, was enormous. A newspaper writer from a neighboring small city, paying a visit to report developments, began temperately enough: "It looms nobly from its high position on the new avenue, a three-story building of pleasing proportions, an ornament to the village." But there approval ran away with him and he added, "It is to be richly furnished." One may imagine Mr. Moody's rejection of this idea. Furnishings were by no means to be opulent; they were to be chosen, he said, simply

for genteel comfort and good wearing quality. Actually he had some misgivings about the plainness and lack of color. "All this new plaster, these new walls and rooms, they have no *charm*," he worried. "The house hasn't had time to get any atmosphere, and it certainly has none." He acted like a father, worried over the impression a plain child at the awkward age will make on callers.

He dreamed up a rather special inaugural festivity, thinking to make palatable the plainness of the décor by giving the hotel a sendoff of distinction and charm. It was an eloquent testimonial to the range of his friendships that he could do it in a hurry. He dispatched special invitations to twelve of the most beautiful and charming women of his acquaintance to come and grace the inaugural as his guests.

It happened that the Republican National Convention at Chicago was drawing on. While men guests of the new Northfield Hotel gravely debated President Cleveland's failure to keep his promise to reform the Civil Service, the coterie of beautiful women spread over the public rooms a gentling patina of glamorous beauty and cultivated grace. One of them was Professor Louise Manning Hodgkins, founder of the Department of English Literature at Mr. Durant's Wellesley College. Among the others were Mrs. Joseph Cook, wife of a famous lecturer of the day, and Miss Margaret Bottome, founder of the Society of the King's Daughters. If John Singer Sargent, who for four years past had been enjoying an epochal success in London as a portraitist, could have dropped in at the Northfield, the bounty of loveliness and distinction would undoubtedly have sent him rushing to his easel.

In the light of the festivities—rather colorful for staid Northfield—some people watched with interest to see how the hotel would settle down, blend into the dominantly religious theme of Mr. Moody's growing pattern of activity. For their part, guests showed an appreciation of its characteristic atmosphere. One summed it up, saying, "This place is altogether different from the usual hotels, with their noisy bustle, continuous business climate and over-obsequious lackeys. An experienced traveler cannot fail to notice the contrast. And, here, without the stiffness of the great city hotels, are found all the modern conveniences." This last was no accident. Mr. Moody summed it up. "I've lived in hotels throughout the world and have noticed a tendency of hotel life to draw people on the downward path. My idea is to have a hotel draw people up—not down."

One of the few boners in the early history of the hotel came when a zealous—and concomitantly temporary—assistant manager arranged a

fully equipped cigar stand in the lobby. Mr. Moody's startled eye fell upon it one day, and it was gone in a whisk. Mr. Moody was no long-nosed fanatic. He did, however, draw the line at drinking. Smoking was not expressly forbidden but there was the inference of frosty disapproval. For decades after abolition of the unfortunate cigar stand, any Northfield Hotel guest laboring under the curse of the smoking habit found himself, to say the least, sticking out like a sore thumb.

Mr. Moody had the benefit of some professional hotel management advice in the beginning. In Canada, where he happened to be holding a series of meetings, he met a Mr. Samuel Gregg, proprietor of a hotel in London, Ontario. "Mr. Moody," said the Canadian, "I am greatly interested in your work. I would like in some way to help you. I don't have any worthwhile amount of money, but if at any point in your plans my experience could be of use to you, I would gladly give a summer of my services."

"Fine! Fine! my friend," cried Mr. Moody. "You are an answer to prayers. Down in Northfield we've got a new hotel. We need some hotel-keeper's practical advice to get it running right. This summer you come down and show us how."

With his beautiful and hospitality-wise daughter Claire, and some saddle horses from their own stables, Mr. Gregg arrived in the summer of 1890, typically the Englishman with the special English flair for being a good host. He brought along a Mrs. Harwood as housekeeper and, between them, the trio soon warmed up the spare New England atmosphere of the new hotel with touches of Old World amenity and genteel mellowness. Among other touches, they introduced guests to the delights of English breakfast tea. Many soon professed to wonder how they'd ever managed to start their day without it.

(History does repeat itself. In 1953 the present Manager, A. Gordon Moody, son of Ambert, on his return from a trip Down-under, introduced guests to a variety of tea from South Africa called *Rooibos*. Low in caffeine and tannin content, it was quickly appreciated, especially by those inclined to find difficulty in sleeping when they remember that putt they missed, or reflect on the prospect of going through life without breaking 80.)

One day in 1890 Ambert Moody was just going along, quietly minding his own rather diversified business, when Mr. Moody called him down to the house. Without preamble he said, "Now that Mr. Gregg has laid out for us how things should be done at the Hotel, and you have had some opportunity to work with him, I want you to take over."

"But Uncle Dwight," Ambert protested—never really surprised, but often appalled—"I don't know enough yet to run a hotel." Ambert was now part way through realizing his hope of college education; he had just finished his sophomore year at Amherst.

For the three years after Mr. Moody had put him in charge of the farm at Mount Hermon, which was in the Fall of '81, he had been kept working at top energy and speed. Three things had become increasingly clear: there was too much for one man to do; he was seriously over-tired; and he wanted to obtain more education.

Mr. Moody was in England at the time. Ambert wrote all this to him, mentioning also that he would like to go to Amherst Agricultural College.

Always approving of anyone's idea of getting more education, Mr. Moody approved of it in Ambert. But why couldn't he stay on and get his education at Mount Hermon? He would soon find the school more to his liking, undoubtedly, since the very young boys were to be replaced with boys sixteen years old and over.

Ambert stayed on. His "work hour" assignment was to keep the books, as he had been doing for some time. Four years before he could go to Amherst, he had begun sandwiching in college preparatory work, in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. It never occurred to him that, even after he had entered college, Mount Hermon would constantly be on his mind. But that was the way it was. Fortunately Amherst was just a little piece down the valley, so he could get home weekends and satisfy himself in his own mind that things were going as they should.

Mr. Moody now wasted no time over Ambert's protest that he didn't know enough about running a hotel. "Of course you do!" he laughed. Ambert thought, apprehensively, that at least he'd have a couple of weeks in which to pick up pointers from Mr. Gregg. Perhaps reading his mind, Mr. Moody said, "Mr. Gregg's leaving on the two o'clock train this afternoon. So you'd better get right to work." Ambert felt somewhat dazed, but that was the way it turned out.

This turn of events, and especially that summer of hotel history, were to have a marked effect on the life of one Seminary student—Miss Frances Wells. What might be described as a chain of management was unwittingly established, via Ambert Moody, who was to become Miss Wells' husband, and eventually through their son, the present manager, A. Gordon Moody.

Miss Wells had come to the Seminary in 1888, from Illinois. Now,

at the close of her junior year, she was eagerly looking forward to her vacation back home.

At church, the last Sunday before leaving, Mr. Moody stopped her. "I've been observing you, Miss Wells," he said, "and I have some work I want you to do; I'd like you to spend your vacation in Northfield."

"Oh I couldn't do that, Mr. Moody . . ."

"Now hear me out. You know, my education is pretty shaky. I never have time to study as I should to make up for all I missed. I want to draw on many books for illustrations for sermons and talks, but just don't have time to cull them. You are familiar with my way of putting things; you know the kind of illustrations I use. I would just like you to mark things in the books that you haven't heard me use. I can go through the marked places, and it'll save me a lot of time."

"Oh, I realize you'll be sacrificing rest and change from school, and good times too, so I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll do this for me, I'll send you to board at the hotel, give you enough money for your laundry and a little besides. At Conference time, you'll be in a fine position to attend the meetings, which will be well worth your while. Another thing: I wouldn't want you to feel lonely. What companion would you like having with you at the hotel? How about Miss Millicent Palmer?"

Suddenly—not sure that it was pleasing her—she saw her plans dissolving. But she knew she couldn't very well decline. She couldn't help feeling somewhat pleased that, in herself, Mr. Moody saw someone who could really help him. So, putting behind her the anticipation of a long, relaxed summer in Illinois, she and Millicent Palmer moved their belongings from East Hall to the hotel. Shortly Miss Wells found herself busier than she had known it possible for one individual to be.

"I had never registered at a hotel before," Frances Wells Moody was to recall with amusement many years later. "The room clerk at that time was a Mount Hermon student, Henry Bemis. Evidently the experience gave him a liking for hotel work, for he added to it first at Lake Mohonk, then with the Flagler Hotels system in Florida. When Mr. Flagler died, Henry became president of the Flagler Association. He managed the Royal Poinciana till it was torn down, then built The Breakers to replace it on the ocean front. I always like to remember that here at The Northfield Henry received the beginning of his extremely successful hotel training."

For a week or two, reading and marking illustrations for Mr. Moody went on without incident. He was famous for effective use of homely anecdotes. This sort of thing came out of Miss Wells' work:

"I asked a woman the other day if she were a Christian," Mr. Moody recounted in one sermon. "She replied a bit frostily, 'My brother is an Archdeacon of the Church of England.' She didn't say whether one could not be sister to an Archdeacon without oneself being a Christian; or whether the relationship ticketed her through to Heaven with him."

Another time Mr. Moody sharpened a sermon point, saying, "I heard of a man who said the reason he liked to go to a certain church was that the minister never touched on religion or politics."

During the first days of Miss Wells' job, Mr. Moody would bustle in now and again to see how her research was coming along. "Fine! Fine!" he would exclaim enthusiastically, "keep right on." If she had known him as well then as she came to later, she would have sensed that he was already on the lookout for more jobs for her.

One day he hailed her briskly, "Now Miss Wells, I want you to go up and take charge of Betsey Moody Cottage for the duration of the Conference. The people staying there want accommodations as good as the hotel but nearer Stone Hall where the meetings are. There'll be . . ." and he reeled off some impressive names. "So now you just hurry on up there and take things in hand."

"But Mr. Moody," she stammered, "I couldn't possibly . . . I don't know a thing about such work . . ."

"Tut! You're a bright girl!" he cried back over his shoulder. "I'll take full responsibility for things coming out right. The Conference of Christian Workers doesn't open till Friday . . . this is only Monday . . . run along and get the hang of things . . . you've got plenty of time."

"Oh dear," she said inadequately. But he was now almost out of sight.

On the surface, prospects of being ready Friday were less than visible. Ambert's father, Mr. Moody's brother George, was in charge of the Seminary grounds, the farm and all the workmen. Betsey Moody Cottage had barely been completed and George Moody was overseeing the grading around it. The cottage occupied a little rise of land directly across the campus road from the Auditorium. At the moment, to get to the front steps you crossed on narrow boards laid on a surface of brown earth so feathery soft that, if you stepped off the boards, you'd sink in over your ankles. Inside the house carpenters were rushing to finish their work, including the last of the flooring.

Women were getting the woodwork cleaned and windows washed. Everything was pretty much in chaos.

As Miss Wells looked around, wondering where to begin, a young man drove up lickety split in a Concord buggy, jumped out, ran into the cottage, pushed a sheaf of papers at her and rattled out, "Here, as these things are unpacked check 'em off so we'll know everything we ordered is here!" With that he was gone. He had long legs like a flamingo and a look purposeful beyond his likely age. Now and then she had seen him sprinting through the hotel main rooms or around the campus, always on the dead run.

"But it . . ." She could have saved her breath. The young man had leaped into the buggy which was careening around the curve at the foot of the road.

It was a sample of the way things flew in and around Betsey Moody Cottage in the next few days, including George Moody's sowing of a seed cover in the brown dust. The days were mercilessly hot that summer, and the humidity was uncommonly high for Northfield. Thursday evening Miss Wells happened to glance out a front window: all over the front yard the rye seeding had thrust up a thick soft green plush.

It was the same Thursday evening that Mr. Moody came racing in to exclaim anxiously, "I don't suppose you could get dinner here tomorrow night?" Evidently this time he had some doubts about asking.

"Why I . . ." She couldn't, of course. But how did you say *can't* to Mr. Moody?

"The cooks came up today from Boston, several crews of 'em," he explained. "The one for Betsey Moody Cottage was drunk! I sent her packing. Only now, what are we going to do about tomorrow night's dinner?"

Miss Wells knew she had begun developing an immunity. She heard herself say "Well-l-l . . . if the soup and ice cream can be sent over from East Hall I guess probably we can manage meat and vegetables here somehow." If she anticipated any token of relief from Mr. Moody it was not forthcoming; indeed, you'd have thought that he knew when he came in exactly how it would turn out.

With the help of a Mount Hermon boy—Ed Moody, son of C. P. Moody, the village tailor—she managed. The crisis passed with dinner. Mr. Rankin brought a cook over from Mount Hermon—a good home cook, experienced in preparing meals for fifteen or twenty people at a sitting.

By another tactical move, Frances Wells, at the age of nineteen, be-

came acting housekeeper at the hotel in the third week of August. The regular housekeeper, Mrs. Harwood, would be needed back in the winter, so she must have a vacation. Mr. Moody said Miss Wells had the hang of the thing enough to do the job. The year was 1890. By now Mr. Moody's perpetual-motion nephew Ambert was officially manager.

Mr. Moody did not like to see anything go to waste. That was as true of a hotel as it was of cabbages in a field. The hotel season was June to September; it was then closed up until the following June.

One day after the hotel had been closed for several weeks, he dropped in on some errand. His sharp eye picked up little telltale signs. "Look!" he cried out disgustedly, "Mice! Surely there is some better off-season use for this hotel than being handed over to mice."

For some time he had noted more opportunities for the services of trained Christian women than there were workers to fill them. Many willing hearts were being touched of the Lord, with longing to be used of Him. But training was inadequate. Mr. Moody asked himself, why not let the hotel house a between-seasons Bible Training School, where young women could fit themselves to do the work waiting on every hand?

Christian workers who, in addition to love and knowledge of the Bible, had some practical training in domestic work, cooking and dressmaking, would have a special usefulness as well: not only could they take God's word into the homes of the poor, the ignorant, the sick and sorrowing: they could also enter with intelligent and helpful sympathy into the practical needs of daily home life, through loving, humble, sustaining service.

In October of 1890 he set up the Northfield Training School, combining Bible study with systematic instruction and practice in the routine and service of household life. A drawing course was added, to qualify students to make use of the blackboard, illustrating instruction and steps in dressmaking.

Here again the cost to the student of the training was \$100. In the first term there were forty-five in the school, including instructors. Most were of high school age but, due to the scarcity of high schools at that period, few were graduates. In that first term they came from ten states and six denominations. Their average age was twenty-four. Miss Lillie L. Sherman, the Principal, commented, "Though the first interest of nearly all the young ladies is Bible study, those in charge

feel that the Industrial Department should be held in high esteem also; these enthusiastic workers will carry into their Master's service hearts that not only are willing, but trained."

Demand for the trained students was not long in appearing; there were many places into which Christian workers with practical knowledge of domestic work would fit. Many got on-the-job experience by combining with their study intervals of going out to do specific home missionary service in nearby towns and districts. Calls increased for trained workers from the School who would devote themselves to home mission work in rural sections of neighboring states.

Mr. Moody's sense of conservation was served, the mice fled in disgust, and the Northfield Bible Training School continued to fine effect until several years after the evangelist's passing.

During the main hotel season and the period of the Conferences, things became so well organized that soon they were running with uneventful smoothness. It required a little special effort to keep the hotel filled in the between-Conference and post-Conference weeks. Nowadays the problem is different; the question is not how to attract more guests, but how to accommodate all who come, or want to.

In those early days neither the Seminary grounds, the Mount Hermon campus nor the Highland Avenue approach to the hotel rejoiced in today's opulence of grown trees. Yet, as soon as the first cold nights brushed everything with frost, there was a sufficient autumn-foliage splendor to put it into Ambert Moody's head to spread a little propaganda among the nature lovers.

He worked out a little circular, "Ten good reasons why *You* should spend the month of September in Northfield," mailing it in quantity to people at White Mountain and other New England resorts with an eye to catching visitors to those areas either coming or going—both if possible. In almost no time at all there was no longer any September problem at the hotel.

Nowadays, of course, if you wish to be in Northfield at the height of the Autumn arboreal marvel, it is axiomatic that you will make your arrangements with the hotel long weeks ahead. Even people who never had any conscious interest in Mr. Moody or his legacy to the world of education and religion have discovered that his hotel, by now several times added to, is a very comfortable and commodious place indeed, and that whatever week you choose to go there leaves you with the impression of being the region's "best."

Through the hotel's early years the cooking was done by women. This worried at least one trustee. One day he made it his business to buttonhole Ambert Moody, coming from the direction of the kitchen. Bear in mind, those were the full-bodied days when any New England breakfast deserving the name included steak and/or chops, fried or creamed potatoes, at least three kinds of hot breads plus doughnuts and pancakes. If you also happened to fancy a bit of frosted cake—spice or White Mountain—nobody raised an eyebrow.

"You ought," said the trustee, poking Ambert Moody in the middle vest button, "to get rid of those cooks you've got out there. Women don't understand hotel food, and they certainly don't have the hang of cutting a steak or chop right. Whoever cut the steak I had this morning wasn't very well acquainted with anatomy. Take my advice: hire men to cook for this hotel."

"I see what you mean," Mr. Moody replied gravely. "Well, you know we're always looking for suggestions to improve service. I'll see what can be done." He made a tactful escape. It was not, he felt, the moment to disclose that part of his regular morning schedule was the kitchen butcher work, and that it had been he who had cut the trustee's steak.

The Northfield and its adjacent Chateau present so striking, and in some ways unexpected, a companionship that people ask endlessly how it came about. In point of origin in time they are unrelated, yet certain links make their ultimate combination not illogical.

During meetings held in New York in the winter of 1889-90, D. L. Moody met a Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schell. In the light of later events who, exactly, was Mr. Schell?

The Schells were an old established New York-Dutch family. In early life Robert Schell, Sr., had been in the jewelry business. Subsequently he was president of the Bank of the Metropolis. Interested actively in church work, the Schells contributed generously to Mr. Moody's activities. They had one son, Robert. He had graduated from Yale College and prepared for the profession of Law.

When he married, he and his wife were communicants of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and both were interested in Mr. Moody's religious conferences at Northfield.

Mr. Schell asked Mr. Moody, if they were to go up there, would they be able to find a house to live in during the summer. "You just go up and look around," Mr. Moody replied. "See my nephew Am-

bert. You'll find him at the Northfield Hotel, and he'll help you locate a house to your liking."

"Oh, but we wouldn't go up and stay in a hotel," said Mr. Schell.

"Now never mind. Ambert'll turn up a house for you in no time."

They arrived July 5, 1890, and were temporarily given Room 28 in the hotel. Mr. Schell hurried out immediately to form some idea of the locale. The first thing he noticed was that this town was a treasure-house of *views*. Wherever your eye glanced, there was something beautiful to behold.

Now at the time that Mr. Moody had set out the trees, because the hotel looked so lonely, he began saying publicly that he would *give* land to any man who would build a home on it, and he repeated this at every opportunity. The offer was tempting. One man took him up immediately, putting up a house on the corner across from the hotel, calling it The Caldwell Cottage.

Another, wanting to invest some money, built two houses, one due west of the hotel, the other several yards to the north, back along Highland Avenue. Eventually this became The Dickerson Place, where Professor Charles E. Dickerson lived when he was Principal of the Seminary.

The moment Mr. Schell saw the house which stood on the site of the present Chateau, he jumped at it for its view. It mystified him that it had stood unoccupied for a year. "I've seen lovely views all over Europe, but never anything as appealing to me as the view from this house," he said. He arranged on the spot to rent it.

By comparison with their accustomed mode of living, it required the Schells to rough it a bit. The house was certainly lacking in architectural grace too, fairly leaping with gingerbread cupolas, gables, pillars, fussy railings. But what mattered more to the Schells was that from the encircling porches there spread before their eyes a constant wealth of ever-changing, eternal, ineffable beauty, a design of violet hills, pyramiding gently in great sweeps of form and mutation around a serene valley veined with a silvery ribbon of river.

All that summer they revelled in views. In the Autumn Mr. Schell informed Mr. Moody. "I must own this place." Mr. Moody lost no time in seeing that he was accommodated.

Peripheral to the old Holton acres occupied by the hotel were several lots through which a meandering brook ran down toward Main Street. Mr. Schell bought available land and began adding on to the existing house. He wanted a view even farther into the moun-

tains and got the idea of a four-story westerly addition, exchanging his bedroom for one on a higher level. Furniture was moved up from New York. The Schells began putting down personal roots in Northfield in earnest. Little by little he bought up more land, including eight or ten acres from two men named Shepherson and Webster. In his own mind ultimate plans were still nebulous but, with the addition, this frame house already afforded space unheard-of for Northfield houses: forty rooms. Even so, as a dwelling space for these particular people, it was a make-shift.

Though the story well may be apocryphal, a small, ridiculous thing is said to have touched off the next, and decisive step. Suddenly the Schells found themselves and their house dominated by a singularly aggressive army of ants. "Why, look at them! They're defying us to drive them out. Well, they don't know about me . . . I can be obstinate too!"

Mrs. Schell asked indulgently what he was going to do. "Tear down this house and build one they can't get into!" he replied happily.

This was in the waning months of 1899. He summoned the famous architect, Bruce Price who then had to his credit, among other impressive buildings, Mr. George Gould's great house, Biltmore, in Asheville, North Carolina.

The two may not at first have identified it in so many words as such, but they began planning a chateau. It has been said that they pored over books of great houses in the French chateau country, arriving eventually at a reproduction of Le Chateau Chambord, ten miles or so from Blois in the valley of the Loire. This has been argued pro and con practically ever since. In later years Mr. Price's daughter, Mrs. Emily Post, the eminent authority on social modes and manners, was to say positively that Mr. Schell's chateau was no copy of Chambord, giving the good and sufficient reason that her father was no copyist, for Mr. Schell or anyone else.

It is interesting too in this connection that, in a letter to Ambert Moody, Mr. Thomas Harvey of West Hartford, Connecticut, reported a Mr. Rhodes in his office as saying that Mr. Schell's chateau strikingly resembles Chateau Azay-le-Rideau, likewise in the valley of the Loire, and has some resemblance also to the Chateau D'usse. Well, when all is said and done, if anyone were thinking of building a chateau, what would be more plausible than turning to the chateaux of France for basic ideas?

In the first half of the sixteenth century, Chambord took eighteen

hundred men fifteen years to build. It is pointed out that the roof of this French Renaissance masterpiece is "a riot of sculptured chimneys, perforated pinnacles, spires, lanterns, windows, capitals, friezes, sculptures and needles." In a sense, in the framework of Northfield, this would strike many as summarizing Mr. Schell's chateau.

One detail of the construction poses an interesting question to unbelievers in the Chambord influence. Among the largest of the provincial castles, this favorite residence of Francis I is noted for a spiral, or "double revolution" staircase. Constructed in two separate, overlapping, spirals, it enabled a person mounting the stairs to avoid meeting anyone descending. There is exactly such a staircase in the Chateau at Northfield.

Mr. Schell's directive to his architect was anything but dictatorial. It appears that, as a form, the circle afforded Mr. Schell aesthetic pleasure, for it is often to be found in the Chateau's interior. He explained to Mr. Price that he would like a room of such-and-such size here, and of such-and-such width, running east and west. He had seen a double revolution staircase in an English house and may or may not have known that Chambord in France had one.

To serve his constant delight in the view, the main dwelling space was to be set on a three-story masonry base. This would afford a terrace under which, yet completely above ground, a whole floor could be given over to store rooms, kitchen, service rooms and the like. Underneath would be a cellar for the heating plant, and beneath that a mock floor of solid masonry. Let the ants have a go at that!

Wholly satisfied with Mr. Price's architectural standards and training, and not wishing to burden the professional with amateur notions, the Schells left for Europe, not to return until the house was completed.

It was to be a great structure seven stories in height. The so-called "sunken garden" was actually a misnomer. Designed by Mrs. Schell and laid out on the level of the original house, the terrace gave the illusion of being "sunken" only from the perspective above.

Mr. Schell was notified in Europe in 1900 of the death of his father. The four elder Schell brothers had had only two children, Mr. Schell, and his cousin Edward. Edward had died shortly after being married, leaving no children.

In a relatively short space of time, F. Robert Schell inherited not only his father's fortune but the fortunes of three uncles as well. He

cared nothing about the usual expensive hobbies of wealthy men, and remarked once, "The one thing I really want is a truly beautiful house in beautiful countryside. Northfield meets my idea of beauty and I plan to make our home there as beautiful as I know how."

The town was mystified by the size and style of the house. And it was frankly nettled by Mr. Schell's measures for what seemed like regal seclusion. Northfield folks simply did not make a point of shutting themselves off from each other. It was therefore a shock when Mr. Schell explained to Ambert Moody that, to increase the space in front of his house, he would like to close the road widening through his land, then crossing the brook to Main Street. Highland Avenue could be curved to run down the hill to join Main Street, thus serving the town use.

Ambert Moody wanted to be cooperative but the proposal troubled him. "If the town would agree to let you take over the present road," he asked Mr. Schell, "would you be willing to make the town a gift of the cost to you of the change?"

"I'll do more. In appreciation for acceding to my wish, I'll give the town \$5,000."

It would have been absurd for the town to reject the offer, and the \$5,000 was applied to opening up Birnam Road, running roughly parallel to Highland Avenue a quarter mile to the east. Mr. Schell had his privacy and his house was now called Birnam House, named after a village in Perthshire, Scotland, and from a Scottish battle in which warriors carried oak boughs with which to defend themselves. The crest of Mrs. Schell's family bore an oak tree and the inscription, *Sub robore virtus*.

The work of developing this country estate went into high gear. The original tract of eight or ten acres gradually became a hundred and twenty-five. A couple of dwellings, distant from the castle yet on the estate, were moved elsewhere. Mr. Schell received permission to dam up Mill Brook to make a lake, on which he put a gasoline launch to entertain guests. As it turned out, the mason who put in the dam used an unfortunate admixture of sand: when a Spring freshet went on a rampage, it took out the dam.

The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Schell, was rather small to rattle around in a hundred and twenty-five rooms. There were thirty-six bedrooms, twenty-three bathrooms, twenty-two fireplaces, a main hall and reception room which, combined, could seat twenty-five hundred people. And then there was a private chapel in which to hold

church services amid the most correct liturgical fittings.

This chapel gave rise to one of the more vinegar-y legends concerning the Schells, namely that, so little did they care to mingle with worshippers at services in the village church that they maintained a private chaplain just to conduct their worship. It was rather an unjust supposition. True, the private chapel was in regular use; possibly some book about English country houses gave Mr. Schell the idea. It was a perfectly designed chapel in miniature, with an entrance for the family from the house proper, another entrance for friends coming from outside, and places in the gallery for the household staff. The chaplain, however, was only as permanent a fixture as some visiting house-guest-cleric. The Schells were active church people of long standing. When the Conferences were in session speakers there were often invited to come and conduct afternoon prayers in the Schell chapel. Sometimes the rector of the Episcopal Church in Greenfield drove up and led Vespers.

Set over against such inconsequential gossip was the more important fact that Mr. Schell served for some years as a trustee of the Northfield Schools, and contributed liberally to their advancement.

The Schells never strove consciously to be a little island of royalty in a vale of commoners. Their way of living only followed a pattern to which they were conditioned. Mr. Schell was sincerely anxious to be liked in the town. Perhaps he never quite succeeded in communicating a friendly attitude which was inherent. It was probably nothing worse than an inadvertent blunder when he ran a high picket fence completely around his land, having it painted a most trying rust red. It was rumored that eventually a handsome stone wall would replace it, but this did little to smooth ruffled feelings, and anyhow the stone wall was never built. Mr. Schell was not the first "foreigner," i.e., outlander—to miss a curious paradox in New Englanders, especially those in rural settings. They have a strong innate aloofness—and at the same time cannot abide being considered part of the landscape. Whatever gap existed between the family at the great house and the townsfolk was undoubtedly not so much because of anything Mr. Schell did, as to a chance lack in him of any real grasp of the New England make-up. In a sense there was misunderstanding all around, for intrinsically the Schells were simple, unpretentious people.

Actually they did have informal associations with people in the town. Mr. Schell liked a lively atmosphere, had a taste for games and even practical jokes. He was a born party-giver and, having developed

a particular admiration for the Silverthorne sisters, often invited them to bring girls from East Hall—at times as many as sixty—for an evening party. He would arrange the games himself; for example, a competitive race, up the long staircase, around the arcade, down the stairs again *without running*. His conscience about “fixing” a race sometimes became a trifle easygoing, but only in a good cause: he would have pried out of the Silverthornes the name of some student who at the moment needed something special, and then see to it that she won, the prize being a five dollar gold piece.

There were times when Mrs. Schell, too, plunged happily into practical joking. Once, before a dinner for a visiting Bishop, she installed a line of slender rubber tubing, with a small bulb at one end, under the tablecloth, with the bulb under the Bishop’s place-setting, the activating mechanism under the napkin in her own lap. She forebore to set off a catastrophe during the soup course. During the fish course the Bishop’s plate appeared to give an eccentric lurch. Carefully, no one remarked anything strange; after all, one does not make oneself conspicuous by claiming to see things which could not possibly happen.

Steering conversation offhand into new channels, Mrs. Schell repeated the pressure. This time too many people were unable to overlook the evidence of their own eyes, nor did the slight scream of a woman guest help.

Well knowing that even the most successful practical joke can be overdone, Mrs. Schell calmly disclosed her prank. The Bishop lived up to a reputation for liberality, and Mr. Schell saluted a worthy competitor.

The Schells gave much serious thought to the welfare of the region and how they might contribute to it. One day Mr. Schell crossed the river to meet some guests arriving by train, and had the nerve-shattering experience of being caught in his carriage in the middle of the covered railroad bridge by a freight passing overhead. In panic his pair of horses dropped flat to the flooring. Sparks from the engine blew down on Mr. Schell through holes in the roof. Besides being terrified out of his wits he was disgusted, and decided to look into the possibility of a less primitive means of crossing the river. Within a few days he offered to pay for a new vehicular bridge.

The town might have jumped at it, but it is seldom the New England way to jump at anything, especially unexpected gifts from outlanders.

All in good time the subject came up in Town Meeting, was gravely debated. Some folks unable—or not a mind to—forget the implied slight of the high and ugly fence, and the inexplicable castle it enclosed, said stonily, “Bridge we got gits us over th’ river, don’t it? Ain’t no call for a new bridge, be there?”

Less razor-edged minds prevailed. The offer was accepted September 17, 1901; the bridge was finished in 1903. In deference to Mr. Schell’s wish there were no dedicatory exercises. He drew up the wording of two modest tablets, to be placed at either end of the bridge—“an enduring memorial in Northfield to my honored father, Robert Schell . . .”

From all points of view it was a valuable gift. At the time Mr. Schell offered it, the State had condemned the old railroad bridge. It was deemed best for a new bridge to be separate from the railroad, but the limit the state or county could proffer was \$12,000, certainly not sufficient. Deep in the town’s collective heart probably Mr. Schell’s offer came as providential. But if you understand New Englanders you recognize that it doesn’t do to go letting folks think you’ll necessarily accept a gift just because it’s offered. However, people were to be found who openly approved a new bridge with a main span of three hundred and eighty-four feet, twenty-four feet longer than the old bridge. And it was a comfort, knowing that your dratted horses would not just lie down and quit in terror, because a train was roaring overhead.

Until about 1918 the Schells made sustained and happy use of their great house. Architecturally and socially it remained as something of an anachronism in the region. However, this was offset somewhat by its sight-seeing value, even though about all the casual tripper could see over the forbidding fence was the faintly Graustarkian turrets and towers. In its exceptional way it advertised the town almost as much as did the Schools and Conferences, for there was no dearth of people, driving through, to be both startled and fascinated at suddenly glimpsing, in little Northfield, a seeming French castle.

Mr. Schell became incapacitated by arthritis. Temperamentally impatient with medical jargon, he became progressively even more attached to his Northfield view, so much so that at times Mrs. Schell moved him up from New York by ambulance.

He lived inactively for ten years. On December 19, 1928 he died in New York. He wanted to be at the Chateau but, especially at that season to make the long trip from the city by ambulance was difficult.

For some time disposition of the Chateau was a big question mark. In its very nature the property was well-nigh impossible to sell. Mrs. Schell had little heart for occupying it and, though leaving beautiful golden mirrors and tinkling crystal chandeliers, she removed the larger portion of its furnishings.

At length the house was placed on the market. It would have been more than a minor miracle if buyers had materialized. It was a behemoth to heat, and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe would have been put to it to people its vast space.

In 1930, to the mutual satisfaction of all, Mrs. Schell made the house over to the Northfield Hotel at the nominal purchase price of \$34,000 including 125 acres of land, and the rights to the brook. Those involved in the acquisition had thought carefully of what they were doing, and those who cried "White elephant!" did so only briefly.

As part of The Northfield Hotel, how is it utilized?

Early in phase one it became the pioneer station of the Youth Hostel organization. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt participated in the dedicatory opening, when the reaches of the spacious basement floor were assigned for use by the youthful travelers. Later the Youth Hostel was to transfer activities to the historic Swan house, in the lower town.

It is interesting that the Chateau should be historically linked with the vast preparatory work of the new Revised version of the Bible. During the summers of eight years Dean Luther Weigle of the Yale Divinity School directed there the task force of Bible authorities.

Biennially the Northfield Garden Club stages its show on the original sunken garden site. Each Spring, Seniors of both schools have their final party at the Chateau.

Over and above these independent uses, Northfield long has been a favored place for conventions and annual meetings, and the Chateau makes a convenient and picturesque place for sessions, away from the everyday bustle of the hotel proper. Also, before it was hotel property, very often the village had to be combed to find accommodations for an overflow of hotel guests. It cost money, and was not always easy to obtain rooms of uniform quality, so the Chateau augments the hotel capacity. Experience shows that many guests take to the idea of being housed in the legendary atmosphere of the surroundings. Besides the novelty of a Chateau room there is possible a tour of the property. A small fee is charged, with a special rate for large parties. And throughout the regular season it is possible to wind up your tour with tea in the former "state" dining room.

After the freshet carried out the dam, the Hotel obtained permission to block the brook at another point for a swimming pool. The time came, however, when something rather more up-to-date in the way of a pool seemed indicated.

The site selected by Gordon Moody and his construction advisors loosed a fine target. Some cluck-clucked that Northfield was "going Hollywood." A covey of tree-worshippers prepared to do battle should anyone show up with an axe near certain trees. One man stamped into Gordon Moody's office and roared, "I'll give you one hundred dollars *not to build a pool.*" Words flew around the cracker barrel. The site was too near the hotel . . . It was too far from the hotel . . . What about golfers hitting swimmers in the head with bad drives? . . . "Why, it'll mean wimmin running around in bathing suits. Bikinis, maybe! . . . Awful! Can't somebody *do something?*"

In a certain imperturbability, a tendency to survey what needs doing and then keeping his mouth shut while doing it, Gordon Moody is something of a throw-back to his grandfather George Moody. On the basis of the consultations with experts, he estimated that the pool would cost \$30,000. To be on the safe side he asked for \$34,000. The trustees gave him \$35,000, not as leeway for waste, but on the sane "for want of a nail, the shoe was lost" theory, well knowing from past experience that he wouldn't spend a dime more than properly called for.

The pool was, as they say in Hollywood, "brought in" for \$34,498.28, a not unreasonable splitting of the difference between \$30,000 and \$35,000.

Set in an oval hollow overlooked by the hotel main entrance, the depth of the thirty by sixty foot pool ranges from three to eight and a half feet. Its aquamarine lining competes on equal terms with the morning sun; the water is completely filtered every eight hours. The diving board is fiberglass and a bathhouse borders the gray asphalt deck surrounding the pool. Comfortable poolside furniture makes possible the snack-lunch. The pool itself was constructed by the Tower Ironworks of Providence, R.I., the whole project planned and landscaped by Messrs. Stanley Underhill and Walter Campbell of Boston.

Are there any holdovers, reminding guests that the hotel goes back to 1888? Certainly the atmosphere, the quality of comfort and service, change little, for the good reason that the brand of hospitality including the food, was well conceived from the beginning. There is a personal thread which has importance as well as interest. In the pres-

ent manager, Gordon Moody, there is a direct line from 1890; 1888 really, through Ambert Moody. It would be hard to pick out anything about the operation of the hotel which Ambert's son Gordon did not absorb when he was growing up, living in the big white house at the opposite end of Highland Avenue, but being in and out of the hotel a score of times a day.

One cannot say that the years have improved the view; they have somewhat changed its contours, but it is so beautiful now because it was so beautiful from the beginning. Forestation has made the design of it somewhat more intricate. Certainly the immediate hotel grounds long since lost that lonely look which worried Mr. Moody into planting trees. Lastly, relatively few hotels in the country are set in the very midst of a truly beautiful, velvety golf course. This one was originally laid out by A. H. Findlay, and subsequently rebuilt under direction of Eugene F. Wogan, pupil of Donald Ross, a fact which is all any experienced golfer will need to know.

It would be impossible to count the number of young men and women who earned at least part of their way through the Schools by working at the hotel, often going on to exceptional distinction. For a number of summers, continuing after he left Mount Hermon and did his graduate work, a son of an aristocratic Chinese family worked in the kitchen. In his own country it would have been counted coolie work; if he had chosen to do so, he could at least have limited his labor to work hour. But Fred Pallam, the perceptive man who guided so many boys and girls to a creative understanding of the meaning of work, in itself and to themselves, helped this boy to grasp that his work had dignity.

A number of people took a particular interest in the young Chinese. One day a hotel guest inquired particularly for him. "Oh he happens to be off today," he was told; "he's down at Cambridge, getting his degree at Harvard. But he'll be back tomorrow."

This was in the early '20s. The young Chinese went on to become Dean of Yenching College. He was captured by the Japanese during the war and died in prison.

Let it not be thought that this idyllic oasis never turns up a grumbler. For example, there was that matter of the guest and the tree toads.

After a stay of a night or two a guest sought out the manager. ("I'm a believer in going straight to the top, son.")

"Those confounded tree toads!" he announced peevishly. "I can't

get a wink of sleep. What're you going to do about it?" In the human race there are some people who can take the music of tree toads, and some who cannot.

Now a sensible hotel manager does not go making rash promises where Nature is involved. This one promised to "see what can be done."

Responsibly, around bedtime he went out to gauge the problem. Something told him to take along a golf stick. He traced the source of the racket—or music, according to your viewpoint—down to the little pond in the triangle between the Dickerson house, Highland Avenue and the hotel. He listened for a few minutes. It struck him at random that any symphony society in the land would give a year's subsidy if its concert hall had the acoustical setting of that pond. However, to business.

Picking up a couple of the disturbers in the beam of his flashlight, he tapped with reproving expertness on their skulls with the golf stick; a broad reminder, say, of the Preacher's words, in the *Book of Ecclesiastes*, ". . . to every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak . . ."

Zoologists would have to say whether group spirit is as highly developed among tree toads as, say, among ants, and bees. In any case, by the time a half dozen of the offenders had with firmness been induced to cease and desist, the rest seemed to get the idea and were not heard again that night.

At the Northfield it is traditionally taken for granted that guests are interested in results, not explanations. The silencing of the over-vocal tree toad colony was never explained to the guest. All that mattered was that, very likely awed by the service, he departed in a good mood and prepared so to testify to whomever it might concern.

When Dwight Moody built the hotel, he intended it to last. Today its size is approximately five times what it was upon opening June 2, 1888. Like its related institutions it moves with the times. Yet, interestingly enough, it is not strikingly changed. Having been carefully planned in the beginning to meet certain needs of space, simple comfort and hospitable service, to a considerable degree people are drawn to it still by reasons which drew people when it was new. Nobody belabors the "old fashioned" brand of innkeeping. Inevitably, more guest rooms have private baths and room telephones. There are radio

and television in the public rooms and with very good reception too, thanks to the huge transmitter tower of nearby Channel 32. Committed without prejudice to the common-sense attitude that every living thing must change, certainly D. L. Moody would, with interest but without resentment, have watched its winking ruby lights punctuate the night, nudging the quiet pastoral reaches to notice the age of electronics.

Whereas the early hotel days saw occasional impromptu charades, nowadays guests can and do huddle over the king-size jigsaw puzzles and scrabble sets spread out in the sunparlor but, on the whole, the atmosphere of the hotel remains pretty much the same, for the logical reason that there is no good reason for it to change. The fires in the fireplaces give off the same pungent spiciness for the fireplace logs still come from the same woods and descendants of the same trees, and the apples in the great wooden bowls from the same orchards. If it happens to be your first visit, anyone will gladly point out to you, on the northerly edge of the golf course at a point overlooking the ninth green, the three trees set out by Dwight Moody's own hand.

In view of his straightforward prejudice in favor of good food—part of his overall formula for the hotel—it would please him that, sixty-five years after the opening of the hotel, the *Ford Times*, that pocket magazine published by the Ford Motor Company for people who tour the country (preferably of course by Ford car), should have published a painting of the Northfield Hotel and printed one of its early popular recipes, the one for old-fashioned steamed suet pudding.

This would please Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moody no less. Certainly the hotel cookery was only one among the multiple facets of their devoted service to the whole Northfield mosaic, but part of their joint talent was the enthusiasm and capacity to attend to a great number of needs without slighting any.

It is not recorded that, when Ambert Moody and Frances Wells were married in June of 1894, D. L. Moody chuckled, rubbed his hands and jubilantly announced, "I told you so." However, having observed them both closely over a period of time, it was probably no surprise to him.

At the time Miss Wells entered Northfield Seminary, in 1888, due to the close consultative association between Mr. Durant and Mr. Moody, an almost over-the-back-fence neighborliness existed between Northfield Seminary, Mount Hermon and Wellesley College. Hear-

ing about Wellesley, through Miss Harriet Ford, Miss Fanny Holton and others, it was inevitable that a girl with as learning and active a mind as hers would want to go there to add to her experience of education, and this she did, the year following her graduation from the Seminary, spending the winter of 1891-92 at the college. In this year of 1892, Ambert Moody graduated from Amherst.

To Miss Wells' dismay, an emerging difficulty with her eyes prevented her return to college in the Fall. Instead she went back to Illinois, teaching school in Dover for the next two years.

In answer to the question (on her application form to enter the Seminary), "Has she found an object in life?" Frances Wells wrote, "She wishes to do and get all the good she can." If for no other known reason it might have been prophesied that she and Ambert Moody would join their lives, as they did in 1894, for the answer he would characteristically have given to a like question could hardly have been but the same.

There are a hundred signs of what Northfield and its institutions meant to each of them, for each loved it all enough to pledge themselves to hard and continuous work for it. Whatever Ambert Moody had thought intermittently about going into business life outside of Northfield was destined to revision; by the time he graduated from college his roots were down too far. In 1889 he had been elected to the Mount Hermon Board of Trustees. In 1894 he became a trustee of the Seminary, to which he had driven the first students from the railroad station in a wild snowstorm and whose first furnaces he had tended.

What was it about Ambert and Frances Moody that caused them to fit so naturally and felicitously into the evolving pattern of the Northfield institutions? In some ways they were the very essence of everyday people. Perhaps it was the fact that they were blessed with the talent to be so much more, without disturbing or distorting the image of everyday-ness, that made them so ideal for the roles they accepted. When Ambert Moody invited this young woman from Illinois to share with him the unfolding life of the Schools and the growth of the town and the local Trinitarian Church* it was an invitation to become a greater part of something of which she was a part already. Some years ago a Northfield friend wrote, at the time of Ambert

* Remarks by the Rev. Joseph W. Reeves, at the memorial service for Frances Wells Moody, Nov. 5, 1952.

Moody's death in November, 1945, "Few indeed are the couples I have known whose lives have stood so beautifully, solidly and uprightly in any community. Few are those who have lived many long years with so much useful enthusiasm. Rarer still are those who have appreciated the values in both the old and new, and served so effectively to bridge the gap between the old and the new, blending together, in a creative way, forces that might otherwise have missed the contribution each had to give the other. The two lives have long stood as an undeniable testimony of the richness and validity of Christian love, and faith that makes that love so rich."

What more need be said of a man than that "he loved and worked for his school, and church, and town." Such a life can cause it to be said when there is news of his going, as it was said by more than one, "What! You mean our *friend*?"

In the mysterious rightness of such things, both slipped away quietly and quickly in the early autumn, after they had enjoyed again the spreading color and glory of the beloved Connecticut Valley and its bordering hills. Both would have said, if they had been the kind to think of dying instead of living, "Shed no tears at our going, the habitation of clay must return to the earth. It is the spirit that is important; that came from God and will be His forever. Soon or late, the physical fails. The spirit is eternal."

X

*Heaven is not reached at a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise*

WEEKLY debates were encouraged at Mount Hermon, to ground boys in civic-minded attitudes. For one early debate the chosen topic was the Prohibition Party, so-called. This minor but vocal political group had come into being in 1869, following the first concerted movement two years earlier for a separate party to campaign as a spearhead of legislated prohibition of the manufacture, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages. Indifferent showings had been made in 1872, 1876 and 1880 by its presidential candidates. But John F. St. John was making a determined and intelligent stand now. Having been Governor of Kansas, he had effectively supported a prohibitionist amendment to the State constitution. In turn, this was a springboard to becoming Prohibition candidate for the Presidency. He didn't win, but he rolled up a popular vote of 150,626, paving the way for Clinton B. Fish to boost it four years later to 250,000, a development which scared liquor interests out of their wits.

The debate by the Mount Hermon boys was designed to show political sentiment in the school as to the Republican vs. Prohibition par-

* Josiah Gilbert Holland's *Gradatin*.

ties. The Republican "Old Guard" had struggled mightily but failed of getting a third nomination for General Grant. As a party only about thirty years old, the Republicans were trumpeting that all Democrats were Copperheads, and that the Union could only be saved by the Republicans. The air was therefore filled with brickbats of assorted sizes and importance, a condition made to order for debate by alert boys of eager intelligence and high spirits, plus varying degrees of conditioning conviction.

Ninety votes were cast after the debate. The Republicans squeaked through but by a majority requiring 20/20 vision in ballot tellers.

In this Mount Hermon period, May 20, 1885 was a great day in school history. The sorely needed Recitation Hall was dedicated. Dr. Theodore Cuyler delivered an address on Character which caused even the talented wool-gatherers among the boys to sit up and pay attention. Dr. Cuyler was evidently considerable of a psychologist. Abraham Lincoln being a Mount Hermon special idol—for the reason that Mr. Moody kept him constantly before the students, drawing on the character and life of the Great Emancipator to drive home points—Dr. Cuyler too peppered his address with Lincoln incidents and sayings. Indeed the address was so good that the boys would have listened an hour longer than he kept them.

The Recitation Hall was another building "sung up" by hymn book royalties. It cost \$31,211.21, took about eight years to complete, and would be the home of all but the science classes. Aside from the obvious advantage of providing more room for students to turn around in, new buildings were evidence of stabilizing growth. What had been unmarked reaches of land near both schools began to take on the look of campuses. Students, beginning to view their schools as something here to stay, could have a sense of being part of a living organism.

For example, besides marking the opening to guests of the new hotel, June 2, 1888 had seen the dedication of Talcott Library at the Seminary, with a nucleus of thousands of books. The donor, James Talcott, had been interested in Mr. Moody since the early sixties. Before Mr. Talcott had any considerable means of his own, Mr. John Wanamaker interested him in giving \$100 to Dwight Moody's Chicago Sunday School work.

There was a certain intangible appropriateness in the fact that this same week, in early June, the striking mechanism of the Stone Hall tower clock was heard for the first time, paid for with \$1,000 given

by the Senior Class, plus a gift from Mrs. Farmer Hall in England.

Also, this week, the cornerstone was laid for the new Congregational Church, just down the hill from the hotel. This was to become more than just an additional church in the village; for many years it would link closely with student life in the Schools.

As the campus aspect emerged at the Seminary, a road was laid out, connecting the various houses. George Moody, that staunch, quiet, wiry man, worked the clock around, grading space between buildings, overseeing work with a craftsman's exacting eye.

For Seminary students there came in its eighth year a most personal, wrenching experience. Miss Fannie Holton visibly had been ailing in health for some time. In those days the word "consumption" was spoken only in a whisper if at all. But it was heard now, because if only Miss Fannie could go west, to some place where the climate was dry . . .

By mid-October she was in Santa Barbara. From there she went down to Pasadena. But the malady had gone too far and just after the middle of February, she died. When she was brought back to Northfield, students at both schools went around with saddened expressions, for Miss Fannie had been an important vein in the lifeline.

The sermon at the big funeral in Stone Hall was preached by the Reverend Franklin S. Hatch, the minister who had been supplying the pulpit of the Congregational Church. Yet in a sense the talk by Mr. Moody was the more important of the two. Besides the fact that Miss Fannie was his first cousin, from the beginning of the idea for the schools, quietly, modestly, effectively, she had been part of it. Mr. Moody had relied on her clear judgment and advice. In a variety of ways, therefore, her passing represented a very real and poignant loss for him.

The Schools were not by any means all work and no play. This evangelist who stirred lavish respect and admiration in enormous numbers of people was also essentially forever young in heart. The mere sight of him, approaching along a road, was enough to let students know that a flurry of fun and laughter was at hand. Doubtless partly for the reason that there had not always been in his boyhood all the time for play that could be wished for, he understood the particular need of the young for interludes of kicking up their heels. He had a positive talent for initiating games and could see no reason, for example, why boys and girls shouldn't top off a "sugaring-off" party at

Mount Hermon with a corn-cob fight in the barn, with himself as referee.

Constantly he urged his boys to exercise in the open air. Occasional wry grumbling was heard. "As if I didn't get enough exercise in the open air—pulling rocks out of a field" (or weeding onions, or chopping down trees, or building roads). But resistance was neither very great nor long lasting. He took great personal interest in physical examinations and individual counsel given incoming boys by the school doctor, and was never too rushed to join in on the spur of the moment in a scrub game of baseball (which the Manchester boys persisted in calling "rounders"), or that Yankee standby, Duck-on-the-rock.

The sports of the Seminary girls tended to remain of the "lawn" variety, with one exception. When it came to hikes, in which Mr. Moody joined whenever he could, any student could testify that there was no room for weaklings: Mr. Moody's conception of a hike was Spartan.

Many school milestones mark not only events but tradition in *esprit de corps*.

One January night, Bonar Hall caught fire and burned. Before the fire, in the morning of that day, no one around the Seminary would have questioned that not even a small mouse could find a large enough crevice for sleeping, so full-up was all dormitory space. But then night came . . .

During the evening someone—perhaps unexpectedly called away—set down a lighted kerosene lamp, as it happened directly underneath a bookshelf. The shelf smouldered, then began to burn. Fire bored into the wall, through lath and plaster. By the time it was discovered it was spreading out of control.

Miss Mary A. Cutler, a Seminary graduate and matron of Bonar, marshalled her girls out of the house without panic or injuries, each girl carrying such odds and ends of personal belongings as could be snatched on the run. The night was more than freezing cold. A Marquand girl, drawing a windowshade by chance, noticed a huge and terrible red blossoming in the darkness, an ominous lick of flame scribbling across the blackboard of the sky. In minutes every Marquand girl had vacated her warm bed, smoothed the sheets, plumped up the pillow, hunted up an extra blanket, and, while homeless and shaken Bonar girls tried to get back their equanimity in gladly-volunteered regular beds, prepared to bunk down on the attic floor or

on a mock bed of superannuated chairs pulled together. There was negligible fire-fighting equipment, so little could be done about Bonar but to let it burn, and concentrate on making sleep possible for the "refugees." In a way it was Penny Alley all over again. Marquand creaked and bulged with the overcrowding, but self-denial and generous sympathy were on hand too, to ease fear and inconvenience. The common experience made many new bonds. Relationships gained new meaning and vitality. All manner of deeper understanding dated from the Bonar fire.

For another milestone—this one from the other side of the river—those who think of school military training in terms of the comparatively modern ROTC might be surprised to know that the Mount Hermon Military Company received its first uniforms on Decoration Day in the latter eighties. Formed one early Spring by one of the students of mature age, Charles M. Vining, the Corps appeared in grand Memorial—or Decoration—Day parade over in Northfield, afterward being entertained at supper on Mr. Moody's lawn, in keeping with his flair for seizing on any excuse to hold a jubilation, *with* collation. The excuse this time was The Corps and its new uniforms.

It was a milestone, too, when the Mount Hermon Y.M.C.A. was organized, at the beginning of 1886, by C. K. Ober, one of the secretaries of the College Y.M.C.A. There were thirty-seven charter members. Now in his senior years, and also acting as head farmer, Ambert Moody was elected first president.

In consequence of his own Y.M.C.A. experiences in Chicago, it was inevitable that Dwight Moody should feel exceptionally close to this particular activity, which was to become the center of Mount Hermon spiritual and religious life.

Six months after its founding, the group had its first opportunity to function within the larger framework of the first Y.M.C.A. Collegiate convention which, in turn, was to develop into the Student Conference at Northfield. This convention opened an epoch both in Y.M.C.A. history and American intercollegiate life. It came about in this way.

Mr. L. D. Wishard, first college secretary of the Y.M.C.A. had attended several of the early Northfield Convocations. Too, summer schools were taking shape around the country; schools in history, languages, and philosophy were attracting a considerable following among college students. "Mr. Moody," said Mr. Wishard, "I believe Northfield or Mount Hermon would be ideal for a summer school for Bible study designed particularly for college students."

"Wishard, you're absolutely right!" cried Mr. Moody. "Let's get at it right away!"

Two hundred and twenty-five college Christian Associations in the United States were invited to send one delegate apiece to a three-week gathering at Mount Hermon in July. As colleges reported that they had no delegates to send, the quota for other delegations was increased. Board and room were furnished for \$4.50 a week. The new dormitory, Crossley, and the new dining hall, now Camp, could take care of all housing and feeding needs.

Two hundred and fifty student delegates, from ninety institutions, were joined by a group of college professors, ministers and Y.M.C.A. secretaries. In the range of sermons, study groups, symposia and exhibits the responsibility of every Christian college student "to adorn the doctrine of Christ and win others to the Master" was eloquently brought home.

While the precise purpose of this conference was Bible study rather than foreign missions *per se*, toward the middle of the period—considerably through the speaking of the Reverend William D. Ashmore, thirty-six years a missionary in China—"the conditions, claims and prospects of foreign missions became a matter of important attention." Dr. Ashmore could make the subject come alive, for everything he said came out of personal experience.

In the way that events often seem to have been divinely directed, at a special meeting of all delegates Dr. A. T. Pierson gave an electrifying address on the theme, "All shall go, and go to all." An evangelistic colleague of Mr. Moody, Dr. Pierson was so dynamic a preacher that he had been described, in all kindness, as "a Bible gymnast."

Dr. Pierson drew on military tactics for three rules of strategy for the mission field:

Strike at the center.

Guard the outposts.

Maintain the communication line between center and outposts.

Missionary fervor became intense and contagious. During the remaining Conference days the number of those "willing and desirous (D.V.) to become foreign missionaries" soared from twenty-one to one hundred.

On the last day of the Conference* it was "decided to communicate the missionary spirit, so marvelously shown at Mount Hermon, to col-

* *Shorter Life of D. L. Moody*, by Paul D. Moody and Arthur Percy Fitt. Published, Chicago, Illinois, 1900, by the Bible Institute Colportage Association.

lege students throughout the country, by sending out a deputation to visit colleges . . . A permanent organization was soon found desirable in order to promote unity and wider activity. It was decided to put the movement on a definite, permanent basis. A few months later, organization was effected, under the name of 'The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions,' having for its watchword 'the evangelization of the world in this generation.' "

Thus, less than a decade after its inception, Mr. Moody's idea for more adequate education for deserving young people of limited means put forth another of many hardy blooms. The precise birthplace of the Student Volunteer Movement was the third floor of the Mount Hermon Recitation Hall. Upon its organization the Student Volunteer Movement became the missionary wing of the student Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, thereafter to occupy an important place in the Northfield Student Summer Conference program.

A student at Cornell, John Raleigh Mott, attended the decisive Conference. Mr. Moody exerted a powerful influence on his mind and thinking. "He brought religion out of the clouds for us college men," Dr. Mott recalled later, "making it a present-day and everyday personal and practical relationship and experience. No college man who ever heard his incisive comments on the Ten Commandments, his pointed applications of them to modern life, could ever forget them. They cut like a mighty plowshare through the sins of college life and society . . . He won men by his kindness as well as persuaded them by the truth. I shall never forget his overflowing sympathy and kindness during one of the early conferences, when a member of my own college delegation was drowned in the Connecticut . . ."

Like Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott was to translate his deep personal experience as a college undergraduate attending the Northfield Conference into lifelong action in behalf of *Christian* action. Countless times, after spearheading organization of Y.M.C.A. branches in foreign lands, he traveled around the world, assisting, inspiring, leading.

Building at both schools entered upon a period of being exciting but no longer extraordinary. At the Seminary, Maple and Hillside Cottages, costing about \$6,000 apiece, accommodated fourteen and twenty-five pupils respectively. True to Mr. Moody's wish for maximum use, Maple received Conference people.

And so facilities expanded. As the years had brought the Seminary

from the inconceivable crowding of Penny Alley to a capacity in just Weston Hall, for example, of forty-five students, Mount Hermon had grown apace also, from its beginnings in North Purple farmhouse to the very adequate Crossley Hall—just one of many. Frank Crossley, in England, had given generously to the School; together Crossley—named for Mr. Crossley's little son—and the Dining Hall had cost \$119,768. In turn these gifts suggested to Mr. Benjamin Silliman, a trustee, that the teaching of the sciences would be better for a separate building. So he presented the School with the building that is now Silliman Hall.

An incident that went into the archives was the famed Blizzard of '88. It plucked emphatically at the region surrounding Northfield and Mount Hermon, putting them in the same predicament which enveloped most of the eastern United States. From Monday to Thursday there was no school. By Wednesday men had begun digging out buildings, at the Seminary first of all shrewdly opening up the way to Stone Hall, so classes might resume. By Thursday the novelty of being snowbound had worn thin. Meat had given out. A boring diet of "fish balls and warmed-up messes" made it a relief for the boys and girls to leave their dormitories, even if it meant attending recitations.

That Fall the Seminary was able to accept two hundred fifty-two boarding students, with eighteen teachers. There were sixteen day scholars from Northfield. Six more came from outside and boarded in the town; they could still enjoy the opportunity of attending school, even though the campus did not have full facilities for them.

If possible, Mr. Moody always arranged to be in Northfield when a new term opened. One reason was that his heart was very much with those boys and girls who were inclined to be homesick. He didn't frown on homesickness. "If a boy or girl has a good home and isn't upset to leave it, I'm sorry for him," he said. When there was homesickness, he wanted to do something to relieve it. At the Seminary, for example, he well might announce after morning prayers, "Every homesick girl, those who want to be homesick, and indeed even those who don't happen to be homesick, have my hearty permission for an afternoon walk up to Lovers' Retreat." When he could, he went along. Mr. Fitt was to write, "So cheery and fatherly were the talks, so genial and frank the companion, that it didn't (usually) turn out, after all, to be an occasion for homesickness."

Apple season wasn't just a time when fruit became ripe on the trees. It was the time when no student dreamed of declining Mr. Moody's

urging to find the biggest basket possible and fill it in his orchard with fruit to be taken back and enjoyed at leisure in dormitory rooms. It was the time when all students enjoyed pitching in to help fill big sacks to be dispatched by Mr. Moody to areas devoid of apple trees, and to poorer sections of Boston and New York where the apples could be distributed among poor families.

After apple season came the grapes. When the early grapes were gone by, Mr. Moody was pleased to lead his young friends to the watermelons. It was his idea that, to grow up properly, young people should know the peculiar joy of eating watermelons straight off the vine.

Learn to live, and live to learn

IN A SENSE, Henry Cutler had a very real kinship with the type of boy for whom Mount Hermon was designed. Almost from childhood he had set his sights on a college education. It had been attained, but not without interruption, and only with the hardest application and work.

Now at Mount Hermon he was teaching Mathematics and Latin. His first day of teaching went "as well as could be expected" but he went to bed that night filled with misgivings about his inadequacies in handling Arithmetic, even though he had studied half the night before. He felt a bit safer with Latin yet was not at all satisfied.

Mr. Sawyer, sensing a willing and able teacher, piled work on him. And Mr. Cutler began enjoying himself hugely. The boys took to him and that meant a lot. He ran head-on into disciplinary matters and got a reputation among the boys for "standing up for them." This irked certain fellow teachers but yielded scholastic dividends. Even a boy who hated Latin and Arithmetic would put his back into them more in order not to disappoint "Old Prof."

A few days before the Christmas holidays one year, Mr. Sawyer said he was going on vacation, and he asked Mr. Cutler to substitute for

* From Bayard Taylor's *To My Daughter*, Stanza I.

him. This was a crushing disappointment for Henry Cutler. He had planned during the holidays to consolidate small, perhaps imaginary, gains with the beautiful teacher, Miss Harriet Ford. But there was no way to say no to Mr. Sawyer.

There is always the adage, "No great loss without some gain." In the next Spring vacation Henry Cutler was able to follow in Miss Ford's wake to Boston and there meet her sister and brother-in-law, the Gamaliel Bradfords. Seemingly they were not averse to his attentions to Miss Ford if he were serious.

That Spring became a very full one. His appointment at Mount Hermon had been for one year. He then planned to take a year for study in Europe. He also became engaged to Miss Ford.

He returned from Germany to teach languages at the West Chester Normal School in Pennsylvania "at a salary of \$800 and home," meaning board, washing, heated and furnished room, and light.

An intention was developing at Mount Hermon to replace Mr. Sawyer. When the students got wind of it they protested vigorously, asking Mr. Moody to keep him on. Mr. Moody would not. He wrote Henry Cutler, forcefully asking him to take the position temporarily as head of the school; in time a permanent appointee would be found.

Again rather a lot happened in a short space of time in the affairs of Henry Cutler. He accepted Mr. Moody's proposal and, within three weeks of receiving it, married Miss Ford at the Bradfords' home. Like any proper Yankees they went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon, not omitting to have a tintype taken with the Falls for the background.

Mr. Cutler succeeded himself and became the Principal of Mount Hermon, as a permanent appointee, in 1890.

In one matter, Mount Hermon students did not go along wholeheartedly with Mr. Moody. Possibly the incident stemmed from his consuming hope that, each in his or her own sphere and method, would become evangelists. Will Moody was later to shed light on this point, writing, "Not that he would seek to have everyone enter public evangelistic service like himself; but, whether in professional or business life, or in the humble duties of home life, he believed the great objective of life itself was to make known the abounding grace and love of God to mankind."*

Evidently occasional Mount Hermon athletic contests with teams

* From *The Life of Dwight L. Moody*, by his son William R. Moody. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1900.

from other schools were a source of mounting anxiety to Mr. Moody. For one thing, most games required special equipment, and there was no money to spare for them. Too, was there not a danger of moral contamination, perhaps even corruption, if Mount Hermon students were thrown even briefly with boys from schools having little or no religious atmosphere and purpose? All in all, he felt that such contests could only turn his students aside from the main objectives. Therefore he announced in 1897 that henceforth Mount Hermon boys would no longer participate in interscholastic sports.

It stunned the boys, not only because they had relished their games but because of the opportunities these sports gave them to meet other boys.

It is interesting that the modification of the edict came during one of Mr. Moody's encounters with students as he drove along the road. He came to a field where some boys were hoeing, and stopped to talk. Who brought up the subject we don't know today, but soon there was talk of athletics. Sensing dissatisfaction, with his usual sense of fairness Mr. Moody urged them to speak their minds. One or two said flatly that they couldn't understand his reasoning. A few said resignedly that of course he had a right to make rules as he saw fit in his own school.

Mr. Moody listened gravely. Turning to get back in his carriage, he seemed lost in thought for a moment, looking at the ground. Finally, drawing a long sigh, he looked up and remarked, "Boys, it was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do." One observer saw tears in his eyes.

The rule resulted in establishment of an intramural program. Each dormitory group supplied its teams and student coaches, administering its own athletic program. It was to be some time before interscholastic sports were restored at Mount Hermon. Interestingly enough, it would be W. R. Moody who took the initiative in the restoration.

Friends of Mr. Moody on both sides of the Atlantic wanted to mark his sixtieth birthday with a tribute in some form which he could not decline—something he would most certainly do if the tribute were a personal one. They conferred with Henry M. Moore, with the result that a subscription was raised to erect a chapel for Mount Hermon. Fending off any appearance of his name, he approved a bronze tablet noting that the chapel was given "By friends in England and America to the glory of God."

The school enrollment was now three hundred. Architects' bids and



Mr. and Mrs. Ambert G. Moody on their 50th wedding anniversary.



The Northfield Hotel.

plans were competitively invited for a chapel to seat five hundred. "What?" cried Mr. Moody. "Allow only two hundred seats for growth? Oh no! A larger chapel is needed." He had other ideas. For instance, in some buildings pillars might be all very well, but not in this chapel, in this school. "No man wants to speak down an empty space. You want your hearers straight in front of you," he pointed out.

What hidden hand takes hold of events, infusing them with imperishable meaning?

In November, 1899, Mr. Moody had engagements in Kansas City. His last talk to Mount Hermon students was there in the chapel, on Temptation Hill. (It is said that the name, Temptation Hill, had been given as a slight nudge, so that perhaps somebody would feel tempted to give money for a chapel on this ideal site. Though the chapel evolved as a collective, rather than an individual, gift, the name clung.)

That day Mr. Moody's theme was "Excuses," taking a text from *Luke XIV*. At the close he gave out the hymn, all unknowing that it would be the last hymn he ever gave out at Mount Hermon.

The hymn? "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

Six weeks later Dwight L. Moody passed to his heavenly home. He had long warned his friends that when the word went out that he was dead, they should believe no such thing. "At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now . . ."

In the closing days of his life his mind worked patiently over his beloved institutions. When his hand fell away, who would pick them up, carry them along?

"Paul will take over at the Seminary," Mr. Moody specified, "as soon as he's through college, as soon as he's a little more experienced. Miss Hall and Cutler will support both Paul and Will devotedly. Fitt will see to things at the Bible Institute, in Chicago. Ambert will be right here to help everybody with the business side . . ." Mr. Moody had brought over the Irish-born Fitt in 1893, at the time of the Columbian Exposition, to serve as his secretary.

If Dwight Moody was loath to leave his earthly existence, it was not on his own account, but because of those he would leave behind. "This is terrible for you, Mama," he said several times to his beloved wife during the last days. "You've been a good wife . . . it's too bad to distress you so . . ." When his old friend and physician, Dr. Norman P. Wood, wanted to administer sustaining injections, the patient sighed, "I don't know about your doing this . . . it will only prolong the family's agony . . ." Out of their enormous affection, the grief of onrushing parting, they could not but long to hold him back. "Don't

feel I'm throwing away my life," he said reassuringly, soothing their dismay at his resistance to injections; "I'll stay as long as God wants me to. When my time comes, I'll be ready . . ."

On the morning of his uncle's translation, Ambert Moody was to have gone down to Hartford to sign the contract for a large new addition at the westerly end of the hotel main building. He decided not to be away.

And then, three days before Christmas, Mr. Moody had his "Coronation day." Few people spoke mournfully. Dr. A. T. Pierson said, "If education is what sets a person free to use to the utmost all the powers he or she possesses, then Mr. Moody was the best educator of his generation."

The day of the services was beautifully sunny. Into town streamed friends of the evangelist's work and schools, including a majority of the School trustees. The hotel received them. After the evening meal the trustees gathered for a meeting. The temptation was to fear that this wonderful work could hardly hope to go on without the author. But it was pointed out, "God calls the workers home, but work lives on. As trustees we would be faithless did we not resolve to carry on."

After the School trustees met there was a meeting of hotel trustees. The subject came up whether to sign, or not to sign, the pending contract in Hartford. In the most natural way in the world, standing in a circle with their arms resting across each other's shoulders, they prayed together. The vote was taken. Ambert Moody went to Hartford to sign the contract. In a scant seven months, with such a will did the work progress, the new addition was in use.

On the headstone of Dwight Moody's grave on Round Top these words were carved:

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Through Stephen Stark, sometime head of the Mount Hermon Department of Classics, we have a glimpse of the meaning of the change.

"At the passing of Mr. Moody . . . the 'childhood' period of the School (referring to Mount Hermon yet in fact applying equally to the Seminary) came to a definite end. The 'big boy' father was gone forever. His personality had been the center about which all had revolved; his sympathy had been the solvent of all ills; his praise had been the goal of all endeavor. Mount Hermon (and the Seminary) had in a sense been an island, shut off from the rest of the educational world not only by its geographical position but also by the unusual

methods of the Founder and his group of supporters, all of whom were characterized by religious zeal and love of humanity, but few of whom had had experience in the technicalities of school management.

"For those very reasons Mount Hermon during this period exhibits a unity and simplicity which will never appear again. For one thing the religious life was almost completely protected from the encroachments of the modernism that was already beginning to buzz around the ears of the churches. Mr. Moody's system, though always softened by tenderness and by an overwhelming sense of God's unfailing love, was a rigid system, and it was accepted and applied by teachers and students without question. Though the life in its physical aspects had often been confused, the 'Island' had been a Utopia of happiness, a veritable promised land. The Mount Hermon of that period is still regarded by the 'old boys' with an affectionate loyalty, the intensity and single-mindedness of which are a marvel to the boys of the present generation—equally loyal in their heart of hearts, but less demonstrative, less localized in their experience, and less afraid of open criticism. Would that all might have seen the face of the Founder, and felt his magic hand!

"Both the mantle of privilege and the burden of responsibility were now assumed by 'Will'"

Earlier, Will Moody had meant to become a doctor. A graduate of Mount Hermon in 1887, he had gone on to Yale and had been graduated there in 1891. Instead of going into medical training, he now felt that his place was rather with his father. D. L. Moody had always made a point of reading all his own voluminous mail, answering a great deal of it himself. Frequently the sheer volume was beyond him. Now, with Will at hand, he would sketch in to his son what he wanted said, then hand over the clerical labor to him. This put Will intimately in step with the continuity of his father's thinking and ideas; it was hence a good training school for future responsibilities.

In 1894 Will Moody married Miss May, daughter of his father's longtime associate, Major D. W. Whittle, and the couple went over to Mount Hermon to live. Thus, upon the death of Dwight Moody, not only was Will taking up his father's work: he was taking it up in surroundings with which, both as a student and in more mature years, he had intimate acquaintance. Having been a student of Dr. Cutler, after he took up living at Mount Hermon it was almost as though Will had been apprenticed by his father to the Principal, to "learn" the

school inside out. Later, when the task must often have seemed formidable indeed, the knowledge thus acquired must have been invaluable.

The doubting Thomases, fearful that the Schools would be unable to survive without D. L.'s personality and outstanding money-raising talent, were unnecessarily pessimistic. In his new relation to Mount Hermon, Will not only kept intact his father's sources of support, but persistently began developing a host of new ones.

If the first twenty years of the Schools had been the period of "childhood," the rate of growth can be seen from the fact that, entering on their period of "youth," they had combined properties of twelve hundred acres, with thirty buildings, the whole valued at \$1,000,000. There was every prospect of steady, integrating growth, a larger sense of direction, and expanding opportunities.

Paul Moody's situation differed somewhat from that of his brother Will. Considerable traveling with his parents had often interrupted Paul's preparatory schooling. However, he had succeeded in passing enough subjects for admission to Yale. (In some quarters there were critical murmurings as to Mr. Moody's sending his boys to Yale. On the average, it was said, the mid-western colleges put a more appropriate emphasis on orthodoxy. But the barbs glanced off Mr. Moody.) Will had got on well at Yale, spiritually as well as intellectually. There was no good reason why Paul should not do the same.

Minor disasters plagued Paul's undergraduate years. His Freshman year—never a particularly dignified period in any student's life—was rendered grievously undignified when he came down with, of all things, measles. His parents were in Florida. Mrs. Moody hastened north to bear him company in his embarrassing plight. Putting time to good use, she read aloud to him *Henry Esmond*, a book enthusiastically recommended to her, as well as *Lorna Doone* and *Romola*.

It is an interesting sidelight on the normally extravagant, unquestioning approbation heaped on D. L. Moody that, when he came to pay a visit at college— instructing his son in advance to arrange an evening meeting at which the evangelist would speak—Paul suffered apprehensively. Morbidly anxious that his father should "do well," and fearful—in the immemorial way of children toward parents—that he would not, Paul dreaded the possibility that his father would speak too long, forgetting, or not caring, that the college crowd was notoriously scornful of long windedness in speakers. Mr. Moody did speak

a half hour longer than he should have. Even so, to his son's everlasting relief, he received rapt attention.

Another occasion did not turn out so felicitously. Discovering that he had a free night, his father wired Paul to have the local Y.M.C.A. arrange a meeting. The organization in New Haven was somewhat weak and haphazard at the time. Apprehensively, Paul met with the committee, which dutifully hunted up a church on the edge of town and tacked up a hastily lettered placard announcing the evangelist's presence.

Paul was really scared this time. Not only was the church remote and unimportant—it was far too small to hold the audience of the size Mr. Moody would consider essential.

Small as it was, to Paul's horror the auditorium was only partly filled. Understandably his father was annoyed, remarking severely, "You should have shown more sense!" In just what way he did not explain, but it made an impression and Paul made up his mind that it should not happen again.

The next time the evangelist came to New Haven his son impressed on the committee the absolute necessity of a meeting place of decent size and location. He suggested a downtown theater. The committee members protested: it would cost a lot of money, perhaps as much as a hundred dollars. "All right," answered Paul in desperation, "it has to be done, regardless. If I have to, I'll pay the rental myself." With this impressive guarantee the committee gave in. Happily the audience more than filled the building. To the relief of Paul, as impresario, a goodly percentage were men from the college.

After finishing at Yale, and wishing to enter the ministry, Paul Moody studied at New College, and at Free Church College in Glasgow, Scotland. Subsequently, back in Connecticut, he completed his studies at the Hartford Theological Seminary. In 1903, in keeping with his father's wishes, he returned to Northfield and for six years taught Bible at both schools. In the next year, his mother having died, he married Miss Charlotte May Hull. They were blessed with two daughters, Charlotte, and Margaret Emma.

Over at Mount Hermon, Will Moody had bought a sightly pasture and built a home for his family. Dwight, his only son and D. L.'s only grandson, was born there and, in 1898, died there. Four daughters were to come along: Mary, Peggy, Betty and Connie. With the going of the little boy, the house at Mount Hermon became a sorrowful place

to live, however. Coincidentally Mount Hermon needed an on-campus infirmary and resident nurse. The Moodys turned their grief to constructive good, moved out of the house and gave it to the school for an infirmary. It was named Dwight's Home in memory of the little boy.

For all Paul Moody's natural interest in the Schools, he was still intent on the ministry. When he resigned from the Board of Trustees, he had removed himself rather decisively, in a certain sense, from his father's plans for him. He was ordained in the Congregational ministry in 1912. As it happened, the year of his ordination coincided with the merging of the Seminary and Mount Hermon into The Northfield Schools, with his brother Will as President of the joint Board. Through the next five years Paul Moody served the church at St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Although D. L. Moody had not officially been a chaplain in the Civil War, he had worked very closely with the troops. So history in a way repeated itself when Paul Moody, on leave from his church, went overseas as Chaplain with the American Expeditionary Forces. Before the end of his tour of duty, he was to reach the rank of Senior Chaplain.

With demobilization he resumed his parish ministry, this time as associate minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. He probably never thought that he would be drawn back into the field of education, as his father had desired for him. But then in 1921 he was invited to become president of Middlebury College, in Vermont.

His association with the Northfield institutions was relatively brief, therefore, although he had an enthusiastic following at both schools. It is interesting that he should have gained nation-wide ranking educationally at an entirely different campus. His success as a college president was notable. Under his administration, Middlebury College emerged from its quiet place as a small New England institution onto the national scene, moving at a forward-looking pace in many interesting directions educationally.

If it is fitting to single out one aspect as the most important and far-reaching of W. R. Moody's varied services to the essential Northfield, it would probably be his planning of a new system for donations to the Schools.

Whereas Dwight Moody's idea and impulse year by year was to go

after a relatively small number of large gifts, his son's practical sense told him to reach for a very large number of smaller gifts. Over the years this was to stand not only as a new concept, unique to Northfield for some time, but notably effective in building a durable backlog of new donors. Not that he lost interest in larger gifts: in fact, a strong bloc of his father's donor-friends, loyally passing on their support to his son, largely freed W. R. Moody to attend to other school problems.

An incident of the early years after his father's death will show the earnest dedication with which Will went about the practical aspects of an enormous and complex responsibility, laid on him by his father's planned division of his work.

A message came from Dwight Moody's old friend, Mr. William E. Dodge. He would like to see Will Moody in New York.

At this time the budget of the Schools was \$70,000, large for the time but almost laughable now, by comparison with the present annual budget of over \$2,000,000.

Mr. Dodge, it seemed, was disturbed at the idea of pegging student charges at \$100 a year in the face of a budget of such proportions. He had discussed the point with D. L. Moody, had found him unalterably opposed to increasing the charges. In the end no other way had appeared than for the two men to agree to disagree. Now, however, Mr. Dodge was convinced that the time was right to raise the student charges, and hoped that Will Moody would agree.

Though perhaps not as vociferously as his father, Mr. Moody nevertheless felt that the charges to students should remain where they were, to keep the Schools within reach of those for whom they were founded. Numberless examples exist which illustrate the importance of the point. One may be interjected here to suggest that there was student as well as founder concern.

If tuition were raised, many applicants, especially those in most need of what the Schools had to offer, would be shut out. To bolster his argument, he called Mr. Dodge's attention to two specific former students who were now using their Northfield training to render outstanding service in the world. They would have been unable to get their training, Mr. Moody pointed out, if, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, the charges had been more than \$100.

"Well," said Mr. Dodge thoughtfully, "I didn't agree with your father, and perhaps I was wrong. However, I stood by him and I'm going to stand by you." Suiting the action to the word, he gave Will Moody a check for \$2,500 on the spot. It could be an omen, for it

was the largest single donation received by young Moody up to that time. Mr. Dodge then took him to his partner, Mr. D. Willis James, introducing the two with the pointed statement, "I've told Moody here that we stood by his father and that we will stand by him." Mr. James also produced a check for \$2,500.

This incident suggested to W. R. Moody that other donors might feel that the student charges should be raised and his decision to appeal for support in smaller sums was strengthened. The Trustees were not entirely sanguine but acquiesced in it as an experiment. Mr. Moody procured a list of one hundred thousand names of people known to be sympathetic to activities of a Christian nature. He wrote letters asking these people for any sum from one to five dollars. He made it a point of conscience to sign every letter personally: if the writer didn't consider his letter sufficiently important to sign it himself, how could he expect the recipient to consider it important? For the next twenty years W. R. Moody signed upward of one hundred thousand letters of appeal annually. Year by year the donor list grew. Not only did direct returns justify costs of postage and clerical labor: indirect benefits resulted.

After supper at Mount Hermon School one night in 1900, a student from the British Isles toiled up the stairs of old Crossley to a room on the top floor. He wondered how long his money would hold out; he was homesick; muscles used to different use screamed from hillling potatoes all the afternoon. Now it was time for evening prayer meeting. Anyway, he had something on his mind and heart that he wanted to express. His name was Ned Harvey, and he had been converted to Christ under Mr. Moody's influence during a London evangelistic campaign.

He was one of a number of students to come to the school from the British Isles, at Mr. Moody's urging. You wouldn't say he was old, exactly; he was just in that group which was a little older than the average among students. In his case, as with most of the others from abroad, there hadn't been time to stay in school and earn a living too.

At Mount Hermon age requirements for student enrollment had been modified several years earlier. Originally—though Mr. Moody did not at first plan to start a school for boys, as he had started his school for girls—when Mount Hermon was founded it was designed for young, immature boys. By degrees, then, ever conscious of his own poignantly felt lack of education, he came to the conclusion that the school would fill a greater need if it were to serve young men who

still—though beyond the age for conventionally planned courses—craved education.

In Ned Harvey's case, he had left off schooling early to follow the sea. By the time he was converted in one of Mr. Moody's meetings, he had earned his papers and was captain of a vessel.

In several ways his conversion had opened up his mind. Most of all, he found, he wanted more knowledge and learning, for he felt a deep urge to be of more use in the world, and it seemed to him that education was the key. He loved the sea, and his life with the sea. But so much did he want education that he was willing to break off with the sea to get it.

These evening prayer meetings in the room at the top of Crossley were for men to speak, or to pray, or both, as they felt moved.

When Ned Harvey got to his feet to pray, you would have known just from looking at him that he and the sea knew each other a great deal better than he and the potato field did. Bracing himself as though on oaken deck planking, legs spread wide apart, hands clasped behind his back, face upturned from earthly considerations, he was the embodiment of the competitor with the sea, ready and able by instinctive habit and hard experience to meet any of the sea's wily tricks to throw him off balance.

For a moment he stood there in the still room, braced, strong, confident, head back, eyes shut. He prayed then about what was on his mind.

"Oh Lord," he exclaimed, economical with words, "Oh Lord, help all the boys here who are financially busted!" It was a good, an unselfish prayer, to which every other student could say *amen*.

For example, one woman who died left Northfield Seminary as her residuary legatee. One day her executor arrived in Mr. Moody's office, prepared to make payment of \$14,000, now that all other provisions of the will had been carried out. Mr. Moody was hard put for a moment to recognize the name of the benefactress. Come to find out from the records, for some years she had been receiving his appeal letters. This \$14,000 was the first sizeable return from the new campaign.

Continually Dr. Cutler emphasized in his Principal's reports to the Trustees the great and mounting need for a larger endowment. He was much interested in President Eliot's opinion, from Harvard, that many academic problems among students at the college stemmed from incomplete or misdirected preparation in the secondary schools. Time

had been when the only influence by colleges on secondary schools was in their entrance requirements. Then, during the academic year 1891-92 the Harvard College faculty "gave much consideration to elaboration of a proposition for offering to preparatory schools the services of the University board of examination . . . It was believed the time had come when the College could perform a public service, by giving to schools the opportunity for a careful inspection, by a body recognized as having a deep interest in promoting their efficiency and success . . ."

Dr. Cutler wrote President Eliot, inquiring if an examination of Mount Hermon could be made. It could and, after Trustee approval, was, and \$120 was found to pay the cost of the report.

The examiners were an eminent lot indeed: for English, the Dean of Harvard College, Professor LeBaron R. Briggs; for the Classics, Professor John H. Wright; for History, Professor Ephraim Emerton; for Administration, Asst. Professor Paul Hanus; for Science, Instructor Joseph Torrey, Jr.; for Mathematics, Instructor James L. Love. Most of these men had served the previous year, examining Phillips Exeter Academy, Groton, Roxbury Latin, St. Marks, and Milton Academy.

Their report on Mount Hermon would have gladdened Dwight Moody's heart. In part it said:

"The Board desires to express in general their hearty approval of the scholarly aims and achievement of the school . . . At the same time they wish to congratulate the management upon securing so effective a principle of association, and so strong a motive power to carry their aims into successful results. They have been especially impressed by the unanimity of judgment shown by a group of examiners differing very widely, one from the other, in training and in the point of view from which they would be likely to approach any school. No one of these examiners had any previous knowledge of Mount Hermon; certainly none was inclined to overestimate it; but all became convinced that it is a most promising and interesting experiment . . ."

Each report individually stressed "the almost consecrated attitude of students, and devotion of teachers." And, "The examiners may have expected to find that the religious instruction (i.e., Christian aim) of Mount Hermon dominated and weakened its scholarly purpose. The suspicions proved unfounded . . . The serious purpose which each boy is required to show who is permitted to remain, supplements the effect of the religious sentiment . . . Both together have estab-

lished a powerful *esprit de corps* in favor of all worthy endeavor and conscientious performance of duty. So powerful and effective has this common sentiment become that, in matters of discipline, pupils practically manage themselves and 'cases of discipline' are almost unknown. Conformity to school requirement is insisted upon by the boys themselves . . . The boys are simply in earnest. They insist on being permitted to make the most of their opportunities. In doing so, each one feels really that he is working for 'The Master' . . ."

It was further observed that ". . . the requirement of manual labor—economically wasteful, as has been proved at Mount Hermon by careful comparisons—is valued by the school (nevertheless) as giving to the young men the occupation without which they are exposed to moral temptation, and in which they may learn many things that will be of value to them in later life. The evident evil, that many a pupil is occupied in trivial work at times when he might be better employed, is, in the judgment of the school, more than counterbalanced by the good effect upon the mass of pupils. The impression upon the visitor, of three hundred young men working heartily and happily together, without distinctions except such as come from greater or less capacity, is very inspiring . . ." One examiner mentioned specifically that "the School believes . . . the religious instruction has the effect of binding the students together into a harmonious working force, and certainly that result is, in some way or other, attained . . ."

One of the most sweeping suggestions of the report was that the then four-course curriculum be abandoned entirely, that instruction in each subject be grouped together and that each pupil be allowed to make his own combinations, naturally with proper restriction. Accordingly, the Elective Course system was set up in the next year, giving the student almost complete freedom of choice.

It has been said by Richard Ward Day in his book* that "Education at Mount Hermon was a vital fusion of D. L. Moody's conception, and Cutler's vigorous, imaginative execution. It is difficult to determine where one left off and the other began, for Cutler always saw himself as Moody's interpreter rather than as an innovator . . . Cutler pressed with energy toward two (other) objectives, both dear to Moody, which he held vital to the education of young men. The first was to 'Train men to assume the responsibility of service to others.' Cutler impressed upon the students that their education involved a

* *A New England Schoolmaster: The Life of Henry Franklin Cutler.*

parallel responsibility: they should become aware of the needs of the people around them, and take the initiative actively to meet them. It is Mount Hermon's high purpose to send out constantly into the world young men who may take with them the spirit of the Founder of the school, to help where there is need.' Cutler's interpretive action was to get students to look beyond themselves, to see that they were themselves units in a larger community, in whose life their education demanded that they take an active part.

"His second objective in this connection was that Mount Hermon should teach standards that would give each student equilibrium to withstand 'all the emergencies of life.' The essence of civilized living was the merging of mental, physical and spiritual development, and to Cutler 'this was the kind of teaching Mount Hermon ought to give.' To him 'the success of the school is what that school makes out of the ordinary man. I am glad to say that is the pride of Mount Hermon School, that the ordinary man who comes here catches something of new inspiration and life, and goes out into a larger, better and nobler purpose of living.' Always he tried to imbue his boys with some of his faith in the promise of the morrow. 'Tomorrow morning the sun will be shining and everything will be all right.' Not that he believed events would take care of themselves; he believed each day offered fresh chances for men to rebuild and move ahead."

In acknowledging Mount Hermon's debt to Mr. Cutler, the Trustees recorded, ". . . In a manner truly remarkable, Dr. Cutler caught both the vision and passion of Dwight Moody for the great school which he founded . . . The simplicity and sincerity so essential in a teacher have been enhanced by the broad culture and comprehensive understanding which keep him in vital touch with educational trends and tendencies, greatly to the advantage of both faculty and students . . ."

All in all Dr. Cutler's vision and positive action in bringing to bear on Mount Hermon's methods the skills of the school's Examination Board not only brought a milestone of approach to education for the school's particular constituency: it also earned interest and respect among donors and friends to whom the school was of concern. It helped arguments in behalf of a larger endowment. When the Running Expense Fund, so-called, came into being, he was not opposed to its premise but he was sceptical of letting a burden be put endlessly upon W. R. Moody and the alumni.

A by-product of his scepticism came in 1905. The base and application of the Dwight L. Moody Running Expense Fund was broadened,

refocused and renamed. It became the Dwight L. Moody Living Endowment Fund.

There was to be much and dynamic internal growth, and no administrative break at Mount Hermon until 1932 when Dr. Cutler retired, marking "not so much the end of one era in his life as the beginning of a new one." With a high heart he raised the limit embodied in "Life Begins at Forty" by thirty years; when he was over seventy years old he became the oldest medical student ever to be graduated from the University of Vienna and, very likely, from any medical school anywhere in the world.

Will Moody's responsibilities did not stop with the Schools. He was logical successor to his father in keeping up and carrying on the Summer Conferences. It was important to perpetuate the interest of the Christian public in all the Northfield institutions, letting it be known widely that—loyal to evangelical and evangelistic principles—all would be continued on lines laid down by the Founder.

In the first summer season after Mr. Moody's passing, the Conference attendance was the largest yet. In 1901 it was even larger. By 1903, five thousand people came to Northfield to attend one Conference or another.

Mr. G. Campbell Morgan was invited to come from London to conduct Bible Study courses under what was designated as the Northfield Extension. For three years he conducted these conferences-in-miniature. The gatherings were interdenominational for Mr. Morgan's presence presupposed that all evangelical churches in the community would unite. Many a minister was to ascribe to these meetings, and to Mr. Morgan's teaching, a new interest in Bible study, and quickening spiritual power in individual ministry. The *Record of Christian Work*, established in 1881 by Mr. Moody at the suggestion of Major Whittle, was a valuable adjunct, a medium of follow-up, with printed daily devotions. Its first publisher was Mrs. Moody's brother, Fleming H. Revell. Mr. Moody's purchase of the publication in 1899, when he turned it over to the Schools, proved to be one of his final earthly acts.

With the turn of the century the Summer Conferences showed signs of diversifying. Some years after the Student Conference came into being at Mount Hermon a demand took shape, in 1897, for a similar conference for young women from the colleges and private schools. Interestingly enough the spokesman for the idea was Mrs. W. R. Moody.

During one of her father-in-law's missions in Ireland, she had approached him with a petition signed by a number of young women asking for a conference of their own. She herself had early caught a vision of the Student Conference purpose. Mr. Moody heartily approved her suggestion, and she was to serve for many years as the main rallying force for the Girls' Conference, which will soon observe its seventieth anniversary.

Other conferences—the Women's Foreign Missionary, the Women's Home Mission, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor—all were to become part of the Northfield summer work through each June, July and August. In the early years rows of tents were pitched about the Seminary campus where delegates "roughed it." But they took their meals in the dormitories.

The assembly room in Stone Hall soon became too small to accommodate the constantly increasing attendance, yet when the Auditorium was ready to take over it seemed so large that some people felt like peas rattling round in a bowl. Few would have believed the day not far off when the Auditorium's capacity also would be taxed. By 1917 its usefulness was expanded by installation of a heating plant, for special events when the schools were in winter session. Even so, when Professor A. Judson Phillips presented the combined school choruses in the first Sacred Concert, he would have been astounded at any suggestion that a day could come when a ticket for the annual Sacred Concert of The Northfield Schools in the Auditorium could be harder to come by than a ticket to the World Series.

"Amber will be right here to help all of you with the business side," Dwight Moody had reassured his sons, in outlining the division of work he wanted them to maintain between them after he was gone. And indeed Amber was indivisible with the life of the Moody institutions at Northfield, partly because of his father's transmitted closeness to D. L.'s purposes and plans—and Amber had his father's quality of devotion to Mr. Moody's interests. But even more so because Amber was the person he was.

Though Amber was far more articulate and physically animated than his father, always a shadow of his father's presence could be discerned, not far off.

In the memory of his daughter-in-law Frances (Mrs. A. G.), George Frederick Moody was a man of noticeably few words. But these, when spoken, were in the scriptural sense "like apples of gold in pictures of

silver." A man of wraith-like quietude and simple dignity, deeply appreciated and respectfully loved by those who knew him, though his authority was seldom asserted it was never questioned. His brand of service was so unobtrusive that often it might be difficult to note. In the early years of both schools his watchful care and wisdom guided the new seeds. Every day he was at Mount Hermon, smoothing over difficulties, establishing order by force of common sense, picking up loose ends. At the Seminary too, George Moody went quietly about his business, planning, guiding, consulting, directing, chiding when necessary—but only when necessary. It was said of him, admiringly, "Deeply devoted to his home, George Moody seldom left it. Though he did occasionally, it was hard for him to go away, but he visited Boston or New York occasionally to attend some of his brother's meetings. But he was always homesick and more than ready to return, so that he was very little out of sight of his own chimney. It is hard to number the things that well might have gone undone but for the perceptive industry of George Moody. He worked while there was work to be done, and never carried a watch"

In the latter connection a touching story is told of him. One night he went to bed remembering that there was a stint of plowing to be finished first thing in the morning. He fell asleep quickly, for he had been at work since before daylight. After a while he woke up. Outside his window the light was bright and beckoning. He hurried into his clothes and left the house on tiptoe. In the barn his plowhorse stood asleep in the stall, but was prevailed on to wake up, be harnessed, and led out to the field. Happily George Moody went along the furrows.

A neighbor, pulled from his bed by a hostile stomach, happened to glance out his kitchen window while waiting for the kettle, on the boil for a soothing drop of peppermint tea. "Well, I want to know!" he murmured to himself, "ol' George ought to git himself a timepiece." The horse, the plow, the slight, toiling figure of George Moody were a cutout against the sky. The light bathing the field so brightly was the full moon. The hour was two o'clock in the morning.

As superintendent of the Seminary farm, George Moody had ten to fourteen men under him. There were fifty head of horned cattle, six horses, some pigs and chickens. This was the beginning. For some years butter for Seminary consumption was bought at the Northfield Creamery and from the wives of local farmers. At first the yield of the hay-fields was only forty tons. In eight years there was a great new barn, with a capacity of a hundred and sixty tons. To such an extent had

George Moody improved the land that a hundred and sixty tons of hay was what he harvested.

Of her father-in-law, Mrs. A. G. liked to recall, "One quality of his was very like that of his brother Dwight. He could appreciate special bents of an individual, and place him where his abilities would be used to best advantage. But his greatest quality was his spirituality. He possessed an inner compulsion which directed him in all life's ways. He transfigured even the smaller, apparently unimportant duties into perfect, therefore consequential, service.

"He was always in his place at church on Sundays. Though not naturally vocal in gatherings, when he did say anything he was always listened to with interest and respect . . . Never was a man more truly loved and revered by his children . . ."

"Like father, like son." From 1879 Dwight Moody placed enormous reliance on his brother's son, Ambert, even while he was still in high school. For Mr. Moody perceived in him the uncommon devotion and single-minded loyalty transmitted to him by his father.

Dwight Moody could not but have been aware of times when, quite naturally, Ambert felt inclined to find some individual niche outside Northfield where, conceivably, his capacities could bring large opportunity and more money for the comfort of his family. But he saw, too, how indivisibly bound Ambert was to the great plans at Northfield, how always the "pull" there proved greater than the "push" toward outside prospects of more in the way of material things. This is why D. L. Moody knew that as regards the multitude of matters affecting the beloved institutions, his sons could have no more dedicated and reliable advisor than Ambert.

In the first decade of the twentieth century, both schools still had abundant need of increased basic facilities and new equipment. At Mount Hermon old Crossley was bearing its years well, if at times a bit too snugly for comfort. But then, in 1911, like a rude sort of broad hint, fire tumbled Crossley to a charred heap on the ground, even as Bonar had burned. Stephen Stark notes that the new Crossley was erected "with incredible expedition."

Through this first decade in the "Youth" period of the Schools the Seminary too gained steadily in physical resources. A cottage at the head of Post Office Hill had been the home of Mr. Phillips and, subsequently a boarding house rather slyly labeled Nina, the letters of the name subtly conveying the notice "No Irish need apply." Mrs. Fred-

erick Billings purchased the cottage which was made a memorial to Henry M. Moore, so long and devoted a supporter of Mr. Moody's activities.

The Home Science building was a gift of Mary and Elizabeth Billings several years later. In 1909, Mrs. Russell Sage gave the handsome chapel in memory of her husband. The cost was large, \$98,587—\$26,000 more than the entire annual budget of the Schools in the years immediately following Dwight Moody's death. But the spirit of the chapel was even larger.

Three years later, Mrs. Finley J. Shepard gave the School its largest dormitory thus far, Gould Hall, as a memorial to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould.

Casting about for an appropriate and satisfying way to commemorate his golden wedding anniversary, Mr. Fleming H. Revell gave the chime of bells for the tower of Sage Chapel.

All these, and many more besides, were material and physical signs. Intangible signs ever testified too to the confidence of friends everywhere in the Founder; confidence in the original idea for his institutions and in the resolution and excellence with which his son Will and associates were succeeding Mr. Moody in carrying them forward.

With the passing of Miss Evelyn Hall, Professor Charles E. Dicker-
son became the Seminary's fourth Principal. A graduate of Lehigh University, he had come to Mount Hermon originally to teach Science. Such was his flair for teaching that he materially raised the quality of instruction in the subject at Mount Hermon and, for that reason, was invited by the head of the Lehigh Science Department to collaborate on writing a science textbook. And he had gained valuable administrative experience through having the responsibility of running the school when Dr. Cutler was absent. The result was that he had very considerable gifts as organizer to bring to his new post at the Seminary.

He was succeeded eventually by Mr. Frank L. Duley whose bonds with the Northfield of Dwight Moody's day were many. He had direct experience with the influence of the evangelist's character and personality, having been graduated from Mount Hermon in Mr. Moody's lifetime. He went to Williams College, then became one of the old Mount Hermon boys who traveled far: for some years he taught at Robert College in Constantinople, making such an impression that he was tapped for consular service duty. But then he came back to teach at Mount Hermon. He enjoyed a sort of super-faculty standing with

the students because he wrote the Mount Hermon hymn. When he left the boys' school and went across the river to teach at the Seminary he, like Professor Dickerson, took with him the many advantages of teaching experience as preparation for larger duties.

By 1926 W. R. Moody badly needed a physical and mental change from the absorbing but by now heavily taxing responsibilities he had been carrying with distinction and self-denial for over a quarter of a century. His doctors wanted him to go abroad for a complete rest. Though with reluctance, he acceded.

It appeared necessary to have a new President to administer the Schools. The Trustees settled on Elliott Speer. By reason of long acquaintance with Northfield, and also through his father, Robert E. Speer, a Trustee and longtime friend and associate of Dwight Moody, Elliott Speer would bring to bear an uncommon perspective and grasp of the purposes and directions of the institutions.

The passing on of authority at the Schools to younger hands must in some ways inevitably mark a trying turning point. In this instance the Trustees were first and foremost sincerely concerned to lift from the shoulders of an older man a burden which had now become overly heavy. In the most majestic sense, Will Moody had borne the heat and burden of the day, appreciably rendering service "above and beyond the call of duty," and wearing himself out in the doing. He had amply proved himself a worthy son of a great father, with his brother Paul steadfastly upholding and carrying forward the ideals and purposes of the Founder. Therefore, in the very nature of his stewardship his separation from the official position could only come as a dismaying break. But he wrote *Finis* with gallantry and generous spirit in signifying his acquiescence to relinquishing the task.

"Will, in his heart, never got over wanting to be a doctor," Mrs. W. R. Moody reminisced to this writer, not mournfully but proudly. "Instead, he gave up the wish to be a beggar for the Schools and Conferences. He made a success of it because he never alienated a single friend of his father's and, keeping them all, added many new ones."

Elliott Speer functioned as President of the Schools from 1926 to 1932, spending the year 1931-32 on leave before becoming Headmaster at Mount Hermon in 1932. He envisioned in this latter post a pinpointing of usefulness. It was done at his own request and here he spent what turned out to be the terminal years of his life.

XII

We fit life to Jesus, and Jesus to life

THE YEARS of the Schools 1926-34, often alluded to as "the years of modernization," coincide with the period of Elliott Speer's service.

Oliver Wendell Holmes believed that "A person's life begins a hundred years before he is born." Both spiritually and calendar-wise certainly Mr. Speer's connection to Northfield long antedated the point at which he came to the Schools as President.

The ancestrally cultural influences he brought with him—English, Scottish, Irish, Dutch, and Swiss—and the religious—Quaker, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian were ideally relevant to the Northfield tradition and, in the best sense of the word, a happy augury.

His mother came of militant Quaker stock in Pennsylvania. In England his father's ancestors were what might be described as pacific-militarists. Both Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Speer were long-standing friends and co-workers in Christian activities with Mr. Moody.

It is unnecessary here to trace Elliott Speer's schooling exhaustively; it embraced Andover, Princeton, and Edinburgh. It is sufficient to scan it for signs of those qualities-in-the-making which were to flower into distinguishing marks of his association with the Schools.

* From a sermon note of Elliott Speer.

During his preparation at Phillips Academy, Dr. Alfred E. Stearns was Headmaster. Aside from the character and conduct of the boy himself, Dr. Stearns was impressed by the fact that "during the three years he was in the school almost nothing was heard from his parents." Having selected the school which was best in their judgment for their son, Dr. and Mrs. Speer simply left him in the school's charge. To a man, headmasters will tell you that parents capable of such self-controlled discretion rate far above rubies. Later Dr. Stearns remembered, "Elliott led a normal life and was not a brilliant scholar," and the humorous hint may—or many not have—been intentional. "He had one or two As, a far greater number of Bs, more Cs than Bs, an occasional D, but no Es; all in all a wholesome, normal record." It was not happenstance. The place he chose for himself was the top third of his class, and he saw to it that he stayed there. If he did not glitter in scholarship it was doubtless in part because he paced scholastic work with an intense interest in activities which in their nature would broaden his contacts with and understanding of others. Athletics, debating team, school paper, student police force, Society of Inquiry (the campus religious organization), gymnastic team, Student Council, Andover-Princeton Club, all offered him finding-out opportunities. Here again, Dr. Stearns remembered of his student, "Joy of living was so much in his veins that it always lighted up his face. Your attention was caught by a buoyancy in him, an exuberance. He had the spirit and gift of loving things he did, of doing them for sheer joy of doing them. That is a somewhat rare and tremendously valuable asset for any young man and woman starting out in life—joy of living! Those on the faculty with whom he came in constant contact found their air refreshed, felt that when such individuals as he were around, things couldn't go far wrong; his high ideals, sound character, clean life, coupled with this exuberance of spirit, communicated itself to others, uplifted the atmosphere of the whole school."

When Elliott Speer assumed his responsibilities at Northfield, Dr. Stearns had good and first-hand reason to anticipate the extent and ways in which the Speer qualities would count, for his own contacts with Northfield and the Schools went a long way back. As boys, he and Will Moody had gone to school to Stearns' widowed mother, down in Amherst where she kept school in the home of the President of Amherst College, Dr. William A. Stearns. Later on, a Stearns daughter became a Northfield student, and Mr. Stearns was often a speaker at the Schools. He had had opportunities to renew the acquaintance with

Elliott Speer who began attending the Northfield Student Conferences while he was in college.

At Princeton, though no one ever designated young Speer an "outstanding campus leader," his *quality of life* nevertheless exerted genuine influence, very possibly more so than many so-called "big men on campus." In a sense his skill in leadership was a slow-blooming plant, yet when it matured many recognized in its flowering the strains of skills that had been marked along the way: a genuine outgoing, friendly and sympathetic understanding, love of fellow beings, courage of conviction, sincerity, open-mindedness, a deep understanding and personal exemplification of the spiritual message of Christianity. If the reader stops to visualize translation of these qualities into action, he will grasp what a Mount Hermon faculty colleague meant, saying later of Elliott Speer, "In working with him, every day was a new adventure."

His Princeton career was interrupted by war service—Y.M.C.A. work in World War I with the British Army. He came back to Princeton to complete his course, went to Edinburgh for graduate work, did City Mission work back home in the States. He then accepted the Chaplaincy of Lafayette College and became head of its Bible department.

W. R. Moody was in Europe for extended rest. It was necessary to make interim arrangements to meet the situation created by his prolonged absence. The Trustees cabled, asking his preference as to what should be done. He cabled back that they should use their best judgment. It was clear that both sides were impelled by the highest instinctive good faith. Yet in the very nature of human emotions it could not but have been a blow to Mr. Moody that, even for the clearest, most humane of reasons, another must take up duties which had so devotedly been his. The kind of man Will Moody was would not have missed knowing authority was being transferred to relieve too severe pressure on him.

The handing on of offices is seldom uncomplicated. The overall intent, based on practicalities, undoubtedly was to put entire authority into an acting President's hands, those of Mr. Speer. When Mr. Moody returned from Europe some conflict of activities was bound to crop up, perhaps because authority and responsibility were not altogether defined. The outcome was that, gallantly and with utmost loyalty, W. R. Moody presented his resignation. Elliott Speer became officially President.

For a young man only in his twenty-eighth year, this was no routine

task he had faced in coming to Northfield. But he brought with him one attribute in particular, which almost poetically, one might say, linked him with D. L. Moody. That was his innate spark of enthusiasm. Of all single elements, it had been Dwight Moody's spark of enthusiasm which fired the whole foundation from its beginning. The whole personality and standards of Elliott Speer were a guaranty that the spark of enthusiasm would burn brightly on.

If his main responsibilities were to boil down to three it would be clear that, to do them justice, a man would need, in addition to enthusiasm, extraordinary vigor, optimism, confidence, and above all faith.

He had the good fortune to possess a quick, sure eye, a natural capacity to look situations over and pick out points at which improved methods could be applied to make them more workable. Temperamentally he was anything but the "new" man, possessed of the itch to uproot former ways for change's sake. His innate love of adventure took the form of wanting to see things work well, and the right people in the right jobs.

About a year after he came to the Schools as President it developed that Northfield was going to need a Principal.

Taking occasion to show a snapshot of Miss Mira Wilson to a Smith College alumna, he said, "Do you happen to know her?"

"I certainly do," was the reply; "we were at college together." Some details indicated that this Miss Wilson was an exceptional person.

She was the daughter of the Reverend Frederick A. Wilson, a Congregational minister in Andover, Massachusetts. Among other attainments she had received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1917 at Boston University. When "discovered by the Trustees of the Schools" she was on the faculty of Smith College as Professor of Religion and Biblical Literature and also as Director of Religious Work.

Her appointment to be Principal at Northfield was announced the first week in March, 1927; she would assume charge at the beginning of the 1929 Fall Term. Meantime the School continuity was in experienced hands, with Professor Duley carrying on as Acting Principal as he had since 1925, and the Silverthornes to contribute *ex-officio* (they had been retired several years earlier) of their wisdom and vast familiarity with day-to-day detail through more than thirty-five years' experience.

Her arrival coincided with observance of the School's Fiftieth Anniversary. Her creed as a teacher was revealed prophetically in remarks

she made at the Anniversary luncheon. Quoting from the Book of *Isaiah* she said, " 'The Lord God hath given me the tongue of one who is taught, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.' I hope you will feel with me that this is the mood in which the work of the last fifty years of Northfield may best and most worthily be carried on in the next fifty years."

If, in approaching her task, she felt the need of human reassurance, undoubtedly she found it in the example of Mr. Speer. There had been those to whom it seemed, at the time he took hold, that the Schools had tended to settle somehow into a rut. In a variety of ways he had set them on a straightaway of exciting new goals. It could not but strengthen those resources of her own which she would bring to bear on her individual task.

She was to speak often of "the principles I found when I came to Northfield, principles inherent in the life of this school, on which its policies and plans can be worked out. These components of our educational inheritance from Mr. Moody are not things of the past, but belong to the living present and future. They are large enough in their implications so that there is little chance of outgrowing them; they are big with promise for the future."

Among all the powers Miss Wilson brought to the complexities of her office one must regard first the essence of her own spiritual life. It gave purpose and direction to all her own work, its shining thread helped others to discover their purposes and directions. Witnessing her calm assurance led others into a fuller sharing of God's love. It showed itself in both big and little ways. For example, if you chanced to glimpse the briskly striding figure of this beautifully organized and tranquil woman from a dormitory window you sensed the truth that a Christian way of life can be a joyful way.

She wasn't tall exactly, in the statuesque meaning of the term, yet—especially when meeting her for the first time—in a curious and interesting way she struck you as being tall. One sensed that she "thought tall." As time passed these things were remarked of her. "We know her step, a stately one . . . We know her voice, clear and gentle too . . . We know her gracious, friendly ways; no need is too small for her attention . . . When we know and remember . . . we know there cannot be a girl whose life was touched by Miss Wilson, who does not feel the privilege and the blessing . . ."^{*} These things were said as

* *The Alumnae Chronicle*, May, 1952. Muriel Whitcomb, for the Class of 1936.

time passed, but they were noticed from her first days at Northfield.

Many people, observing her from many directions, thought one of her most pronounced traits to be that first great pre-requisite of serenity, which is humility. In the view of one who knew her, perhaps, better than anyone else could or did, Dr. Robert McCastline, "She was the most mature person I ever met." It is not so very unusual to find people of humility, or of maturity, but persons are not often found having a perfect balance of both. Her quality and degree of self-effacement gave her a grandeur of character and personality; interestingly enough, it may also have had an effect of creating a barrier against a basis of as forthright and relaxed exchange with students as perhaps, wistfully, she would have wished. Yet no one doubted that the instinct to ready exchange was there, often behind a reserve which was very New England. Instead of putting students off, chilling them, it seemed to help them to grasp her meaning for them. Said one of them perceptively, "To be a teacher is a challenge, to become a Principal is a danger . . . The danger is inherent in the position. A Principal must sacrifice the privilege of close contact with a small number of students for the responsibility of supervising them all . . . Therefore the Principal who wins a permanent place of honor in her students' hearts is truly great, for she has achieved it in spite of her position . . ."^{*}

In the life history of a school no years can be unimportant. Depending considerably on conditions, both internal and external, some years simply may put more into the record than others.

When Miss Wilson arrived the School had passed through a period of youthful uncertainty. The person she was would not have spent any great amount of time poring over the minus side of the ledger. To her the plus viewpoint came naturally. Like Mr. Speer, instinctively she tended to appraise what needed to be done and could, with the materials there were to work with, find the most effective way to proceed. She possessed that choice respect for tradition which frees the inherently confident person of the fear of experimenting, or executing changes. Being a dedicated grower of plants and flowers, she understood that, skilfully done, pruning and replanting can bring new life and finer results.

She was impressed immediately by one aspect of the School which

* *The Alumnae Chronicle*: May, 1952. Nancy Bartram Beecher, for the Class of 1944.

had not changed since 1879. Namely, more students earnestly wanted to come than there were facilities to accept. It says a great deal for Mr. Moody's founding idea and principles that this is still so, and that it is unlikely the time will ever come when it is not. For this very reason she would have been bound to have the most keen interest in Elliott Speer's Endowment Fund plans.

He began working on it in the dizzying year of 1929. Not only in points of its long range, imperative purpose, but for the adventurous spirit and high courage required to undertake it at all at that precise time, it was to become perhaps his greatest single piece of work. Actually the full force of the depression was yet to be felt but foresighted people cautioned him gravely to postpone launching any such venture. They reasoned that if it fizzled—which according to all logic it almost inevitably must—it would be difficult if not impossible to recapture support for it when times righted themselves. To their dismay Mr. Speer believed the job could be done notwithstanding, and went ahead.

Miss Wilson enjoyed recalling an incident typical of his pursuit of the goal. Late one evening, after a campaign dinner in Worcester, Massachusetts, he and Dr. Cutler headed for Boston in the Speer automobile, to be on the job there bright and early the next morning.

Driving with his customary blithe unconcern for measured speed, he was overhauled by highway police, ready, willing and able to make out a ticket, sauced with one of those lofty lectures. In the course of his declamation the officer asked where they had been, what they had been doing, why they were in such an all-fired hurry now.

Without in the least intending an alibi or a plea to be let off a ticket, Mr. Speer said they had been speaking in Worcester to raise money toward the \$3,000,000 Northfield Schools Endowment Fund.

"What?" cried the officer. "Three million dollars in these times?" Gaping, he shook his head. "Well, buddy, I guess you'd have to be stepping lively," he said. He added, with a laugh, "Seems like you're going to need every dollar," and put away book and pencil. "But listen, do me a favor, will you? Try and keep it down to a little under a hundred an hour on this road, will you?" He stepped away. "G'wan now—goo'night—an' good luck on your three million. Three *million*—holy saints preserve us!"

What beliefs guided Elliott Speer in these and other achievements?

Certainly there was his belief in hard work, the *educational* value of labor. He made himself an example. No man worked harder at what he recommended for others.

He was a stickler for fair play and good sportsmanship. It was almost unknown for him to express adverse criticism. He would single out strong points for praise and the effect was often magical, causing the individual to surpass himself—even to his own surprise—in the sheer effort to live up to what Elliott Speer saw in him.

He stood most happily by the Student Council system as an instrument to bring out the student point of view. Believing unqualifiedly in the democratic ideal himself, he always wanted the other fellow's point of view of putting good ideas into action. He saw the campus as a microcosm and grasped every creative method of making the educational process prepare students for conditions to be met in the larger outside world. He believed in cautiously trying and testing the new, slowly discarding the old when it proved to have served its purpose.

Always to him Christ was the ideal. Believing in intimately vitalizing ideals for everyone, he kept the *Perfect Ideal* always before those with whom he came in contact, sometimes by the spoken word—as speaker and preacher he was inspiring—yet, as often, by exemplifying it to his utmost, quietly.

Unconsciously he made it easy for students to take to him. In the nature of things, presidents of schools are not thrown into quite the same atmosphere and degree of association with students as are a headmaster, a headmistress. But, as President of the Schools, it was characteristic of his personality that it "opened doors to let people in, it never built walls to keep people out." To him, far better the attitude of friendliness with all than with a small coterie of intimates. It chanced that he once wrote, "Nobody can be friendly who feels superior. Real friendliness is self-forgetfulness."

The casual details of his day-in, day-out existence were on terms which students could appreciate and blend in with. A fellow-clergyman, Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving, remembers his way with automobiles and the beckoning road. "Even in the coldest weather the Chrysler roadster—with the top down, the family mummified in fur coats, Hudson's Bay blankets, in fact everything warm to be found. Speer had a nose for unfamiliar roads; the higher the grass growing in the middle, the better he liked them. When he found some unused road unknown to others, he was jubilant."

His appearance, as described by Dr. Bretney Miller, was "decidedly

youthful and attractive," bound to be a factor in a rapport with students. He was nearly six feet tall and not very heavy. In point of dress he was fond of tweeds. On one occasion there arose a great agitation at Mount Hermon in favor of permitting shorts for tennis. The matter was resolved when Elliott Speer appeared on the courts in shorts. He had a favorite brown felt hat, with a triangular crease in its crown. The hat was unmistakably old, no one could guess how old, but he never denied that it had served him faithfully and well at Princeton in undergraduate years.

He was no abstracted onlooker at sports and athletes. Thanks to Will Moody's assaying of changing times, and the lessons of character-building and ethics to be learned on the playing fields, competitive sports with outside schools had been brought back to Mount Hermon. Elliott Speer couldn't have been more in agreement. If an important conference threatened to run over 3 o'clock, the regular hour for athletics, more than likely he would interject, "Come on, we can finish this out on the field, while we get a look at how the teams are coming along . . ." Nor did he restrict himself to the role of spectator. He could hardly wait for the traditional Faculty-Senior baseball game each Spring. Faculty checked its prerogatives in the locker room, offering itself wide open to deserved razzing or cheers—or both.

"Come on, Elliott boy!" yelled the bleachers; "lean into that ol' bat, kid . . . let 'em see your pepper . . ." Nobody was afraid that there would be any *lèse majesté* frost in the Speer office Monday morning.

Dr. Cutler had hoped, after forty years of service, to retire by 1930 from the Mount Hermon headmastership, but too much was still going on in which his leadership and advice were needed. However, he did present his resignation in 1931, to take effect in the following June.

Inevitably he had given much thought to his successor. He had a preference, Elliott Speer. He had known the young man's father for a long time, had first come in contact with his son at Lafayette, saw him, as Chaplain, "a minister of real power, a natural leader of young men." As President of the Schools he had regularly sought Dr. Cutler's counsel. A respect and understanding grew between them. It was a joy that the Trustees concurred, deciding that Elliott Speer would be the new Headmaster.

It could not have jibed more with his own inclinations. By now he was looking toward a closer association with the Mount Hermon student body than his mountainous duties as President allowed. He did

anything but confine himself to pressing matters of building and equipment, but one of his first actions in his new job was a remodeling, termed the *division*, of Crossley. The dormitory housed three hundred students and it seemed to him too large for any homelike atmosphere, or the nurturing of those informal contacts between students and Faculty which can energize and give meaning to education. That in mind, he worked out a structural changing of the building into two separate dormitory units in place of the unwieldy one. Too, what had been the old laundry was transposed into a new key, the social gathering place known as the *Y* building.

He plunged into familiarizing himself with every facet of student life. Out of a close personal interest in recreational and social programs at both schools, in the Fall of 1933 there was a thumping innovation. In Dwight Moody's time and long thereafter, dancing had been an aspect of life you simply didn't talk about. Then, in the *Hermonite*, September 18, 1933 came an eye-popping communiqué.

"Now that the Trustees have recognized our plea for dancing . . ." it began. The next month came an announcement of "Dancing Instruction by a representative of the Arthur Murray Studios," instruction restricted to seniors from both schools, for the present at least. The "change to meet changing conditions" had been made. The following January, sophomores had their first party "with dancing."

At Northfield, Miss Wilson, having come from the higher education environment with the result that her perspective must shift to the secondary school, was in the interesting position of continual challenge. Not all Northfield students would go on to college; indeed in all probability some definitely should not. Thus the School was presented with dual opportunity—to equip for college, and to equip equally well for other than college.

She approached her opportunity with many ideas in mind but one attitude in particular. "For lack of a better term," she said, "I call it the *pioneer* attitude, which guides itself by principle rather than by what is being done in other schools, in other places, by other people." Northfield she knew to have been a new kind of school when Mr. Moody first conceived it. When she arrived to take charge of it, she saw it as still a new kind of school, where the question was not "Are other girls' schools doing thus-and-so?" but rather, "Is this the constructive thing for our particular girls?"

She attracted fine teachers by force of her own superlative talents. A

rather interesting rounding out of a School resource came about through her concern for not only securing teachers of excellence but for holding them, by constant encouragement and inspiration. She grasped an important intangible. People who teach have rather special need, both for interludes of privacy and contemplation, and for those interests outside their work by which the individual can re-make, in capacities and vigor. In the course of time Mr. Moody's Birthplace began to fit in with her ideas along this line.

Back many years the Birthplace property had come into ownership of D. L. Moody's sister, "Aunt Lizzie" Washburn (grandmother of Bryant Washburn, star of silent films), and George Moody. After George Moody's death became the task of his son Ambert to settle the estate. A mild difference of opinion arose over what Aunt Lizzie cared to do as her share of fixing up the property, with the outcome that Ambert Moody purchased her "undivided quarter." There was nothing quarrelsome in Aunt Lizzie's stand on the matter: she simply was convinced in her own mind that inevitably the Birthplace must become a great shrine to the memory of D. L. Moody, hence no changes should be made in its original state. As time passed undoubtedly she came to recognize that the real memorial to D. L. Moody was, and would always be, the Schools.

From Ambert Moody, Fleming H. Revell bought the property around 1922 for a gift to the Schools. The octagon room of the house particularly appealed to Miss Wilson's imagination in connection with turning the Birthplace to use as a Faculty Club house. In his later years Dwight Moody had found out considerable about the pitiful deprivations of his mother's widowed years, and gave thought to little ways which let her know how much he loved her, how he would like to make up to her for some things.

The octagon room was one of the little ways. He built it onto his birthplace so that, now in the years when she could rest and enjoy her surroundings, she might sit there and, from her chair, look the length of Highland Avenue, see his own home at the foot of the hill, look far up the beautiful river valley and across the mountains.

In a sense the octagon room symbolized the spiritual renewal and fresh vistas Miss Wilson wanted constantly for the faculty; after Dr. Park came, in 1940, Miss Wilson and he worked out the actual reserving of The Birthplace as a retreat for teachers, when their breathers were not taken out of town.

She grasped, too, the need for improved living quarters for students.

Insofar as possible, teachers were given two rooms each. In Marquand and other houses, remaining larger student rooms were divided up so that no more than two girls need occupy one room. Helped by a faculty decorating committee, she worked to make living quarters and social rooms alike gracious and colorful, "for no girl in her teens should be cut off from a sense of the homelike. She craves it and needs experience of it, for she will soon have to be creating a homelike atmosphere herself . . .".

But for the Christian faith and the Christian tradition there would be no academic program of the Northfield Schools because there would be no Northfield Schools. Their foundation was laid in prayer and has been carried on with worship and the study of the Bible.

"Chapel" has had an interesting evolution at Northfield. In the School's first years, chapel services were in a very real sense "family prayers." First they were held in the Homestead dining room; then for a time, until East Hall was ready to receive students, in a large, first floor room of the Recitation Hall, now Revell. When Paul Moody was four years old his father used to take him over there to prayers, accompanied by the family Great Dane. There is a story, without doubt apocryphal, that the child decided his father had talked and prayed overlong and should therefore leave, which fact he conveyed by firmly placing Mr. Moody's hat on the dog's head.

The Alumnae Chronicle reported that the close of the year 1907 "will mark one of the best years Northfield has ever known. It has brought much-needed facilities . . . but no gift more needed or appreciated than the munificent one of \$150,000 given by Mrs. Russell Sage for the erection of a new chapel, and a music hall." Mrs. Sage, a Syracuse girl, had received her education at Troy Female Seminary, now Emma Willard School. Mr. Sage practiced as well as professed an active sense of citizen responsibility, rendering long and useful civic service. His fortune had been made in developing and selling railroads. His wife's interest in philanthropy, combined with her business ability, earned his respect and his fortune of over \$50,000,000 was left to her without restrictions.

Work began on Russell Sage Chapel in June, 1908. It was dedicated June 15, 1909. At first, doubtless unwittingly—as though it were a place of worship in a Moslem or other non-Christian country—the Chapel was without a bell. The fact provided Mr. Revell with a means of happily commemorating the golden anniversary of his marriage

with Josephine Barbour; in 1924 he gave the Chapel its set of eight bells, cast by the London firm of Mears & Stainbank. Before being dispatched to this country they were tested by skilled London bell ringers, and commended highly for their quality. Combined they weigh 12,600 pounds, the tenor bell alone, four feet in diameter, weighing 3,920 pounds.

Mrs. Revell died a few days before the date set for dedication of the bells. The memorial service for her was held the Sunday prior to the dedicatory exercises. The first hymns played on the bells were "Lead, Kindly Light," "Joy to the World, the Lord is come," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

In those days people with the knowledge and experience to ring chimes were notably few and far between. Mrs. A. G. Moody recorded in her diary that a student who could perform the task was brought up the valley from Amherst. At the brief ceremonies, held just before Easter Vespers, Mr. W. R. Moody spoke. Although the student undoubtedly was pleased and proud to have been selected for his unique task, as it turned out he had quite a time of it. The ropes were new, and raised great and painful blisters on his hands.

Miss Wilson was responsible in large measure for establishing the Northfield School Church. As successor to the Northfield Seminary Church Union, she brought in the Reverend Harold B. Ingalls, the first School chaplain, for the specific purpose of getting the Church organized and under way.

If any validation were needed for creating the School Church she came across a felicitous definition of it, in a letter written by a Northfield girl to confreres in France: "The School Church is the cord which binds together our hours here in Northfield, as religion binds us together and gives meaning and purpose to our lives."

As Miss Wilson saw Sage Chapel as the heart of the Northfield campus, so she saw "our School Church organization really as a small part of the great ecumenical movement of our time . . ." She had the definite feeling, that if the word *Northfield* happened to be thrown suddenly at an alumna when she was at a distance from the school, nine chances to ten her instantaneous visual image would be the Chapel.

In addition to Bible study, in which three full-time, and four part-time teachers gave a series of two-hour courses, and in addition to the social service activities under direction of the student-faculty Church Cabinet, the custom was set up whereby each winter the Church arranged an "international week-end," at which students from foreign

countries who were studying at other New England schools and colleges were invited to be week-end guests at the campus houses, thus integrating social influences with religion in the School program. These opportunities for informal meeting of Northfield girls with guests from other cultures could not be overestimated. Each dormitory unit sought its own way of illustrating applications of Christian standards and attitudes to group living. Certainly, unless a reasonable degree of harmony in living together can be achieved, standards and attitudes may lapse into mere sterile techniques. Miss Wilson greatly coveted, for Northfield girls, contact with as many as possible who *cared* about the Christian way of living.

She saw no natural separation between religious and social aspects of student experience in the School. If anything, one partook naturally of the other social directions intended for the schools by Mr. Moody. These were of enormous interest to her; she believed they offered creative opportunities often not found in schools. She said frequently that one aspect of Northfield's social climate was "what may be called the coeducational one," adding laughingly—yet seriously too—"I would have hesitated to direct the fortunes of a girls' school which did not have an affiliated boys' school." So much for the classic superstition that the consuming objective of the headmistress of a school of girls is to keep them away from boys.

She saw the social relations between Northfield and Mount Hermon as being directly in the stream of what all should constantly be trying to accomplish, namely "to make our lives all-of-a-piece;" she believed the area of girl and boy relationships should "be gathered up into the mood of our whole life."

"Secondary school years are normally a time," she said one morning in a Chapel talk, "to get acquainted socially with many representatives of the opposite sex. They are not usually the time, though, to select or be selected as a mate. I would urge you only not to be pushed by any outside factors, in your relations with boys . . . You can only achieve an ultimately happy marriage by taking the time to know several people of the opposite sex, in the give-and-take of normal social relationships, before centering your affections on one; by taking time to develop yourselves so that you can bring—not a rudimentary—but a somewhat developed personality to the marriage relationship." She bespoke students' individual contribution to social relations between the schools in the same sense that she wanted for students the contacts with people who cared about the Christian way of living. "I have the



The Mount Hermon Memorial Chapel, above, and Russell Sage Chapel on the Northfield campus.





WILLIAM REVELL MOODY, 1900-1926



ELLIOTT SPEER, 1926-1934

FOUR PRESIDENTS OF THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS

WILLIAM EDGAR PARK, 1940-1955



HOWARD LANE RUBENDALL, 1955-1961



greatest kind of confidence in you and in the Mount Hermon boys as persons," she said. "May I just suggest to you that good social relations between our two schools don't just happen, or even evolve out of rules that are made. They come about because individuals care enough to have them so."

No aspect of the extensive pattern for her administration could have caught Miss Wilson's imagination more than its unique method of combining brain and hand in the experience of training. Though she never saw D. L. Moody in person, she gained a clear comprehension of his attitude as to work hour at Mount Hermon, and its Northfield counterpart, known more or less affectionately as *Dummy*. Miss Wilson felt sure that, in Mr. Moody's mind, the usefulness of work hour in economizing costs was only part of it; that working with hand as well as brain offered a life-giving principle in action.

If the truth be told, ever since it was instituted *Dummy* has burst on many a girl as a profound, not invariably pleasing, surprise, especially in latter years when not all girls admitted have been from homes where limited income would have made them more closely acquainted with housework. It might seem that *Dummy* would rank first as expendable. Yet scores of anecdotes testify, as one girl put it, "I discovered suddenly that instead of thinking of my work as a dreary chore I was enjoying it, and could willingly finish out the entire hour . . . There are no doubt other important aspects of my education at Northfield, but the persistency called forth by *Dummy*, and an enjoyment of my work, are qualities I will always need."

Sometimes *Dummy* has been an antidote. One student, an only child, finding herself suddenly just one among sixty girls under one roof, was practically dissolved in homesickness. She spent at least half her time and more than her allowance on telephone calls to her parents. "Do something!" she kept wailing along the wire. So distraught did she become that she was at the point of giving up, quitting school. But innately she shrank from such defeat. Quite suddenly a solution clicked in her mind. "I got my mop and pail," she revealed, "and by golly I cut that homesickness down to size on the third-floor corridor!"

Knowing at first hand the whole skein of close Speer ties with Northfield, Dr. Henry Pitt Van Dusen was also in a position to know what education really meant to Elliott Speer. The two men had studied together in Edinburgh the year after Mr. Speer and Charlotte Welles were married. Ten years later the two men were there again

together. Mr. Speer was on a leave. After visiting some of the great English schools, to learn what they offered for adaptation at Northfield and Mount Hermon, he was in Scotland again—to rest, to study, above all to think from a detached perspective about his work at the Schools.

"His," Dr. Van Dusen knew, "was a clear vision of schools where the hardest, soundest kind of work would, in a deep, true and happy union, be married with all the moral fiber and spiritual strength Northfield had meant for thousands, and had helped to give him . . . He knew that in America we lurch from one extreme to its opposite. In education we began with strong emphasis on character and piety. That has been the glory of the Northfield tradition. But, then, most education in America swung to an almost exclusive stress on mind-training—and lost its soul and most of its character. Elliott Speer comprehended that there must be *both*, and believed that at the Schools they could and must continue to be fully and soundly united. He came to disdain mere sentiment, or piety, or good intentions alone. He believed men and women get little distance unless they work their brains for all they are worth. He knew so well that God had given us our minds *to use* and, profoundly, that God is truth. He knew also, from his own experience, that hard, sound thinking need not weaken, but may make firm and strong one's faith. Knew that sharp wits, without deep and powerful roots in our deepest spirit, give no happiness, no satisfaction, no fruitfulness. He wished and prayed that, in many and many a one passing across these campuses each year, might come Northfield's first and great gift: a quiet, sure knowledge of God, that which gives power and gladness to life, its whole course through.

"In his administrative sphere it was not merely pleasantly coincidental that the things for which he was responsible were concisely connected with growth. He was temperamentally a *growing* man. He had no shadow of question as to the permanence of the unique Northfield. Hence what was to be done was to provide for its growth, its logical enlargement."

Generally speaking, the School Churches at both Northfield and Mount Hermon follow the same pattern. Associate membership was offered to Mount Hermon students for the first time in 1918. While Mr. Speer was still president of the Schools it seemed to him that a complete renovation of the Chapel interior would contribute to growth of the Church. Dr. Cutler had inspired the mind of an alumnus, Wilfred W. Fry and his generous hand underwrote the work. While busy craftsmen labored, leaving the Chapel exactly the same

without, but entirely new within, worship was conducted in Camp Hall.

May 31, 1930 was a high and holy day in the history of the Mount Hermon Church and the School. On that day the New Memorial Chapel was re-dedicated to God.

What were some of the other tangible Speer achievements? As to the Endowment Fund, undertaken in the foreboding days of 1929, what was the amazement of the doubting Thomases that, by the end of the stated campaign period, he had secured \$2,750,000 of the \$3,000,000 goal. He saw to the completion of Palmer Hall, the well-equipped classroom building at Northfield. He saw to the establishment of a Retirement Fund for teachers. These, among others, might be called Speer-regime "capital gains." In a thousand other ways, great and small, he left marks for good upon the Schools.

On the night of September 14, 1934, a close gauze of mist lay over the Mount Hermon campus. Senselessly, inexplicably, from among its shadows Elliott Speer met violent death.

The stark fact affected many people in many and different ways. Yet in a tremendous way the handling of it at, and by the Schools, imperishably bears the mark of the tradition laid down by the founder. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. "I will repay."

That year Armistice Day fell on a Sunday. Friends of Elliott Speer gathered then at Mount Hermon, not to weep over his passing, but to give thanks for his life. The order of the service was most beautifully selected, most movingly carried out. Two of the hymns were of special meaning for all lovers of Northfield. "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go;" and "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."

But in no aspect of the service was the sublime and sorely needed strength of Christian faith more eloquently exemplified than in the calm presence and words of Elliott Speer's father, Dr. Robert E. Speer. Someone said of them later, "The address was a masterpiece in the expression of Christian love and hope. That Dr. Speer could do what he did in that service was to the people gathered here on the Hill one of the greatest affirmations of Christian faith they had witnessed or expected ever to witness." The words were the warmly human and confident words of a man who, if it were not given to him to know why his son had mortally been mercilessly destroyed, knew beyond all doubt that now he had entered into immortality, being with God.

Among his son's papers Dr. Speer found a poem, written by Thomas

Curtis Clark, and titled "The Journey." As Dr. Speer read it, it suited the service. Since there is not space in this account to incorporate Dr. Speer's tranquil study of his son's life, the lines seem also to serve here in its place.

When Death, the angel of our higher dreams,
Shall come, far ranging from the hills of light,
He will not catch us unaware; for I
Shall be, as now, communing with the dawn.
For I shall make all haste to follow him
Along the valley, up the misty slope
Where life lets go, and Life at last is born;
There I shall find the dreams that I have lost
On toilsome earth, and they shall guide me on,
Beyond the mists until the farthest height,
I shall not grieve except to pity those
Who cannot hear the songs that I shall hear!

Too, among Elliott Speer's notes there was another, shorter poem, which he had found scratched on a piece of birch bark in a friend's cabin in Canada:

Be like a bird
That, halting in its flight
Awhile, on bough too low,
Feels itself sinking, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings . . .

It seems revealing of the essence and perspective of Elliott Speer's life that, to this, he had scribbled three more words:

Death, Immortality, Life.

Dr. David R. Porter had come in September 1934 to Mount Hermon as head of the Bible department. Before he could take up his duties in that capacity the tragic death of Elliott Speer occurred suddenly and in the emergency the trustees asked Dr. Porter to assume chairmanship of a temporary administrative committee. Four months later he was appointed Headmaster. The school body was understandably bewildered and distraught by the circumstances and Dr. Porter, by habit a quiet man used to handling big situations, brought the force of calm and composure sorely needed at that moment, supplying strategic directions.

A native of Maine, Dr. Porter had been one of the first group of

Rhodes Scholars from the United States. His pre-Mount Hermon experience with the Y.M.C.A. included many years of service as executive secretary of its student division; both in this capacity, and as a leader of the World Student Federation, he exerted a Christian positive influence not only in this but in other countries.

His association at Mount Hermon was clearly marked by an awareness that, whereas Mount Hermon was referred to most immediately as a college preparatory school, its rather more pervasive and significant aim was toward strengthening the Kingdom of God on the earth, through developing graduates who, in all personal attitudes and social relationships, exemplify discipleship with Jesus Christ. Thus the essential and first objective of the School is a religious one. Inevitably therefore the Bible department can be no merely conventional arm of curriculum, but is rather a nerve center of directional inspiration, wherein the boy not only acquires a specific learning, but his rounded sense of the history, literature and teachings of the Christian religion.

It was very much Dr. Porter's conviction, both in relation to his original calling as head of the Bible department and in the enlarged area of the headmastership, that a school's true religious worth is not tallied until all phases of its life are shot through and suffused with a deep quality of religious thinking. In this sense Christianity—often referred to as "religion"—is the achievement and mediation of a positive disposition and spirit. Dr. Porter's instinctive approach to the aim of the school was that, for Mount Hermon, religion was not to stand as a mere elective course, a sort of watertight compartment in the educational ship, something different, apart from and merely to be superimposed upon history, mathematics and the other standard subjects. The aim was, by means of religion to make the total life of the school truly religious, in all its relationships and activities.

In the calendar sense, Dr. Porter's comparatively brief tour of service at Mount Hermon might be called interim, were it not for the fact that he left marks of character and influence which, quietly and unobtrusively, were very much in the tradition. When he resigned in 1935 there was a certain continuity of thought and action in the work of the enlarged sphere to which he went, on the staff of the War Prisoners Aid Division of the World Committee of the Y.M.C.A.

XIII

*Whatever makes men good Christians
makes them good citizens*

OUT of a lengthy search for a man to head the diverse work of the Northfield enterprise came the election of the Rev. William E. Park of Buffalo to the presidency of The Northfield Schools.

The directive given him was clear if not simple. He was to unite all the strands of interest. He was to interpret the ideal and work of the Schools and Conferences to the public, conserve and expand the physical plant, and in all wise ways add the strength and insight of his own generation to the strength and growth of the great tradition he was taking up. Many an older, more administratively trained man might have quailed at the assignment.

Besides being an ordained minister with several successful pastorates back of him, in a rather marked sense he came of a family with some characteristic leaning to college presidencies! His father, Dr. J. Edgar Park, was President of Wheaton College; his sister, Dr. Rosemary

* From a speech by Daniel Webster at Plymouth, Mass., December 22, 1820. Afterward, John Adams said of it, "This oration will be read 500 years hence . . . It ought to be read at the end of every century, and indeed at the end of every year, forever and ever."

Park, would in 1947 become President of Connecticut College for Women.

Reappraisals and readjustments are not a novelty in new administrations. Without Elliott Speer, with his large talents, in certain ways it was as though the Schools had somehow drawn apart, floundering for a time. In that sense Dr. Park came at a time filled with internal difficulty. Since 1934 an administrative committee had had to carry on what, in the absence of exact experience, could only be a succession of trial coordinating methods. Weaknesses became discernible in both schools; probably none of them were great in themselves yet, in their sum, they were a sign of some loss of direction.

The immediate task of the new appointee, therefore, was to analyze weak spots, apply all-round what might be described as vulcanizing or welding processes, and gradually assemble one school again, out of what had drifted toward becoming two.

In that year of 1940 Dr. Park was one of the youngest men in the country to head a major educational institution. Among other side effects he was to have to learn to live with were legends growing out of a certain contrast between his impressive academic and pastoral experience and their authority, and his undergraduate good looks.

Those who expected, from the dimensions of his job, that his first administrative act would be some big, important innovation were disappointed. On the contrary.

Before assuming office on September 1, he took occasion to attend the August Conference. One evening he chanced to go with Paul Moody to a service in Sage Chapel. It was the first time he had been inside the Chapel. How could he have imagined that it would lead to "the most critical administrative moment of my life at Northfield?" It happened this way.

One of the first things he noticed about the Chapel interior was two big lamps with tremendous shades, hanging over the chancel choir stalls. When the service was over he muttered wryly to his companion, "Do those lamps make the chancel look to you like some holy living room, or am I wrong?" Paul Moody shot him a grin, saying, "Well, I'm certainly glad you've noticed them too. I've hoped for a long time that someone would come along who'd get rid of them!"

A couple of weeks later, Dr. Park called in Carroll Rikert, Superintendent of Property, and Mr. Franz, Supervisor of Buildings. This would be his first directive as President, a good deal depended on its being well received. He hoped they didn't hear his knees knocking

together as he asked them to get rid of the lampshade eyesores, and work out some lighting from the beams that would be harmonious. A few days later he dropped in to see the results. O, happy day! The living room suggestion of less than blessed memory was gone, the change simple and fitting. He heaved a sigh of relief. The first change in the plant under his administration accomplished, later he was to say, "All the rest seemed to come easier."

As the day for his induction drew on, Dr. Park reflected to his friend, the Rev. Boynton Merrill, that he wanted the occasion to be a true installation, not merely an induction. "I'm a minister, and want my influence to be in the D. L. Moody tradition," he said. Completely organized in his own mind by now was the counterpoint of Mr. Moody's founding ideals for his schools, and those adaptations necessary to bring schools so founded into step with changing times. For example, though Mr. Moody's unalterable idea was that no young person is really educated who does not receive instruction in religion, many natural changes in the religious program had come about since the early days. The founder being one of the world's great evangelists, in the beginning religious life in the Schools was marked with all the insignia of evangelism, with frequent prayer meetings, witness services, mass gatherings designed for student conversion. The same thing was true of other educational institutions founded in the nineteenth century. Wellesley College having been founded by an ardent convert to evangelical Christianity "for the glory of God through the service of our Lord Jesus Christ," it was sometimes said that Mr. Durant often "embarrassed youngsters, asking them publicly as well as privately about the state of their souls." As times and attitudes changed such austere methods tended to miss point. It became the creative task of such educational institutions "to take the great religious heritage of the past, and set it into the framework of a new age, holding true to fundamental religious truths, but interpreting them in the light of modern learning." Dr. Park arrived with the knowledge that the Northfield Schools had for years been following the liberal approach to Christianity. Mr. Moody had invited liberals of his day such as Henry Drummond to speak to the students and, following his father's example, W. R. Moody invited Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick among many liberals. The pattern was set for Dr. Park's influence to pursue the D. L. Moody tradition.

At the installation exercises Paul Moody noted this attitude as already justifying the Trustees' choice. "To the founder of these

schools," he said, "the preaching of the Gospel was always central. Always he saw education as a means to an end; never, never an end in itself, or a substitute for anything. In his view religion must dominate and color education. It must be reasoned, it must be not merely emotional, must not be sectarian. Genuine conversion, he believed, touched the whole man. Because this included the mind, the mind must be educated, trained, disciplined. Himself deprived of advantages of thorough formal education, he had all the more understanding of its worth. He would not offer to his Lord that which cost him nothing and strove by all means in his power to strengthen his learning. Coming directly out of awareness of his own lacks in preaching, the Schools were to furnish Christian young men and women with learning he had missed at their age; learning which would enlarge their opportunities for usefulness . . . This is why William Park is right, keeping to the forefront of his mind and of this occasion, that he is first of all a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When first things are kept first, we don't need to worry over educational policies, for perspective naturally follows on the secondary or tertiary values. Then all religion which is carried on with reverence, honesty and humility is religious education . . ."

Common denominators between present administrations and those to come were emerging. One of the most significant was an absence of great innovations by any new incumbent, for the reason that Dwight Moody had built so deep and so well that there was no need for sharp alteration. Many of those in key administrative positions have in themselves been remarkable people yet their great contribution has not been striking out for themselves and "making a name" but rather understanding and maintaining the best of the past, at the same time devoting their knowledge and experience to adapting it to modern conditions.

In one of his early reports Dr. Park observed, "There is no question that our institution is more complex than many schools and colleges." It was a notable understatement. Operating two schools on separate campuses, a hotel, a summer conference program, three farms and a water company "involves us," he explained, "in a complicated administrative program, the success of the operation being due, in great part, to the wonderful cooperation of the department heads."

A business "is as good as its management," and so it is with schools. During Dr. Park's tenure the Schools' plant was to have strikingly

large growth, the assets to be increased by \$4,000,000. At Northfield the most recent building had been the Principal's house, in 1930, and the dormitory, Merrill-Keep, in 1937, and there were real needs. Mount Hermon was becoming equally cramped for space and facilities. Pending new resources at both schools it was all the more necessary to take care of what they had. An example of conserving development was the addition to both campuses of new water systems which, making possible equipment of most dormitories with sprinkler systems, not only increased student safety, but effected big savings in insurance costs.

The \$3,000,000 fund raised in Elliott Speer's administration for capital purposes had been instrumental in carrying the Schools through the depression years with a minimum of curtailment. In Dr. Park's administration new sights were set, namely a Northfield Schools Development Fund of \$3,000,000 with two aspects: building, and endowment.

There were grave discussions as to whether professional fund raisers should be brought in. The Schools had come a long way since friends had begged Mr. Moody to realize that a \$100 tuition fee, including room and board—although the cost to the Schools was \$200 and there were no endowment funds upon which to draw—well might lead to disaster unless each applicant were required to find a friend to pay the difference between the tuition fee and the actual cost. Mr. Moody's reply was characteristic: "I'll be that friend."

Fund raisers cost money. The question was, could the Schools save money by doing the work themselves, and yet meet the objective?

The decision that the administration would do the work turned out to be right. The first announcement of the new Fund stated the case in this way: "The purpose of the program of Christian education of the Northfield Schools is to develop the minds, the bodies and the spirits of the more than one thousand students enrolled. The administration, the faculty and staff are enthusiastic in carrying on that responsibility . . . united in their belief that few institutions of learning have as fine an educational program. *But*—to accomplish their task they need adequate buildings, sufficient endowment for faculty and staff salaries, and funds for scholarships for worthy students . . . The development of the Northfield Schools from two buildings to two beautiful campuses was made possible by generous friends. This development must go on, and that is why the trustees announce the Development Fund campaign of the Northfield Schools for three million dollars."

Frank W. Pearsall, for many years the Director of Public Relations for the Schools, was appointed to manage the many details of the campaign. Previous to coming to Northfield he had been with a professional fund raising firm, and so was unusually qualified to advise and supervise the whole undertaking.

Raising funds for educational institutions is never a job for the disciple of *dolce far niente*. Dr. Park was no more immune than W. R. Moody before him, to occasional rebuffs. "Of course," Dr. Park sometimes put in conscientiously when compliments flew a bit thick and fast, "We mustn't forget all the beautiful offices I was tossed out of. Still, the knocks and bruises healed quickly—they do when you're working for a cause you really believe in." And of course there were always the breaks in the tension—the surprises—the gift from the blue, from someone no one had anticipated would ever be interested. For example, on a western alumni trip that Dr. Park took with Mount Hermon's headmaster, Howard L. Rubendall, there was the alumnus who "slipped me a fifty-dollar bill after a meeting, not realizing that it was the first tangible indication either Dr. Rubendall or I had had that we were really powerful speakers!"

Or, take a letter, popping up one day and saying, with no beating about the bush, "Dear Dr. Park: Enclosed is a cheque for \$5,000 for the Development Fund of your school. I saw some of its students on the train at Christmas-time, and they represented my idea of nice girls."

There was the woman who accompanied a modest gift with her favorite Bible text. When he acknowledged her gift, Dr. Park sent her a Bible text he liked even better. Back came another letter from her in which she agreed generously that, as he said, his verse was the better of the two. Then—you could perhaps say it was her way of showing there were no hard feelings—she enclosed something further. To be exact, \$100,000 in U.S. Government bonds, for the Schools.

Among tangible results of the Development Fund in the form of capital improvements, for example, are Beveridge Hall, at Mount Hermon, paid for partly by the alumnus, F. Stanley Beveridge, and \$175,000 from the Development Fund.

Hayden Hall at Mount Hermon, with \$200,000 of the requisite \$250,000 coming from the Development Fund. And, the new wing of Talcott Library at Northfield, a shade under three quarters of its cost coming from the Development Fund.

New Year's Day in 1953 saw the start of the Fund's second phase. Immediate objectives were a new dormitory for Northfield (now realized in the form of Mira B. Wilson Hall, dedicated October 6,

1956), and an addition to the Mount Hermon gymnasium. It was logical that when ground for this was broken in April, 1956, Axel B. Forslund, Director of Physical Education at Mount Hermon, should turn the first spadeful of earth.

And so on, and so on.

It is a footnote on the excellence of management in Dr. Park's administration that, after a firm of management engineers had been called from New York to study the entire operation of the Northfield Schools, with a view to locating ways and means of decreasing expenses without curtailing the high standards set, their report should testify, in part, "During the course of our work we have all developed great admiration for the manner in which the schools are conducted. As a matter of fact, there is a greater sense of economy throughout your entire organization than we have encountered in any similar instances. We are very much impressed also with the desire on the part of your associates to do everything possible to make further economies in order to meet your budgetary problems without an advance in tuition rates."

An educational institution has no need for an administrative head who is simply a walking handbook of pedagogy and business administration. The job can use all manner of other qualities, not the least of them the capacity for the lighter nuances which give influence and meaning to personality, helping to form a link of identification with students and faculty alike. It is not unheard-of that an educator—and a minister—may harbor private tastes having to do with say ichthyology, Chinese brush-work or what-have-you. In those intervals of unwinding, imperative to all whose work is with large and complicated tasks, Dr. Park's preferred deliverance was cross-word puzzles, and playing the accordion, naturally one at a time.

The business about the puzzles is also, at least to some extent, an inheritance of Dr. Park from his father. Both became deadly performers of the—some call it art, others call it obsession—of doing crosswords. None of your easy-going, amateur-type puzzles, but the real skull-busters—such as are found, for instance, in a periodical like the *New York Times*—which the virtuosi will tell you, are the most awesome known to man.

As for the accordion-playing—well, let us say Modigliani will reach a person where a Monet will not. Where some men can relax by playing cello in a chamber-music quartet, in the nature of accordion harmonics there is something which altogether contented Dr. Park. In

consequence, he managed to play the instrument quite a bit in his off-time. Possibly never like a professional, yet with enough skill to afford himself pleasure and the bystanders at least no unreasonable pain.

There was something more, having to do with music. It would have had D. L. Moody's full approval as a means of relaxation. It was a liking for bursting into hymn-singing. Many were the times when he and the Director of Public Relations for the Schools, Frank Pearsall, up to their ears in the fine points of drafting a letter of importance to go out in the evening mail, suddenly felt the need of a breather—and would rear back in their chairs, by the long Board Room table, and put new life into themselves by ten minutes or so of uninhibited hymn-singing. "Just spontaneous combustion," they would explain if occasion required; that—and a mutual, none-too-secret love of the sound of hymnal music!

On the somewhat more serious side it was an important part of Dr. Park's leadership record that he found Dr. Howard Rubendall, and persuaded him to come to Mount Hermon as the new Headmaster of Mount Hermon—and, as it turned out, also succeeding Dr. Park as President of the Schools. Subsequently too, he was influential in Miss Barbara Clough's coming to the principalship of Northfield.

The divine right to be disciplined

AS DID Dr. Park, Dr. Rubendall came to Mount Hermon at a time which was, for many external reasons, difficult. The war was on. At most schools student bodies and teaching staffs were alike restive under the dismaying chain reaction of world turmoil. Any incoming headmaster could and must count on being greeted at the threshold with all sorts of extra difficulties, compounding normal administrative problems which are never small with any school. One immediate stumper was to maintain teaching staff caliber in numerical strength. There was no critical difficulty in obtaining the right teachers for, say, History and the Social Studies. The Sciences and Mathematics were another matter altogether; business and industry, daily wading deeper into war production, could hardly snap up fast enough the people trained in these.

The nature of certain men is to thrive on abrupt collision with stone walls. Dr. Rubendall's particular compound of temperament,

* *Youth has the divine right to be disciplined, in order not to be handicapped in its pursuit of happiness . . .*" FROM A PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS

personality, skills and experience made the Mount Hermon headmastership just about his kind of thing. A backlog of experience in making and harmonizing adjustments was a strong asset.

At high school back in Millersburg, Pennsylvania, his chosen main interest had been History. In college he picked English for his major, Sociology for his minor—and stubbornly preferred History to both.

An earnest fancier of football, he was sharply disappointed when an injury prevented his playing after his first year at Dickinson, a small liberal arts college in Pennsylvania. He worked off the disappointment through the college social program, eventually becoming its chairman. Also, already having been elected president of the Freshman class, he was made President of the Inter-fraternity Council.

After Dickinson he went out to Cairo, Egypt, as Director of Physical Education at the American College. By the time he arrived at Mount Hermon in 1944 the school would have come a long way from Dwight Moody's edict against interscholastic sports. Yet, it well may be that cumulative effects of the new headmaster's ingrained sports leanings and the experiences in Cairo were to be strongly reflected in aspects of athletics at Mount Hermon.

In Cairo, students were not the only ones to learn about sports. In addition to coaching various sports as part of directing the Physical Ed. program, he managed to squeeze in playing a lot of rugby. For an American, in the live-and-learn sense, it was an eye-opener. The game of cricket was disclosed to him too, including the interesting fact that there are people who will define it, with a perfectly straight face, as "an intellectual form of baseball."

On the more serious side, this three-year period in his career marked his first personal experience with an educational institution in the mission field. In all probability this had a lot to do with an interest in religious education as such. If, when he went out to Cairo, he had no conscious thought of eventually entering divinity school, when he returned to the United States he did have. He entered Union Theological Seminary.

He was asked to become Chaplain at Hill School, and to set up a religious program for the curriculum. In taking up the work he moved appreciably into association with one of D. L. Moody's main ideas, namely that *to educate* is to nurture the soul as well as the brain and body. Howard Rubendall could not have agreed with Daniel Webster more, in his specification that "Knowledge does not comprise all that is contained in the large term, education. The feelings are to be

disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and under all circumstances pure morality inculcated. All this is comprised in education." Then there was that other New Englander who put it with brevity, "He is to be educated," said William Ellery Channing, "not because he is to make shoes, nails or pins, but because he is a man."

Mr. Rubendall's first parish ministry assignment was at the First Presbyterian Church in Albany, New York. A deepening interest in the field of education was expressed through part-time teaching at Emma Willard School in Troy, and being a Trustee of Albany Academy. When the Mount Hermon opportunity came, in a sense it seemed providentially to gather up all the strands of previous experience for new and larger application.

Although Mount Hermon was well and victoriously past its half-century mark it could be said to be still pioneering in Christian education. When Mr. Moody plunged into starting the Schools no ready-made charts and graphs were at hand for him to go by. He made his own. Characteristically he might have done so anyway; be that as it may, improvising as he went along, he had given education a new and dynamic direction. Quite probably he never actually knew how true this was because, to the close of his life, always he was too busy looking and planning ahead to stop long enough to dissect what he had accomplished.

Taking charge in the midst of a war period, with all its uncertainties of the future, besides the overabundance of problems confronting him, Mr. Rubendall found fixed advantages also. Under emergency pressures, many schools were having to cut back. At Mount Hermon the founding principle and purposes established a welcome security. Unchanging in essence, no modification of them was needed to meet changing conditions. Notwithstanding the turbulence of the times, the school had the inherent strength and maturity to go forward day by day according to its established way.

The Work Hour was something new to Mr. Rubendall's educational experience. It was one of the School's unique tools (in the light of the times it seemed all the more inspired) with a great potential for psychological counteraction of wartime tensions.

At the Northfield Schools the main task of headmaster and headmistress alike is three-dimensional. Two of its faces well may be com-

mon to all good school headships. One is the day-in, day-out guiding of the school on its appointed way in terms of curriculum, well-being of student body and staff, extra-curricular activity, Town and Gown. The other is the unendingly creative lookout job of maintaining the adjustment of the school to the modern flow of education.

With these Schools the third dimension is the preservation and advancing of those unique noble ends and means implicit in the founder's ideal for the school tradition. These never were, and are not, church schools. Yet, Bible study being indivisible in the curriculum, spiritual quality permeates school activities, throughout.

At the time Mr. Rubendall arrived at Mount Hermon, Miss Wilson had been Principal across the river for fifteen years. He very soon discovered a wise ally and counselor . . . and a friend.

Though an overall organization supervises general education policy, finances, purchasing and maintenance, and public relations; though social, music, art, school health programs can be coordinated with some sharing of personnel to mutual advantage, it has always to be borne in mind, administratively, that at these Schools boys and girls are not, in the integrated sense, being educated together. By its very nature, each school maintains its own approach to many problems of education. Yet they are **THE NORTHFIELD SCHOOLS**. The advantages are real, producing education of a distinctive type—Northfield education.

A headmaster or headmistress is called to the position because of having impressed those entrusted with responsibilities of selection as possessing outstanding powers for the given task. Every prudent person knows, however, that the axiom "It takes time to learn the ropes" is no cover for fumbling around. Rather it affords necessary room to mark out the road of insight to wise action. Many a staff member must have felt the glow of reassurance at hearing Mr. Rubendall acknowledge frankly, during a Trustees' week-end program for staff and students, after he had been Headmaster for six years, "I must tell you that I am still *finding out*. There are still many things about the programs of both Schools, fine things, that I haven't grasped fully . . . There is much about each other that we still don't know yet—should know if we are to work together, with sympathy and understanding. And, like St. Paul, I feel I have a duty to both the Greeks and the barbarians to help bring about a clearer understanding of each other, I hope to learn constantly . . ."

He had been assured before coming to the school that the Work Hour does work. Once in office, he made it his business to see for him-

self. It is not recorded just when he first heard Mount Hermon boys roaring a heart-felt school song:

. . . in Soph'more year we left the rocks
And went to the laundry, washing socks . . .
. . . we left the sheets,
And went to the kitchen, pickling beets . . .

But undoubtedly it had been noted when, saying that outside observers were invariably amazed at the amount of work Mount Hermon students got done, and the zest with which they did it—he added, pointing with pride, “There is little physical laziness or academic languor to be found here. No students anywhere have heavier programs than are carried here. Yet all the work gets done, and done well. Here students are trained to *do* as well as *learn*. Time and again I hear it said by people who have come to know Mount Hermon students away from school, ‘They know *how to work.*’”

If any single factor in the programs of the two schools can be pinpointed as the greatest in relation to community loyalty, it well may be Work Hour at Mount Hermon and its equivalent at Northfield: Dummy, the (more or less) affectionate term for the cooperative housekeeping plan.

It would be difficult to make an accurate appraisal of the financial value of the plan in any given year. Take 1942, for an example. For bookkeeping purposes, student work was based on a wage scale of 12 1/2 cents per hour. At Northfield, the book value of student work for 1942 was \$32,000. Paid employees very well might do the same work in fewer hours. Yet the actual value *in community service* would have to be judged as much greater than the nominal figure appearing on the ledger.

The evidence speaks, in school records, in contributed service besides money, in positive interest on the part of graduates, all attesting: *This is our community! We worked here! We gave a part of ourselves! We will continue to work for it here, and carry it outside with us, to go on working for the community!*

There could be no better affirmation of Mr. Moody's planning. He knew it was possible for students to go through some schools—good schools, too—attending classes and tutorial appointments, yet emerge eventually completely untouched in any real sense by the exposure. Students at these Schools were not to do this. Each working individually, literally, to keep the Schools going, a permanent link would be forged, joining their school with life, and life with their school. In a

sense the work program is a lifetime endowment policy, their education insuring a lifetime dividend.

Quickly after his arrival, Mr. Rubendall perceived that what students were actually learning from the work program—more important than baking bread and pies, working in the laundry or on roads or the farm—was *an attitude toward vocations*. Something much larger than the over-simplification that, when you cut grain, tended chickens, worked in the dairy, you were helping to defray costs of your own education. They were learning the extent to which being students of the Northfield Schools meant being an active participant in the everyday living of a community. In order for people to live in a community effectively, joyfully, there is a lot of work to be done; the community cannot continue without work. Hence, its life is the sum of all who share in its necessary work.

Early in Mr. Rubendall's administration as Headmaster it was clear that he was interested in the type of influence which is more constructive in the long-range sense than the mere keeping of students strictly in line. Never one for sleazy spots in discipline, he took occasion to say, "I think that in educating young people we must recognize the importance of passion in life. Would a fisherman have conquered Rome, without passion; or a tentmaker changed the continent of Europe? At our worst moments we may sometimes tell ourselves that we would prefer students not getting excited about anything. In some boys' boarding schools regimentation is designed to keep down student excitement about anything other than athletic victories. That is not good. While it may cause fleeting staff headaches, it is good for students to become passionately concerned about things. For example, in our community life here: it is constructive for them to get worked up about, say, the social program, the alleged monstrous injustices of student government, even the administration! It simply affords a real opportunity to lead students to channel their feelings by facts, by a larger picture of a given situation than they may have had. We know perfectly well that most of the passions of youth are sincere. We must therefore never dampen that passion for things which springs often from the hearts of boys and girls, but nurture such a wellspring for important vital action in later life. Personally I feel glad that students here can get excited and do something about things, whether it's a school in France or a chaperonage policy for dances. We may be tempted at times to feel that such explosions are a long way from the mature problems of living which they are preparing to face. But the

point is, if they learn to live with their present concerns with deep, creative feeling, it will help prepare them to cope with the clever cynicisms and false sophistication that they will meet later on. To face life, with its present uncertainties and epochal confusion, to live with calmness yet with passion too, to work with real effectiveness, it is necessary to search out a level of living which—while taking into account the materialism, the collectivism, the secularism of our day—nevertheless remains above it. We must find and live on that level of existence which we know as contained in the good news of the Gospel. So I say, let's continue to give place in our schools for strong feelings on the part of students, always bearing in mind what we all know as Christians, namely that the ultimates in life are sown and reaped in passion . . .”

As Headmaster, a favorite subject of Mr. Rubendall for discussion with the student body was the power of discipline. He liked to recall the Mount Hermon philosophy of discipline as suggested by an alumnus, Sam Higginbottom. “It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in youth,” he would quote from the Book of *Lamentations*, adding “The yoke of discipline may seem heavy at times, but we must be clear about the function of the yoke. The yoke is not the burden, it is used *to bear* the burden. When borne in youth, the yoke of discipline helps the adult to bear the burdens, responsibilities and challenges of mature life with ease and effectiveness.”

Typically rules are rules at the Schools, yes. But there is also an awareness that they have a reason in the Mount Hermon approach to education which, aiming to train young men to be free, useful and happy citizens, suggests that order comes through discipline and that true enjoyment of order is a reward of discipline.

A school Social Program often is construed as simply being its calendar events. At the Northfield Schools it goes beyond events to many peripheral supports.

In the early days there was only limited association, and little really organized social activity between the two schools—no doubt because Mr. Moody saw them as dedicated to rather more serious purpose than most, with concentrated hard work and preparation for life the main thing. Mr. Moody wasn't against fun and play; far from it. He himself initiated many an interval of relaxation, with ingenuity and delight. Nevertheless, he could not see the apportioning of large blocks of precious time to play. He had every respect for the importance of

maintaining good physical condition—but didn't Work Hour and the equivalent of it at the girls' school supply plenty of activity? In Mr. Moody's time there was, certainly, no dancing. It came to be allowed in the "changing times" of later years. It seems likely that Mr. Moody would have accepted the idea, for he was no inflexible bluenose. Probably he would have approved Elliott Speer's way of going about the innovation, which was to arrange for student instruction by Arthur Murray teachers, in order that there might be good style and proficiency as well as pleasurable recreation.

There is a certain resemblance between the social, and the athletic programs of both schools. As the patterns have changed with the years, consistently the goal has been "maximum participation," which is to say, that activities are of such diversity and so arranged that only the most obdurate loner could manage not to participate at some point.

Throughout the years of her collaboration with Mr. Rubendall, Miss Wilson frequently emphasized "the country tradition" of the Schools as particularly conducive to their unique ends and perhaps most especially to the social program—for that country tradition was on the side of "the value of rural life for spiritual, mental and physical well-being." Mr. Moody might have set his schools down amid brick walls and pavements in Chicago, or Philadelphia, Edinburgh, or Boston—where assuredly there were impoverished young people to benefit by his dreams for education. But Miss Wilson often remarked, "the longer I live on this westerly hillside, and visit the easterly slope of the Mount Hermon campus, the more it is borne in upon me that our Founder believed that country life—surroundings such as these—in themselves exert a constructive influence. We here can know initial facts of life in their beauty, and order, and simplicity as those studying and learning in cities cannot. 'Ordered lives,' Whittier says, 'ought to reflect and confess the beauty of God's peace.' Here students are exposed to the tempo of Nature . . . The hills and valleys of our lovely setting are almost the first thing I hear mentioned about Northfield by alumnae and alumni. That savoring of the resources of Nature outdoors is something we may covet for our students. That great New Englander, Thoreau, had a very happy saying to the effect that 'Wealth cannot buy a man a home in Nature.' In one sense that is perfectly true. Yet I like to think that, in their way, these schools can and should secure a home in Nature for their students."

Nowhere in the overall pattern more graphically than in the Social Program would there be evidence—though there are many points of

common interest and activity—that boys and girls are being educated *separately* at the Northfield Schools. In the growth and expansion of the social program lies one of the most stimulating among the cooperative challenges. Many an inherently shy newcomer, boy or girl, has dreaded pressure to participate socially. Therefore, removing pressure from the social program became one of the objectives. With due regard for its usefulness as training for future social living as well as a means of immediate fun and relaxation, the ideal is to tailor it to students, not tailor students to it. It is well understood by the school authorities that to a considerable degree—social maturity comes to boys and girls unconsciously, through cooperating in a variety of common interests. Choral groups, orchestra and dramatic clubs—with their rehearsals and public presentations; the outing club, student councils, Church cabinets and student librarians pool tasks. A mature and well-adjusted adulthood being a chief aim of education, the social program of the Schools takes the practical position that boys and girls, enjoying a stimulating proportion of natural and pleasant contacts with students of the brother or sister school will approach adulthood with a point of view and social equilibrium beyond that of the boarding school boy or girl whose meetings with the opposite sex have been limited to a mere one or two “big weekends,” so-called.

The Social Committee consists of eighteen students, comprising the class presidents and social chairmen of each class in both schools, the president of the Mount Hermon Student Council, and Campus Government Association president at Northfield. A constructive measure of adult influence is lent by class teachers and assistants, numbering sixteen. On the average, meetings are held once a month, and are open to other members of classes who may wish to learn more of the organizational side.

Each type of activity is rooted in some fundamental social situation. For example, the early-season “mixers” are just what the term implies: get-acquainted parties which, being “non-dating,” see everybody comfortably over the threshold into the social swim. Afternoon open-houses, play dates, movie dates, square dance dates—each help to develop some social assurance and facet of the individual. Perhaps Efficiency and the Social combine best in those periodic supper parties for which sixty girls come to Mount Hermon as guests, while sixty Mount Hermon boys pass them on “the long hyphen,” going to Northfield. The “efficiency” part obviates any upheavals in the cooking and serving departments of either school.

This is perhaps a good place to speak of a former course at Northfield which—to lapse into slang—qualified hands-down for the “hot potato” class. Although there was no real connection between the two, it has certain implications linking it to the premise of the social program.

The course started off somewhat tentatively some years ago. It had its roots in the fact—cliché though it may be—that this is a hard world in which to grow up. As they do to many schools, students come to Northfield today from unhappy and/or broken homes—where parents, being themselves confused and unsuccessful in their personal relations, have little to give their young people at a particularly needful time. Even the more fortunate students, themselves from definitely happy homes, being constantly confronted in newspapers and magazines with frightening statistics about divorce and delinquency, may begin, in spite of themselves, to dread the day when they will have to face adult experiences. Will they too turn out to be unsuccessful? In their case—will marriage fall apart?

The course in “Personal and Family Relations” began at Northfield as an effort to contribute answers to a grave question: “What can we do to help?” Much is already being done with constructive attitudes and programs—by parents, churches, schools and other community agencies. Much more can, and must, be done.

The course was limited to seniors, with some simple, preparatory work of the “fireside” variety for younger girls. The faculty received ample premonitory indications that a host of parents would in all probability rise up in protest against courses in the area of family relations. It says a lot, both for the course and the parents, that nothing of the kind happened. When the time came, parental objections turned up missing. On the contrary, expressions of grateful appreciation have proportionately been many.

Response of the students? Put in their own words: a saying which has grown up on the campus—“Be sure to take Fam. Rel.!” The psychologically sound method has been followed—of keeping discussions in wide perspective, to avoid self-consciousness and introspection. A class can move into mature, objective thinking when it grasps that what it is really after is to find out: “How can we learn to be the right kind of parents to *our own* children? How can we become mature enough to make our marriage successful?” By informal classroom arrangement, and groups deliberately kept small, it was possible to establish group rapport which, in turn, fostered free and frank discussion. The content

of the course ran thus; beginning with a brief, historical survey of family types and forms, the introductory section ended with discussions by the students themselves of forces which are today influencing American family life. A section followed making use of findings of physicians, psychologists, educators and others. This was a study of the growth processes, and of methods achieving harmonious human relationships, taking up such vital matters as self-acceptance, mental health, characteristics of the socially well-adjusted person, and marks of maturity. Discussion moved on to consideration of various and specific relationships—i.e., friend-friend, boy-girl, parent-child, husband-wife—with study of careful and authentic work that has been done to determine factors predictive of successful marriage.

Another section was on the child, his growth and development, and the role of parents in guiding and fostering that growth. Research findings, government bulletins, and visual aids as well as personal experiences with children brought freshness and realism to this section.

It is not easy to evaluate a course such as this, but in many instances it has shown a direct bearing on the student's college interest, and even the choice of vocation. Messages come back from alumnae, telling of college majors suggested by new interests discovered through having taken the course. Girls write back too, to say that the reading and project work helped them to know how to select a subject in college and follow it through independently. Perhaps most important of all is that students find such study helping them *now*. Comments have been received such as "This really touches human relations situations I am meeting right now." And "I understand my kid brother so much better now." And, "Now I begin to understand why I shouldn't experiment with some emotional things." And, "Six months ago I would have gone hastily into a sudden marriage. Now I wouldn't."

At the outset the whole undertaking was guided by Miss Wilson. She, and Mrs. Alice A. Mosse, who was to give the course, felt that they were on the right track. When they received from one student a term paper, containing the personal postscript, "I believe I have never studied anything that has so made me long for integrity," they knew they were.

After the retirement of Mrs. Mosse the course was transferred from the Bible Department. When enrollment fell off, it was dropped.

By gift of William Skinner, Northfield had its gymnasium in 1895. The Mount Hermon gymnasium was the gift, in 1910, of Mrs. D. Willis

James. The latter cost \$100,000 to construct, and some idea of its gradual indispensability in the school life is suggested by the fact that in 1956 plans were drawn for its enlargement, at a cost of approximately \$1,200,000. The work was begun in the Spring of 1956, and completed in time for use of the tremendously increased facilities in September of the next year. Whatever his earlier reservations about letting sports get out of hand, Mr. Moody would have been the first to see the new physical education plant as a marvelously planned instrument for keeping up with the changing times and needs of students. Nobody would have been more approving than he, if he had been present on October 19 for the dedication. No one would have had a better time at the Alumni Homecoming barbecue which followed.

When Axel Forslund came to Mount Hermon in 1929 as athletic director, the prospect was that his job would center on converting a quite limited, still intramural sports program into something which, conceivably, could eventually hold its own among good New England preparatory schools. Out of the thinking of W. R. Moody (lingeringly conditioned at Yale to the appeal of competitive football and baseball), Elliott Speer, and others—a new basic policy was fixed, namely that every Mount Hermon boy should be encouraged to participate in one contact sport (competing with outside teams), one intramural team sport, and at least one “carry over” sport which he would tend to maintain after leaving the school. Also every Mount Hermon boy would be required to learn to swim.

That the transformation would not come overnight was seen in the fact that, for a while, Mr. Forslund coached every sport.

Meantime sports, as part of physical fitness, were progressing within reason at Northfield. Though the girls did not meet other schools in sports, the program was shaped to develop for nearly everyone some positive sports interest.

Interscholastic athletic competition “came back at Mount Hermon in a meeting with Williston, in 1933.” In proportion to growing perception of important side effects to interscholastic sports contests—tremendous lessons in fair play, self-discipline, and cooperation—a coaching system began to grow. Every student was specifically urged to participate in at least one sport a season; in fact, underclassmen were required to do so. Levels of proficiency and a good variety of popular sports to choose from established incentive; boys responded to the idea that, as they grew, developing skill and coordination, they could look

forward to moving up to the varsity through the lower squads. Competition was stiff along the way, along with learning two special arts—to be a good winner and, if need be, also to be a good loser.

Like the athletic program, Mr. Forslund's job has grown. He is now Director of the Physical Education Department. The School successfully avoids overemphasis on sports. Within that framework, by 1958 more games were played by Mount Hermon teams during an average week than in an entire school year in the early Thirties. Naturally, the days are gone when Mr. Forslund has to be here-there-and-everywhere, coaching every sport in person. By the opening of the 1959 school year he had a coaching staff of thirty-six men to help him. It is by no means a rare season in which Mount Hermon varsity teams win as many as, say, nineteen out of twenty-one games, and this reflects not only mature school spirit toward sports, but is an immense credit to carefully shaped and coordinated efforts of "the team," of Director of Physical Education, School physician, coaches, trainers, players and rooting sections.

An athletic sidelight, probably having roots in skills generated through the Work Hour, crops up in the Mount Hermon ski tow. Unless nature chooses to turn wayward, the region around Northfield can be counted on as good snow country for several months of the year.

Egged on by the Outing Club, students came up with a logical desire for a ski tow. This was 1948. The administration was enthusiastic but, reluctantly, had to admit there was no money in the budget that could be used for the purpose. "Of course," it was suggested to students, "if you felt like going out and working for it . . ." It took three years. Raising funds, marshalling volunteers to clear land for the trail, piecing together equipment. Faculty and staff pitched in—along with the students, many of whom would, even with the greatest willingness in the world, have been useless as helpers but for rugged experience, via Work Hour, of working on hard, rough jobs with their hands.

It's quite an achievement, this student-built tow which can lift skiers 670 feet in forty seconds to a summit from which two trails descend, one 950 feet, the other 770. In time, these were to follow: a student-built shed to shelter the venerable but doughty Model A motor to run the tow; a toboggan, with appropriate first-aid equipment, just in case; and a student-earned reserve fund for any replacement of rope.

When the life of D. L. Moody is mentioned, nine people out of ten

instinctively bracket him with music and singing. The "ministry of music" has been indivisible with the Schools since the beginning. Fame as leaders of singing at Northfield has gone out through men such as Ira Sankey, Major Whittle, Professor A. Judson Philips (whom Mr. Moody himself hired in 1886 to teach music in both schools), George C. Stebbins, Charles Alexander, Robert Harkness. And, Mr. Moody himself often struck people as even more indivisible with Gospel hymns than any of them. There is a wistful touch of poignancy in the fact that actually Mr. Moody was tone deaf, a man wholly unable to carry, or even distinguish, a tune. When he called for a particular hymn it was because of the spirit of the words—and his sure sense that there is, indeed, a deep and moving ministry of music. So far from his own musical deficiency being a dead end for him, it well may have been the psychological core of his boundless feeling for music as part of Christian worship. Throughout his evangelistic life music filled a major function, emotional as well as devotional. It was inevitable that, from the beginnings of the Schools, music would be well to the fore in his plans.

Today the heritage is wonderfully intact. Not only are the musical groups of both Schools constantly active—their achievements have evolved, in a sense, into part of the hallmark of the Schools.

Particularly in the last quarter-century, what may be described as the Schools' performing arts in music have come into their own. If ever there were an "off" period of music at the Schools it would be around 1929. Even then, it was "off" only in the relative sense.

Then, in the school year 1930-31, from Union Theological Seminary, came Melvin Gallagher, as Director of Choral Music.

With the whole country face-down in a depression, unemployment blowing like a mistral, poverty a living word, for any school it was an anxious time. Among all the prevailing liabilities of the times the Schools could rejoice in one natural advantage. Economy did not have to be learned overnight and applied under pressure, for the reason that it had been part and parcel of the whole growth since 1879. At least the depression was robbed thereby of the impact of an ugly surprise.

Against the unhappy outer atmosphere, Mr. Gallagher went to work on the beginnings of a rather remarkable transformation of the whole concept of group music at the Schools. Mr. Speer and Miss Wilson arrived separately at the stimulating idea that—retaining in honored place the old, traditional hymns—the time had come to branch out

into the great tradition of classical choral music, paying attention to both ancient and modern.

Backed by their zest, Mr. Gallagher began making it possible for every student who wanted to, and harbored a shred of talent, to be in a choir. In place of a conventional one "all sorts of choirs" gradually materialized, including a Freshman-Sophomore, a Junior, an enlarged Estey Chorus, and so on. It well may be that one of the most far-reaching aspects of Mr. Gallagher's entire service, from that outwardly unpropitious moment, was to turn the oppression of the depression, so to speak, into the choral pattern and emerging quality which was as much a psychological release as it was musical training.

Mr. Gallagher was succeeded in 1943 by Albert R. Raymond. Besides working in music with pupils at Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Watertown, Massachusetts, Mr. Raymond had been coming up to Northfield a couple of days a week to take music classes. Interestingly enough—call it a change of pace for him—for a number of years he had also been the golf pro at the Hotel.

As the event of the Schools, the Sacred Concert came into being in 1894, under direction of Professor Philips. In that day it was believed that well-rendered familiar music was more appealing to the public, more useful in training the singer than more pretentious, secular music. The programs were therefore made up entirely of hymns.

Nowadays, with the greatly increased enrollment at the Schools, the massed chorus of a thousand voices is augmented by the Orchestra, organ, and piano accompanists. Three or four familiar and universally loved hymns are still included in the Sacred Concert programs, for their own sake, of course, but also to afford the audience the opportunity to participate in the concert.

This small excerpt from a column written by a travel writer, Mr. Leavitt P. Morris* suggests something of what the Northfield Schools Sacred Concerts have come to mean to many people.

"It was an afternoon filled with sweetness, simplicity, sincerity, and spiritual inspiration. It was an afternoon of triumph for both the students and their conductor, Albert Raymond, director of choral music for the Northfield Schools . . . Not since I stood in Edvard Grieg's garden in Bergen, Norway, and listened to his songs sung and played by local artists, have I been so deeply moved . . . And I wasn't alone. From the moment the orchestra struck the opening notes of

* Reprinted from the *Christian Science Monitor*, and the *Northfield Schools Bulletin*.

Josef Haydn's Second Symphony, until students and alumni sang the Northfield *Benediction*, the packed Auditorium, and those standing in the rear or sitting out on the lawn, were carried away on the wings of music of this Sacred Concert . . .”

Anyone who manages to be in the audience of approximately 2,500 for these events—and don't think it is ever easy, ticket-wise!—will have sensed that Mr. Raymond's place with the students is a very special one indeed. With such a superlatively versatile choral group to lead, it might be a temptation to drift toward being the Big Conductor. On the contrary, insofar as possible with having to stand up front and conduct, one gets an impression that Mr. Raymond comes surprisingly close to hiding himself. An economical gesture here, the slightest nod there, a motion of one hand—these are the means by which he controls sound and phrasing. To the observer the effect seems far less of a conductor, authoritatively manipulating massed singers, than it is of 1,000 choristers, wanting and knowing—partly by strict technical training, but rather remarkably too by what amounts to a working affinity between singers and conductor—how to sing in a way to meet the superior standards of a man from whom, obviously, they consider themselves privileged to have learned.

Whereas the Sacred Concerts bring together all musical elements of both schools, Christmas Vespers are given by each school separately. It is often remarked that the Christmas Vespers processional, with their stately cadence and overtones of quietly worshipful joy, are as impressive in themselves as the singing. Anyone attending for the first time—or for that matter the fifteenth—can only marvel at what musical understanding and an approach of utmost simplicity can do with a work, for instance, such as the XVI century French carol, “Sing We Noel;” or the *Psallite Unigenito* with its musical setting by Praetorius, based on the words, “We sing to Thee Oh Christ, only begotten Son of God, lying in a manger;” or the Austrian folksong, “Shepherd's Christmas Song,” or—another Michael Praetorius setting, “Today is born Immanuel.”

A good proportion of those who hear the Schools' unique music wish for means of hearing it repeated. Recordings are made and are obtainable through the Schools' offices, one more way of spreading the ministry of music so much in Mr. Moody's mind and plans.

The early Fifties saw a succession of administrative changes set in motion, each in its own way marking a definite turning point in the Schools.

In early October, 1951, Miss Wilson let it be known that she would retire the following June. She was pitifully ill, and aware that it could not but be progressive. But, right up to the last, it was to be true that her presence, her bearing, her attitude, made it seem untrue.

Without egotism the point came at which she said, casually "assuming that at some time it will be desired to have a memorial service, what I would *like* would be chiefly music in praise of God."

It would have been out of character had her interest in the Schools ceased or even slackened when she left and went down the river valley, first to her home in the Cummington woodland, and then to the Middle West and the home of a Smith College friend, a doctor, where she died.

The selection of Barbara M. Clough, Northfield Class of '29, as the new Headmistress seemed a happy one to Miss Wilson and gave her pleasure. Quietly she gave everyone concerned the feeling that anything she could do to help the transition need only be asked of her. It gave her pleasure to know that so gracious a dwelling as the Principal's House, built in 1930, of which she had been the first occupant, would be pleasantly ready to receive a new Headmistress.

A Northfield alumna, Nancy Byrd Turner, has written these lines:

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk,
When the thrushes call . . .
Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still.
Very willing and weary feet
Go over that sill.
There's nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old garden wall . . .

The "old door set in a garden wall" swung open gently, on 1953's Easter Sunday, to let Mira Wilson pass through.

There was a memorial service.

As she had hoped in her self-effacing way that it would be, it was made up chiefly of music in praise of God.

All experience is an arch, to build upon

CUSTOMARILY news of the appointment of a headmistress or headmaster reaches the public in an austerely worded newspaper paragraph or two. In July 1952 the conventional announcement went out from the Northfield Schools to the effect that the former Dean of George School in Pennsylvania, Miss Barbara M. Clough, would, the following month, succeed Miss Wilson as Headmistress of the Northfield School for Girls. This was in itself an interesting "first." Miss Clough had been a student at Northfield in 1927-29. For the first time a former student was returning as the school's Headmistress.

Besides marking unanimous trustee decision, behind the official announcement lay a combination of circumstances which was rather interesting. Some psychologists hold that there is no such thing as coincidence. You may judge for yourself, whether the label in this case would be coincidence. You just might perhaps feel that the Quaker term, *leading*, might come closer.

When Miss Wilson took up her post at Northfield in 1929 Barbara Clough had been two months out of school. One way and another it happened that ten years were to pass before Miss Clough saw the school again and she had never met Miss Wilson. Among other things in the

intervening time she had been busily rounding out her education. In the next seven years after leaving Northfield she had attended Colby Junior College, studied at universities in Lausanne and Paris, become a teaching Fellow at the University of New Hampshire in 1934 and received her Master of Arts degree there in 1936.

In the Autumn of 1936 she went to George School to teach French and became its Dean in 1943. In 1947 she was elected an alumnae trustee of the Northfield Schools. This was probably the last thing on earth she had imagined or expected up to this time. Suspecting that there was more to come would have been laughable.

It was an autumn day in 1939 when she saw Northfield for the first time in ten years. She had set out from home, in Lebanon, New Hampshire, to drive her mother south. A little way up the valley from Northfield, Mrs. Clough was overtaken by an abominable cold. As she sneezed and sneezed, her daughter said, "Tell you what; we'll stop over in Northfield and put you to bed in the Hotel till the cold subsides. I'll put in the time having a look around school."

Almost the first person Miss Clough ran into was one of her former teachers, Miss Eva Freeman of the English department. In the course of the conversation Miss Clough said that Miss Wilson was a person she would particularly like to meet. Miss Freeman made a telephone call.

In Miss Wilson's upstairs study it struck Miss Clough that two hours was a long interval of time for a busy administrator to spare, yet so leisured did Miss Wilson's air of absorbed interest seem that time itself might have stopped.

They talked about changes at Northfield, naturally, the emphases and methods to meet the changing student mind and future needs. They talked about those adaptations of curriculum which differentiates the school which sits back majestically on its tradition from the school which, meeting students at its threshold, walks forward with them, searching out together new turns in the road of the learning adventure.

It was after that meeting that Miss Clough became an alumnae trustee; was in time invited to suggest possible candidates for the post Miss Wilson was leaving; was, a bit later, herself invited to become Headmistress. All in all, an interesting sequence of events. More than sixty-five candidates were considered and the unanimous vote by the trustees recognized that, in addition to her academic qualifications and experience in the field of secondary education she had an im-

portant grasp of the spirit and unique purposes of the Schools. When she observed that "these two schools are very important in the history of secondary education" there seemed more than just a professional conclusion, reached by a mind trained in education; that indeed it expressed a discovery made by a born explorer, a person perceiving in the field of education opportunities for human adventure as challenging and exhilarating as any feat of mountain-climbing or space travel.

The several functions of American secondary education are defined nowadays as "preparing girls and boys to perform competently the intellectual tasks of everyday life; recognizing in mankind a basic spiritual endowment, and providing for its growth; equipping students to meet essential social and moral obligations, to family, country, mankind and conscience; instilling as a permanent habit a sense of duty; teaching that freedom must be earned, and is earned only by a concomitant personal responsibility."

In the formative days, when Mr. Moody was shaping the highly experimental components into what would turn out to be a many-faceted practical dream crowning his life's ambitions, nobody bothered or even had time to couch aims and hopes in a pedagogical formula. Needs, glimpsed or sensed, were analyzed in terms of resources and then met, in full or in part, as was feasibly possible. Mr. Moody was gone before schoolteaching surrounded itself with a formidable terminology. This was undoubtedly just as well, for he was a rapid man. He had neither time nor the patience to turn words over, luxuriously, like some Chinese scholar selecting words for a poem. An idea, moving around in circles of leisurely thinking, was as interesting to Mr. Moody as the mechanics of backing up are to a mule. The ideas that appealed to him wanted only enough words to make them intelligible to those entrusted with carrying them out, so they could get going—forward!

The measure of effectiveness for a school for Christian education will not lie narrowly in its Bible and related courses; it will grow out of the extent to which individual religious awareness, thinking and expression are fused in the entirety of the school experience.

"Northfield has made me think carefully," one girl reflects. "Northfield has given me the privileges of a good education, but has also given me a sense of the responsibilities that go with it; responsibilities not just to my school, but to God, and my fellow man . . . Throughout my entire life I will be able to measure my acts and choices with the

ruler of responsibility which I found at Northfield, and pray to the God who became much clearer here, to help me to keep from mistaking the better for the best . . .”

The religious programs at Northfield and Mount Hermon have certain natural similarities: in the chapels, located centrally on either campus; in flourishing, non-sectarian student churches; in student participation in interscholastic religious conferences; in practical experience in social service and missionary groups. Certain colorations of activities grow into and become part of the tradition of each school. “Silent Time” at Northfield is an example, and it may be interesting here to look briefly at the institution of Silent Time, partly to counteract any impression that, in this kind of an account, one will “record only the sunny hours.” On occasion Silent Time has called forth some very spirited student controversy. In its way, student controversy is healthy and often creative. The most dedicated educator would not wish for a school full of Elsie Dinsmores. For students to argue heatedly about an activity is in itself an indication that the activity has some basic pull. (Every once in a while you will run across someone who visualizes The Northfield Schools as so “good” that tensions and/or clashes with authority would be unknown to them. Mr. Moody himself would deplore such unnaturalness, for he had no use whatever for goody-goodism, and would not have cared to see his schools cluttered with it). Happily there have always been periodic outbreaks of healthy resistance, beginning with Mount Hermon boys scowling *en masse* at Mr. Moody for banning interscholastic sports. In the early '90s students at either end of the long hyphen grew bluntly outspoken about a “No Sunday newspapers, no comic strips” edict. The situation was resolved in due course without blood-letting.

Like Dummy, and House Prayers, Silent Time came down from Northfield's earliest days, though the form in which it is now known is more interior by comparison with that of the '80s. For all the sporadic controversy to which it gives rise, actually Silent Time is probably as deeply ingrained in the school life as Chapel, or the School Church. The latter two just never happen to have aroused real opposition. It is interesting that such small tornadoes as have blown up around Silent Time were mainly as to method, not purpose or spirit.

A faculty member has observed, “All in all, quite a lot of praying is done on these campuses, quite a lot of opportunity is made for prayer. By this I mean that effort is made to create a campus climate wherein *prayer is part of the possibilities of each day*; wherein, too, without embarrassment, spiritual ideas can come up spontaneously,

when no faculty are present, and the freest kind of discussion is possible. However, this conducive climate is not at all synonymous with a painfully pious atmosphere; nor does it always insure that students will use it for prayer."

What exactly, then, is Silent Time?

Chapel comes three times a week and is required. House Prayers occur twice a week and, though no hard-and-fast attendance record is taken, are attended by all. Church on Sunday is required. Silent Time is a fifteen-minute period before breakfast each morning, and is exactly what it sounds like: a time for each student to be alone in silence.

There would be little quarrel with the premise that, in the predominantly group nature of boarding school, every individual needs periodic means of being alone, to think her own thoughts, wrestle with her own problems, seek her own forms of guidance out of her own mistakes. For the most part, such controversy as has arisen has revolved around the mechanics of the means. For instance, when one of two roommates is having her Silent Time, where is the other supposed to be—doing what?

At one time the solution seemed to be for one half the residents of a hall to congregate downstairs in the living room for fifteen minutes, while the other half had their dormitory rooms to themselves. At the ringing of a bell, the two groups exchanged places.

Not altogether surprisingly, this "praying by the bell" tended to clothe the period in a certain stiffness and to rob it of any spontaneously contemplative good.

Various alternatives have been tried, discarded, revised, modified. One bone of contention was the best time of day for Silent Time. In Spring and Fall it might well seem that the interval would best be spent in walking, for there is no greater cathedral—especially at Northfield—than the out-of-doors. In this case, a period before breakfast would be generally agreeable. In winter, however, the likelihood is that none but saints would be interested in before-breakfast, out-of-door prayers and contemplative thinking—and it is the happy consensus that the Northfield student body is little afflicted with saints.

Others have argued for changing Silent Time to evening altogether, after Study Hall and Funny Time. This too poses problems. Transition in the winking of an eye from the prevailing winds of Funny Time to quiet for sequestered prayer and meditation well may not come smoothly.

Well, thus does healthy controversy over Silent Time crop up from

time to time. The interesting thing is that there is almost never the remotest suggestion that it should be scrapped, that on the contrary it is not only alive, but growing. If and when students and faculty alike cease trying to make Silent Time work for good, it will mean that somehow it has ceased to be alive. It would then be time to worry. But no one can be found who sees any such prospect.

With the admissions officers personal interviews with all applicants are established procedure, for the reason that they furnish a perspective to go on, as to general attitudes, main aptitudes, personality, temperament, appearance, individual interests, future plans however formative. School and health records are of utmost importance. Main interests are important, not only in relation to personal reasons for wanting to come to the Northfield Schools but with respect to the objectives of the Schools, attitudes toward unique aims in education. For example, what would a girl's attitude be toward Dummy, and Bible study? It is important to know because, between the two activities, nine hours per week are taken, apart from study of the conventional academic subjects. Is the applicant so constituted as to adjust well to these and other divisions of time which are part of the Schools' unique approach to education? If not, or if the adjustment presumably could only be made with disproportionate difficulty, wouldn't it be better to make application at once at a different kind of school?

It is assumed, naturally, that any applicant is equipped with "a reasonable intelligence," and tests are so gauged. Each application is studied completely on its merits. But how many times has it come about in the end that—though test reports were—well, reasonably good—the deciding factor has been a note appended to the overall report, stating, "This will probably not be an A student, but she (or he) will be the kind of student we should have." The clue may have been found in the character reference from the applicant's minister, showing that quality and degree of interest in the home church which is akin to the feeling for spiritual and religious values that are at the core of the Schools.

About admissions, the heads are united. "At the Northfield Schools we are not just holding out the chance to prepare for a career, a chance to make money. Education here is a chance to develop and grow in a Christian interpretation of living."

Evidence that the concept achieves success is to be found in something written by a Northfield girl on the subject "What Northfield

means to me." The piece was the winning entry in an annual contest. It is too long to be included here, but said in part:

"When a Northfield senior graduates, one of the ceremonies she performs is the 'turning of the ring.' After receiving her diploma and returning to her seat, she changes her senior ring, so that the Northfield seal, which had been facing in, now faces out. This symbolizes the fact that her years at Northfield are not to be locked up in that part of her mind labeled 'Finished, Done, To be Forgotten'; rather, that the experiences and lessons of those years are to be used constantly, and to permeate everything that she does.

"Perhaps the seal itself best symbolizes the type of experience important enough to be carried through one's entire life. The base of the seal is the Bible. If Northfield has done nothing else, it has taught me to think before I believe. In Bible classes I have torn down a faith built on the authority of others' words and, in its place, constructed a new philosophy, similar in many respects to the old, but *mine*, not a second-hand copy of someone's else"

During this administration a new dormitory was planned, the first building on the Northfield campus in two decades.

Mira B. Wilson Hall was dedicated October 6, 1956, and there is this description of the event:

"The weather was warm and sunny, and the autumn colors were at their height; the kind of day Miss Wilson would have chosen to walk with her setter, Patsy, in the woods in search of the fringed gentians she loved. Thoughtfully a single spray of those flowers had been found, and placed beside her picture on the piano in the living room"

In a book about two schools which is informal, as this one properly should be, statistical matters would have no great place. Yet in broad connection with what independent secondary schools are up against in maintaining their function, it is interesting that, the year before Miss Clough became Headmistress, the National Association of Manufacturers (nowadays more or less inured to hatred from some quarters as playing the role of the black-hearted villain in the economic piece!) should voluntarily have asked its member companies to give businesslike study to the financial plight of the independent schools, both elementary and secondary.

By 1950 secondary education in the United States had taken on a meaning that was without precedent in any other time or society. This is true even more so today.

The tradition of American education derives from faith in God, faith in man, and the ideal of the widest educational opportunities for all. Thus the secondary schools should be a great unifying agent in our democracy, it being their privilege and duty to pass on *alive* the national heritage and tradition from which our unity comes. With that thought as a point of—it would be hoped prayerful—departure, a few of the findings in the NAM report titled “Our Private Elementary Schools and their Financial Support” are not interesting in themselves but thought-provoking at times when one must answer questions of individual conscience as to continuing gifts—such as to The Northfield Schools, for example.

Among other statistical facts, these emerged:

In the ten years from 1940, public school enrollments rose 40%. Teaching salaries lagged 25% behind the cost-of-living increase, many private school teachers were being paid less than their public school opposite numbers. In the two years from 1949, per capita costs of educating pupils rose 17%. More than 30% of private schools surveyed by the NAM were operating with deficits.

These and other findings pitilessly highlighted the fact that “the high standards of the independent schools” were then—and continue to be—threatened for the “uncomfortable reason of insufficient income.” The NAM forthrightly urged new financial support, for the reason that “the majority of Americans want both public and private schools to continue” as a competitive system, among other reasons.

It is estimated that today private schools educate 4,000,000 students as compared with 30,000,000 trained in public schools. Hardly a day passes as this is written that we do not read in newspapers and magazines, and hear on radio and TV of the rapidity with which school enrollments are rising and facilities stretched. Of the 4,000,000 private schools’ total, Catholic and parochial schools account for 85%, the remaining 15% divided among Protestant, Jewish, and non-sectarian private schools. In 1953 it cost one billion dollars to educate 4,000,000 private school students. Other than tax exemption, private schools get no government support. It is estimated that 86% of the cost was borne by tuition, but that is by no means a fixed figure.

One great and hopeful effect of the study by the NAM was to inspire many foundations to make large grants, either to existing endowments or by setting up specific endowments.

Happily, the Northfield Schools have received generous support from such directions. The reasons cannot be sentimental but must be based

on such sound evidence, for instance, that Dartmouth College rates applicants from Mount Hermon at the very top, among the preparatory schools, for the expressed reason "of the foundation they have received, and the candidates' discernible capacity and training to build on that foundation."

The third of the more-or-less distinct periods in the growth of the Northfield Schools had begun early in the administration of Dr. Park, with the Development Fund and its original goal of \$3,000,000. The two main objectives were building, and endowment, and the Fund continues to build. One of its significant by-products is found in the fact that each year since the Fund was established the gifts for current expenses as well—always a pressing factor in operation of most schools and certainly so of The Northfield Schools—have continued to increase.

The first tangible results of the current building period were felt on the Mount Hermon campus, which had seen no major construction since 1912. Beveridge Hall, a classroom building, was completed in 1952. A large gift toward this construction from Frank Stanley Beveridge, together with the gift two years later by him of electronic chimes for the Chapel, are an interesting reminder of that member of the Class of 1904 who arrived in the region on an icy March day from Nova Scotia, a stranger in a strange land, with a few coins and a Canadian dollar bill or two in his pocket, and in his mind and heart a great bewilderment as to what would happen next.

Later in 1952 Hayden Hall, a gift of the Charles Hayden Foundation, enabled the school to increase its enrollment by approximately thirty-five boys, and incidentally replace several remote and not very desirable rooms used for dormitory space.

In 1953, on the Northfield campus, there came an echo of that June day in 1888 when, along with the opening of the hotel, the cornerstone was laid for the new Congregational Church just down the hill from the Highland Avenue corner. A new wing for Talcott Library was opened. The original library had been built and furnished with books by a gift of \$18,000 by James Talcott, a New York businessman. Thirty-seven years later members of his family gave \$10,000 to enlarge the building. The original library provided facilities for less than three hundred students. With a student body beginning to run normally around five hundred, both resources and physical surroundings were woefully overcrowded. The new wing adds more cubic feet of space than were in the original building. On such a large campus a central

place for between-class study is much needed, and the new reading room comfortably supplies it. An audio-visual room, a music room, a large art room and other facilities enabling a school today to neutralize the distractions of the many non-reading forces loose in the world—movies, radio, comic books, picture magazines, certain forms of television—all entered into the planning. One creative method is for more and more teachers to bring their classes to the library, to work with them where source material is close at hand. Hence the inclusion, in the plans, of a classroom. Similarly the audio-visual room is of enormous value to teachers who can use films, hi-fi and stereophonic recordings, and other types of illustrative materials in connection with teaching.

In some quarters there will be apprehension from time to time that the existing facilities of a school may somehow not be put to maximum use, or, that too greatly increasing facilities may become a temptation to allow a school to become too large.

A luxury no head of a school can afford is to let one feature of a school absorb interest at the expense of others. If, during an administration, the head can concentrate on any one problem it should undoubtedly be such management of room and equipment facilities as would make possible the acceptance of even more students deserving of a Northfield education.

There are, of course, certain similarities in the bases of admission for both schools. Since there are differences between educating girls and educating boys, there are differences also in the admission procedure. While adhering to very high standards, admission policies are broad in viewpoint and flexible in practice. Offhand it may seem paradoxical. Sometimes a boy or girl who might seem to test as a "perfect candidate" may finally be passed over in favor of a candidate who, in some ways, would have to be termed "imperfect." The reason would be inherent in the goal of the Schools, namely their existence "to render service to students." What can the Schools add to the experience of a girl or boy which will touch off their full potential for service in the world? That is the ultimate question in relation to admissions. Sometimes "a perfect candidate" will be able to, and more easily, find elsewhere what is needed than can the "imperfect candidate" who presents utmost opportunities for the unique educational services the Schools have to offer. The *average* number of new applications per year at each school is 650—at Mount Hermon in one recent year there were 800—and acceptances can only run to something slightly over 200 at

Mount Hermon, and about 180 at Northfield. Personality or scholastic difficulties are not an automatic bar. Sometimes surrounding circumstances reveal so clearly that a boy or girl greatly needs, and will be decisively helped by, what the Schools have to contribute that reasonable arrangements can be made for tutoring or other cooperative help which will warrant admission.

Occasionally there is a difficulty—of a son or daughter of an alumna or alumnus failing of admission, with the accompanying human enough reaction that, if necessary the parental relation to the school should somehow tip the balance. It sometimes becomes necessary to explain, kindly and truthfully, that rejection has been in part due to the judgment of the various qualified admissions people who studied the applicant, that it would be in the applicant's own best interest to go to another type of school. Parents have not always gone away convinced, in situations which were perhaps destined at some point to run up against intense personal feelings. In the long run, however, such decisions have helped more than they have harmed.

Ever since Mr. Moody arranged for the first students to come from England, the number of students coming to the Northfield Schools from countries outside of the United States would make an imposing total indeed. To take the school year of 1957-58, 535 students came to Northfield, 546 to Mount Hermon, from twenty-five countries.

A separate book could be written about experiences at the Schools of boys and girls from all over the world. Stories would range from the grave to the gay, the ridiculous to the sublime. All of the students have shared the common denominators of deep problems, and hunger for education. Chan Kie Lin, who fled an oncoming war, came when he was twenty-eight years old to study at Mount Hermon, going on then to Northeastern University to study civil engineering. Ulo Sinberg from Estonia, was picked up in a DP camp in Germany and brought to this country by the Lutherans. When his father, an agronomist, was given work in Vermont farming country, Ulo got off on the wrong foot with some of the natives because, when he was sent out to tap maples, he tapped ash by mistake. At Mount Hermon it was discovered, if belatedly, that trees simply were not Ulo's line. What he really was was a human adding machine and linguistic genius. He may have exasperated some Vermonters, but when he graduated at Mount Hermon he went to Yale, where scholarships were made so generously available to him that he could find use for only \$75 of his own money.

At Mount Hermon, George Warren Hayes teaches Remedial Reading and English. Into his charge in the Spring of 1958 came one Byung Chull You, a Japanese-born Korean boy, who lived until after World War II at his birthplace, Kyoto. It is a long story and cannot be told here but, after a series of experiences which would have destroyed many a boy, he found himself at Mount Hermon, still burdened with problems.

Part of Mr. Hayes' problem was to help Byung learn to read and write the English tongue. For quite a while progress was dismally slow; if Byung was improving, it was not discernible. To Mount Hermon he had brought more than difficulty in mastering another language. He had brought memories—savage, nightmarish memories of Korean war events that his young eyes had witnessed; memories which, buried yet searingly alive, still so ruffled the pool of a boy's mind that new experience could hardly find a foothold.

Regular classroom work took an unexpected hand. Byung's class was reading how Lady Macbeth re-enacted nightly the horror of Duncan's murder, how Macbeth besought the Doctor in these words to cure her:

*Canst thou not
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow . . .
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart? . . .*

Mr. Hayes asked himself—could it be possible that writing out the story of his experiences could help Byung? Help him to cleanse the memory of great and destructive hatreds—by writing agony out of himself? Mr. Hayes set the boy to work.

Remedially speaking, Byung's use of English seemed to grow up overnight. Sticklers for syntax might care to cavil here and there—but nobody but sticklers would. What the experience did for the boy is of the greatest importance as evidence that Mount Hermon continues in many and divers ways to live up to Mr. Moody's founding ideal.

As Headmaster, Dr. Rubendall liked to say to people, "Do come over some Sunday and see how 500 adolescent boys enter into the service of worship . . ."

It is as true at Mount Hermon as at Northfield that its religious purpose stands at the center of the school. Here a boy acquires a knowledge of the history, literature and teachings of the Christian religion.

The Bible department offers each boy the opportunity for careful and continuous study of the Christian faith and its backgrounds. The work is based throughout, and in the early years almost exclusively, on studies in the Bible. For the Freshmen the Bible itself is the only text used, the aim being to help toward an accurate knowledge of the history of our religion, and an appreciation of the values and importance of the religious experience recorded. Special emphasis is placed upon the life and teachings of Jesus, the development of the early church, and the insights and experiences of great prophets and leaders. As a student begins to mature, studies are related more and more to the problems which modern life offers—universal problems, but studied in the light of the students' contemporary experience.

The Mount Hermon Church was organized on November 11, 1899. Up to that time the center of the organized religious life of the school had been the Young Men's Christian Association. Thereafter the religious life of the whole community—students, faculty, members of the work department and their families—was increasingly to blend with the school Church. "As the School seeks to give the student a richer, deeper contact with and understanding of the universe in which he lives," it is explained, "it hopes that he will here come into closer contact with the supreme fact of this universe, God, as made known by Jesus Christ."

For boys already members of churches in their home communities, an associate membership in the Mount Hermon Church is arranged, involving no severance of the ties at home. In general the organization of the Church resembles most other churches of the Congregational or Baptist form—and relationships are maintained with the general bodies, both of churches in the region and state, and of the World Student Christian Federation.

The work of the school Church and the School administration are naturally interlocked and integrated at many points. This happy and productive relationship is embodied in the daily and Sunday chapel services, under the general leadership of the school Church minister, and the Headmaster. On four days of each week the entire school meets in Memorial Chapel for a 12 o'clock service of worship and devotions. Special care is taken to exclude from this service anything and everything in the nature of announcements or other secular interests, leaving students to be challenged to periods of quiet reflection, worship, the creative use of hymns, and prayer.

All our past acclaims our future

THE CHRONICLE of the Schools shows that the years beginning with 1955 were marked rather noticeably by a succession of major administrative changes. They proceeded from no behind-the-scenes drama, only coincidentally indicating evolutionary steps.

Dr. Park resigned to become president of Simmons College in Boston, an institution of higher education which, by reason of many of its approaches to preparation for life service, could be seen as standing, to the Schools, in the relation of older, to younger, sister.

Dr. Rubendall succeeded Dr. Park as President of the Schools, while retaining the headmastership at Mount Hermon. A note written at the time by a long-time Mount Hermon professor, Horace H. Morse, brings into relief certain distinguishing aspects of the enlarged opportunity. "When I heard of the election," Mr. Morse observed, "my first impression was that eleven years of unpretentious, efficient and steadily growing service had received deserving recognition. Each of three predecessors (in the presidency) owed his position in a measure to the distinction of his father. They made good, to be sure, but it is Dr. Rubendall's own distinction which has led to his place. Another

* Algernon Swinburne: *Etude Realiste*.

thing that differentiates him from W. R. Moody, Mr. Speer, and Dr. Park is that he received no part of his education in New England. Each of them was in part giving back what New England had given to him. Dr. Rubendall is a complete gift to New England education . . . He is linked in my mind with another Pennsylvania Dutchman, Henry Pennypacker, Headmaster of the Boston Latin School and later Chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard College. Pennypacker, too, was large, generous, wise and strong, and played an important part in New England education during the last generation."

In 1955 an acceleration of pace was coming noticeably into education. Handsome buildings with well-equipped classrooms and laboratories were important; comfortable dormitories, good meals, supervised study, helpful guidance, a balanced and proportionate program of healthy sports and interesting social activities—all these were important. But the lasting benefits of education received from a school by a girl or boy are determined primarily by its teachers. Perhaps the most important challenge in a teacher's work is to seek continuously, and to discover the approach which will arouse the creative interest of the class in that teacher's subject.

It was Dr. Rubendall's fortunate lot to be able to undertake the complex responsibilities of the presidency with the advantage of having had more than a decade of indoctrination in the principles and theories of *Northfield* education. There were many personal attitudes and characteristics which he could and would join with this, all so respected and recognized throughout the field of education that on all sides he was pronounced as very much "the man for the job."

The resignation in June of 1957 of Miss Clough brought about a change in the administrative pattern at Northfield. The following June she was to succeed Alice Ross Bennett as Director of Reid Hall in Paris, founded by American university women in 1929 as a residence hall for American college students doing work in Paris. In somewhat the way that Miss Clough had "come home" to serve at Northfield, she came home to take up the opportunity in Paris. Besides being a residence hall, Reid Hall is a center where students from all over the world meet. With Miss Clough as Director, it was getting the experienced attitudes of a person who knew at first hand both the pluses and minuses of being a student away from home in Paris.

Dr. Edmond S. Meany, Jr. was appointed to serve as acting headmaster until a successor to Miss Clough was appointed by the Board of Trustees. A graduate of the University of Washington, holding the

degrees of M.A., and Ph.D. from Harvard, he had been with the Schools since 1946. Before coming to the Schools, as head of the History Department and college counselor at Mount Hermon, he had been a research associate at the Brookings Institution, and at the National Archives in Washington. Like Dr. Rubendall, he had been at Hill School, as head of its History Department. During World War II he had served as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy.

At the January 1958 meeting of the Trustees, Dr. Meany was officially appointed Headmaster of Northfield School for Girls.

Except for a very few, relatively brief, transitional periods the School always had had women as heads. How would Mr. Moody feel about the idea of a headmaster administering his school for girls? The consensus is that in Dr. Meany he would feel just fine about it—the right man. An illustration of happy family home life on campus could furnish a facet of perfect surrounding influence for the students, at a stage in their growth when they are inevitably drawing from all the elements around them those which shape their maturing individual approaches and potentials.

Along with the accelerated pace of education, in common with all secondary schools, increasing alertness came at the Schools, perforce to national needs and trends. Constantly the question was heard, "What about Science . . . and Mathematics?"

As always, the major focus and concern of the teaching program was to give a well-rounded education, including thorough ground work in the basic disciplines of the academic subjects, and a command of factual information, not only for its own sake, but also for the perspective that information gives to contemporary life and thought.

It did not need a major turning point in American secondary education for the Schools to lay particular stress on thorough preparation for advanced technical education. Two experiments tried in 1957 in the field of mathematics were to become a regular part of the Mount Hermon program. In the first, boys who passed algebra but still seemed to have insufficient grasp of the subject were asked to take a repeat course before moving on to intermediate algebra. In the second experiment, the Department worked with "fast sections" in mathematics. Especially talented boys are given an opportunity to cover the work of two years in algebra and one of plane geometry in two school years. In some colleges this course enables the boys to enter sophomore mathematics courses in their first college year.

This is just one example of administrative reaction by the Schools

to points made in the report of President Eisenhower's Committee on Scientists and Engineers which said, in part, "The education program of the Committee is directed largely toward the secondary schools. Not only are the seeds of future career decisions planted during a student's high school days, or even earlier, but the courses he selects and the quality of the instruction he receives frequently determine the possibility of his studying for a science or engineering degree in college."

It is perhaps natural that fewer students at Northfield School for Girls would elect courses in advanced mathematics and the sciences, yet by the school year of 1958-59 nearly half the senior class was taking chemistry, and a considerable number elected advanced mathematics and physics. One senior was awarded a National Merit Scholarship, and one a General Motors Scholarship. Both girls entered Radcliffe College, where they are following the science curriculum.

The obligation of the independent school is to provide the "raw material" for institutions of higher education. For many years, between 90 and 100% of Northfield Schools graduates have been accepted by colleges and universities, including some specialized schools and hospitals. Northfield girls and Mount Hermon boys are among the students or graduates of more than a hundred of the country's great colleges and universities.

It was undoubtedly inevitable that the stepped-up pace of education, with its new pressures on administration and fund-raising, would again bring the Schools around to the full-time demands of the presidency.

On January 1, 1959 Dr. Rubendall relinquished the Mount Hermon headmastership to devote all of his time to the presidency, and was succeeded as Headmaster by Dr. Adam Weir Craig, former minister of the Village Chapel of Pinehurst, North Carolina.

It was hardly any time at all before Dr. Craig, in his new task at Mount Hermon, was planning to "take to the road," meeting alumni and explaining to them reasons why "Today every educational institution is turning in a new way to its alumnae and alumni. Development programs with new techniques, are the necessary order of the day as we face the demand and challenge of greater excellence in our critical times. The Northfield Schools, with their ideal of Christian education, have an indispensable present mission to American culture. We can only be true to our past by putting our hands to the plow in the critical present."

Many administrative steps forward have come since 1955: the appointment of the Reverend James R. Whyte to the newly-created post of Minister to The Northfield Schools; the appointment of Mr. Arthur D. Platt, Assistant Headmaster of Mount Hermon, as Assistant Treasurer and Clerk of the Board of Trustees, and Executive Assistant to the president; Miss Janet Jacobs as academic Dean of students at Northfield; the appointment of Mr. Edmund P. Sliz to the newly-created position of Director of Business Administration. Mr. Sliz came to the Schools in 1957 as director of purchases. His new responsibilities consolidate the business procedures of the Schools, including supervision of operation and maintenance.

Financial support of the Schools is, happily, accelerating too. In May of 1959 the Donner Foundation of Philadelphia made a \$300,000 grant to Mount Hermon School to establish a Teaching Fellowship. Several large bequests have been left to the Schools, including one of approximately \$350,000 from an alumna, Mrs. Helen M. Williams. Funds for all purposes received during 1959 were \$730,527, including \$531,832 in special gifts and bequests, and \$198,695 in funds for current expenses received from friends and alumni.

But for the essential facts of administrative change recorded above it would be both premature and beyond the province of this book to dissect the impact of those coming into new relation to the Schools. The outward appearance is that perhaps never in their more than three-quarters of a century have the Schools been in such fine functional form and momentum. If the foundation had not been so firm and so carefully conserved, all along, the Schools would have been dangerously vulnerable on that mid-October day in 1957 when all education, from elementary to higher, was jolted to total and undreamed-of directions. However it might be deplored that the instrument of the rude awakening should be the potentially destructive force embodied in Sputnik, it could not be ignored—only resolutely appraised and constructively acted upon as something new in “changing conditions.”

In the leadership of the President, two headmasters, two dedicated faculties, two student bodies and a host of former students and devoted friends reside the Today of the Northfield Schools. Today, under the leadership of Dr. Rubendall, Dr. Meany and Dr. Craig, the institutions are—in terms of being true to the several aims of the Founder

—where they were, respectively, in 1879, and 1881. In point of growth and adaptation, Mr. Moody would rub his eyes indeed, seeing how far the little candle has thrown its beam. In all the intervening decades no deserving applicant ever has been turned away because of lack of funds. The tuition of the Schools today is considerably less than that charged by most boarding schools. In this fact alone every alumna, alumnus and otherwise friend of the Schools who ever gave so much as a dollar to the Endowment, the Development, Scholarship, Current Expenses or other fund, has had a direct hand. It is something to bear in mind—say some quiet evening when the reader happens to be pondering the Northfield ideal, asking him or herself, “What is my gift this year to the Schools going to be?”

One October morning this writer had the opportunity to go to Chapel at Northfield.

Considerable is known about a great variety of people who have shared in bringing Mr. Moody’s idea along to the present. But then there have been all those others: their spirit and encouragement, their faith, their often self-sacrificing material help. These are a part, too, of every building on both campuses. They are the footprints on every winding walk. Their confidence and enthusiasm have nourished the roots of every planted shrub and growing tree.

That October morning one of the hymns was “Not Alone for Mighty Empire.” Two lines arose from the page with great meaning, putting the long procession of these clearly and wonderfully into words:

*. . . those armies of the faithful,
Souls that passed, and left no name.*

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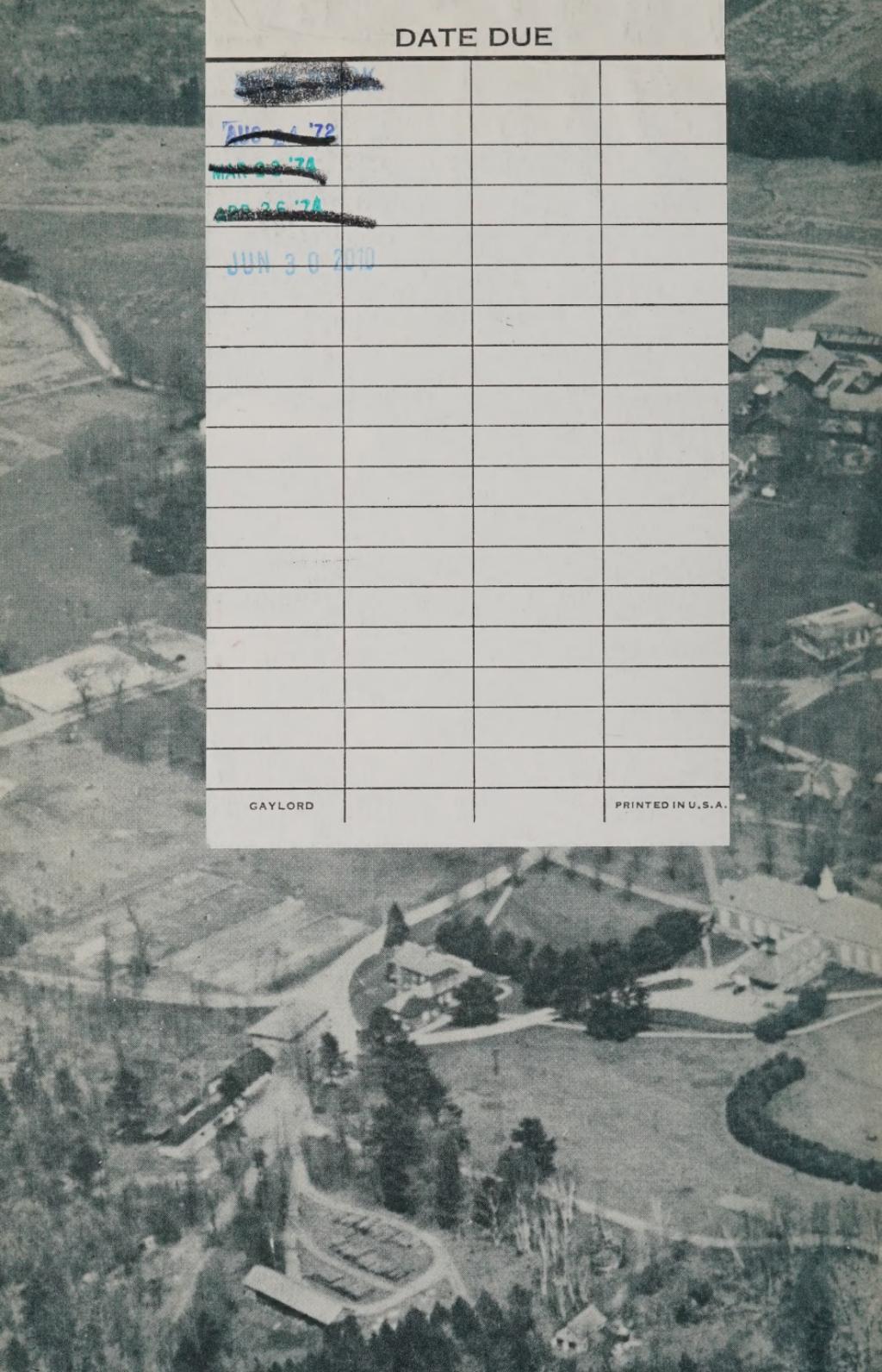
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